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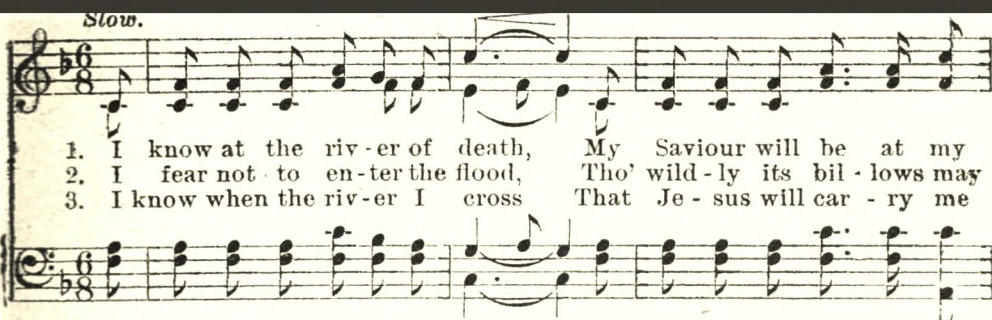
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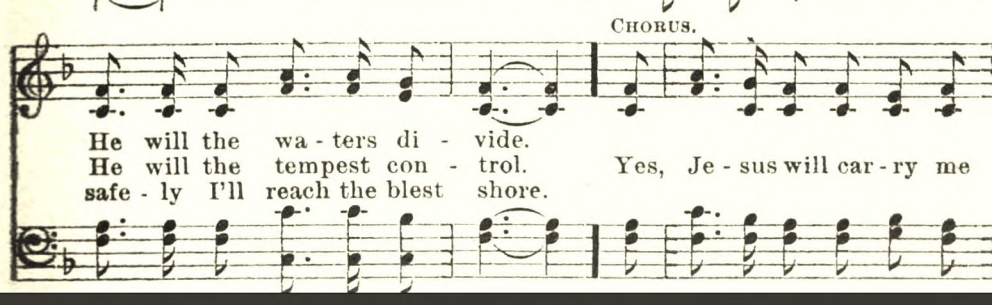
Slow.

- 
1. I know at the riv-er of death, My Saviour will be at my
2. I fear not to en-ter the flood, Tho' wild-ly its bil-lows may
3. I know when the riv-er I cross That Je-sus will car-ry me



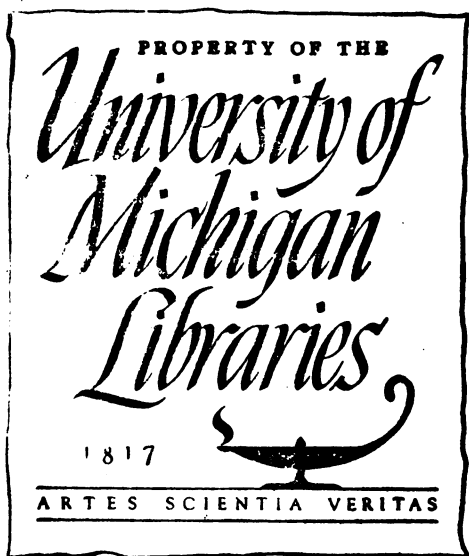
side; His pres-ence so near Will ban-ish all fear, And
roll, With Je-sus my guide, No ill can be-tide, For
o'er; Up-held by His arm, I'll suf-fer no harm, But

CHORUS.



He will the wa-ters di-vide.
He will the tempest con-trol. Yes, Je-sus will car-ry me
safe-ly I'll reach the blest shore.

The Search light



Music

m

2193

.m97

Cherry.

THE SEARCH LIGHT

A Collection of Songs

— FOR —

Sunday Schools . .

and

Gospel Meetings

EDITED BY

A. F. MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE LINE."

PUBLISHED BY THE W. W. WHITNEY CO.,

TOLEDO, OHIO.

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For Sale by Booksellers and Music Dealers generally.

Suggestions for Conducting the Service of Song.

1. Attention. Next Attention. Last Attention.
2. A scattered audience cannot sing well, sit close together.
3. A sufficient number of books for all.
4. See that strangers who come in are supplied with books, as many are interested in this way.
5. Do not sing to fill up gaps, but have plenty of singing; urge every body to sing.
6. Have stated times for teaching the songs; therein lies the success of Sunday School and Congregational Singing.
7. Do not sing too loud, noise is not music. Give expression, as some phrases should be soft, others loud.
8. Do not sing too fast, neither too slow; do not drag, but sing firm, prompt, sing together.
9. Study the words, speak them distinctly, get the sentiment of them imbedded in the soul. Sing in the spirit, we want heart singing, not head singing.
10. Vary your methods. Occasionally have one part of the Audience or school respond to another and all join together at a suitable place.
11. It is often interesting and effective to have the stanzas sung as a solo or duet and the audience or school join in the chorus.
12. Often read the stanzas in Concert before singing them.
13. Occasionally repeat the chorus very softly, having the Altos sing loud enough to be heard above all the other voices.
14. Sometimes sing choruses very softly without the instrument. Instrumental music is a grand luxury, but never equal to the human voice, and should be used only to accompany.
15. Unless the music is new do not play the piece through on an instrument, but when all are ready to sing, play first phrase or give the chord only; and a short interlude between stanzas for a catch of breath.
16. Use tact, get out of the old ruts, make the music of your society a study.
17. Have the books of the Sunday School collected by the Teachers and Librarian before dismissal. People should buy their own books to carry home.
18. Do not lower the standard and object of sacred song by arranging windows, fixing fires, distributing papers, taking offerings, during the singing of some grand song, but avoid all confusion as much as during prayer or preaching.
19. A choir will be helpful in assisting the Leader, but care should be taken that the singing be congregational.

20. "Let the people praise thee, Oh God; Let all the people praise thee."

—Ps. 67. 5.

Yours in Song for the Master,

A. F. MYERS.

THE SEARCH LIGHT.

1

*Gift-
M. A. Hubbard
11-18-1933.*

Search Light.

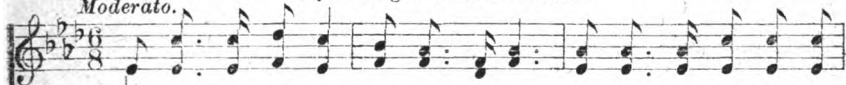
"O send out thy light and thy truth." PSALMS, 43: 3.

BERTHA M. SCHWEIZER.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.



1. Flash out the search light dark is the way, Some wea-ry wand'r'er is
2. Flash out the search light bright let it shine, Bear-ing the message of
3. Light up the darkness, scat-ter the night, There is a broth-er who



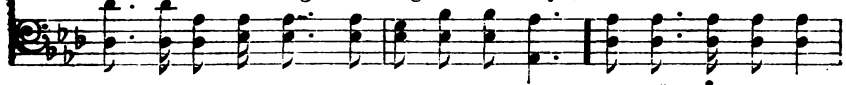
go-ing astray, Man - y temp - ta - tions lurk now at his side,
mer - cy divine, Christ the Re-deem - er who seek-eth for thee,
longs for the light, Now he is fal - ter - ing do not de-lay,



CHORUS.



Man - y the per - ils that in his path hide. }
Of - fers a par-don so full and so free. } Flash out the search light
Flash out the search light and brighten the way. }



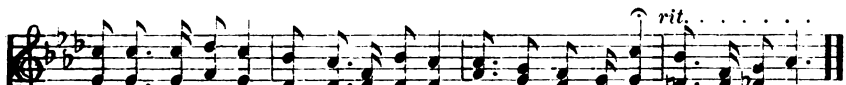
cres.



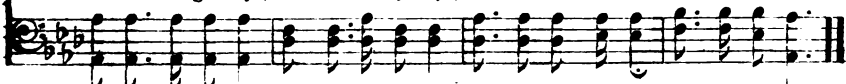
brighten the way, Fol - low the souls that in darkened paths stray,



rit.



Search in the high-ways, search in the by-ways, Tell them that Je - sus bids them come home.



Beautiful Robe and Crown.

"He hath clothed me with the garments of Salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of Righteousness," ISA. 61: 10.

E. R. LÄTTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Pleasures that earth can give Nev - er are un - alloyed, Like to the
 2. Fashion's a - dornments are Ev - er with money bought, Heaven - ly
 3. Land of the white-robed throng And of the harp and palm, Af - ter the

hap - pi - ness That is in Heav'n enjoyed! What are earth's garments gay, Often so
 garments bright, On - ly by faith are sought! What are the mines of earth? What is the
 storms of life Thine is a blessed calm! There may our ev - ry name Surely be

D.S.—What are the mines of earth? What is the

proud - ly shown? Nothing compared to you, Beau - ti - ful robe and crown!
 world's re - nown? Nothing compared to you, Beau - ti - ful robe and crown!
 writ - ten down! Striving are we for you, Beau - ti - ful robe and crown!

world's re-nown? Nothing compared to you, Beau - ti - ful robe and crown!

Beau - ti - ful robe! Beau - ti - ful crown!
 Beau - ti - ful robe! Beau - ti - ful crown!

Beau - ti - ful robe! Beau - ti - ful crown!
 Beau - ti - ful robe! Beau - ti - ful crown!

From "Banner of Love Complete," by per. of D. W. Crist, owner of Copyright.

3 I'll Sing my Temptations away.

The writer of these verses is 70 years old, totally blind, and a devoted christian.

MARY IRENE MOLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.



1. I'll sing my temp-tations a - way, For tho' they be artful and strong.
2. When worldly al - lurements are strong, To Christ in my weakness I'll flee.
3. When tempests with-in and with - out, Suggest that my faith is all wrong.
4. And when all temp-tations are o'er, A song of re-demption I'll sing.



I'll sing of One stronger than they, And sing till they flee from my song.
And find in his presence a song, And sing the temptations from me.
I'll sing till grim shadows of doubt, Are lost in the sun-light of song.
And swell on the Heav-en-ly shore, The prais-es of Je - sus my King.



CHORUS.

I'll sing, . . . I'll sing, . . .



I'll sing of my Saviour, I'll sing of my Saviour, I'll sing of my Saviour all day, all day.



I'll sing, . . . I'll sing . . .

Repeat Chorus softly.



I'll sing my temptations, I'll sing my temptations, I'll sing my temptations away, away.



Call Them In.

"But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." PSALMS 40: 17.

ANNA SHIPTON.

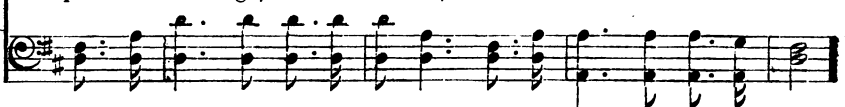
R. C. WARD.



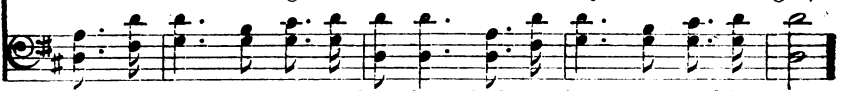
- 1 "Call them in!" the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold.
- 2 "Call them in!" the Jew, the Gentile, Bid the stran-gers to the feast,
- 3 "Call them in!" the bro-ken heart-ed, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;



Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer: Can you weigh their worth with gold?
 "Call them in!" the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least.
 Speak love's message, low and ten - der, "'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus came."



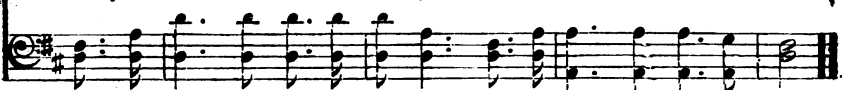
"Call them in!" the weak and wea - ry, Ladened with the doom of sin;
 Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor - rows seen;
 See! the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day - dawn will be - gin;



CHO. "Call them in," the poor, the low - ly, Sick and foot - sore, stain'd with sin;



Bid them come and rest in Je - sus, He is wait - ing, "call them in!"
 Robe and ring, and roy - al san - dals, Wait the lost ones, "call them in!"
 Can you leave them lost and lone - ly? Christ is com - ing, "call them in!"



Je - sus died to pay their ransom, He is wait - ing, "call them in!"

By per. R. C. Ward. Words from "Woman in Sacred Song." By per. Eva Munson Smith.

Whosoever Will, May Come.

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of Life freely." REV. 22: 17.

D. E. DORTCH.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

1. Hear the in - vi - ta - tion one and all, Who-so-ev-er who-so-ev-er
 2. Send the bless-ed ti-dings all a-round, Who-so-ev-er who-so-ev-er
 3. Come, the wa-ter ev - er flow-eth free, Who-so-ev-er who-so-ev-er
 4. There is par-don at the cross just now, Who-so-ev-er who-so-ev-er
 5. If you trust in Je-sus He will save, Who-so-ev-er who-so-ev-er

Thro' the gos-pel Je-sus makes this call, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 Spread the news wher-ev - er man is found, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 It is of-fered thirst-y soul to thee, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 Will you come dear friend to Je-sus, bow, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
 On the cross his life for you he gave, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

CHORUS.

Who-so-ev-er Who-so-ev-er Who-so-ev-er will may come,
 will, will, may come,

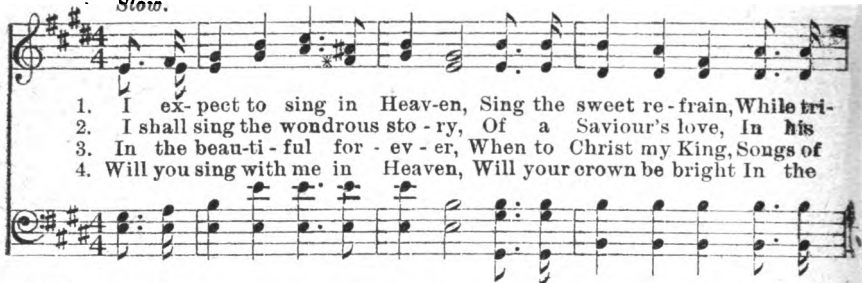
At the fountain you may drink to-day, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

Singing in Heaven.

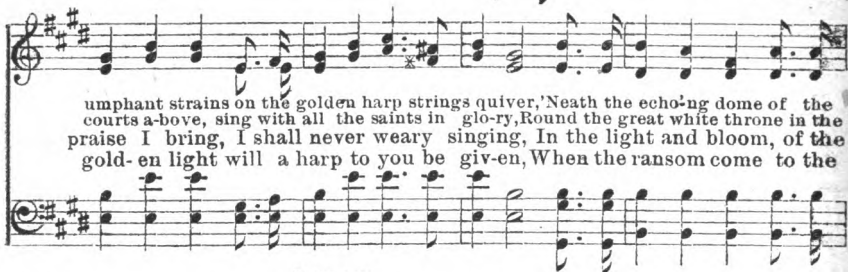
"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne," REV. 14: 3.

MARY IRENE McLEAN,

A. F. MYERS.

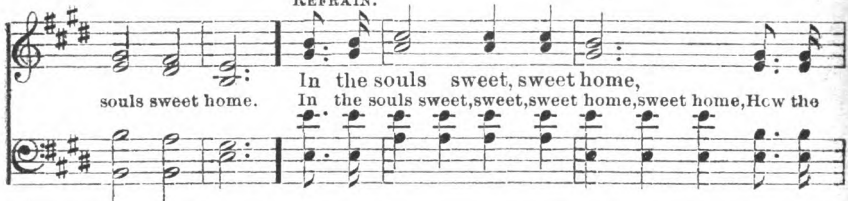
Slow.


1. I ex-pect to sing in Heav-en, Sing the sweet re-frain, While tri-
 2. I shall sing the wondrous sto-ry, Of a Saviour's love, In his
 3. In the bean-ti-ful for-ev-er, When to Christ my King, Songs of
 4. Will you sing with me in Heaven, Will your crown be bright In the

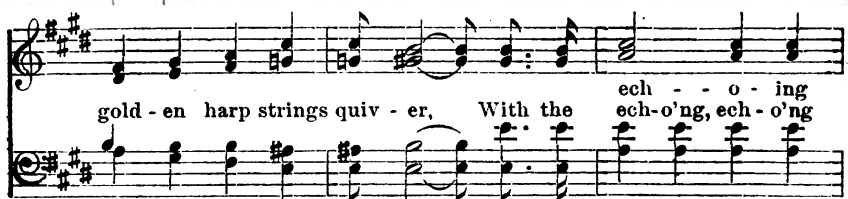


umphant strains on the golden harp strings quiver, 'Neath the echo'ng dome of the
 courts a-bove, sing with all the saints in glo-ry, Round the great white throne in the
 praise I bring, I shall never weary singing, In the light and bloom, of the
 gold-en light will a harp to you be giv-en, When the ransom come to the

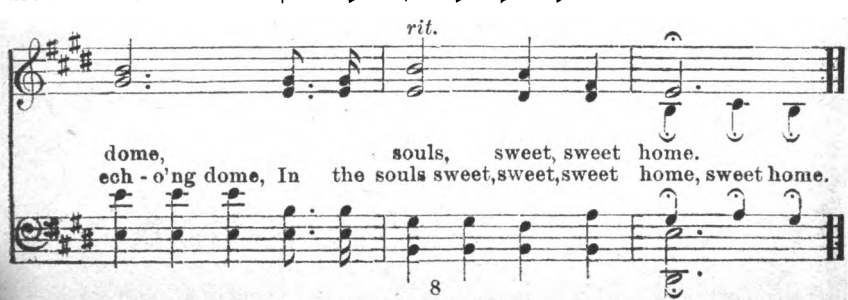
REFRAIN.



souls sweet home. In the souls sweet, sweet home,
 In the souls sweet, sweet, sweet home, sweet home, How the



gold-en harp strings quiv-er, With the ech-o'ng, ech-o'ng
 ech-o'ng, ech-o'ng



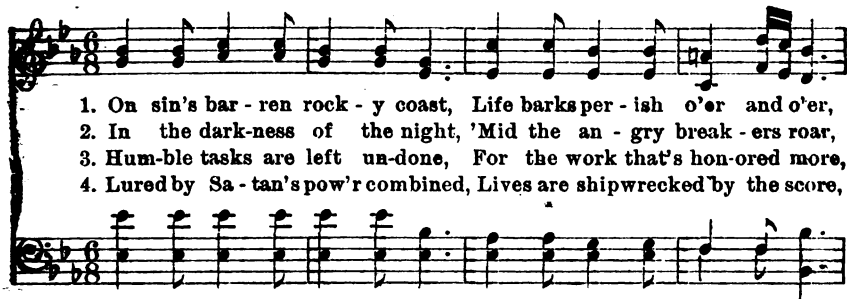
dome, ech-o'ng dome, In the souls, sweet, sweet home.
 ech-o'ng dome, In the souls sweet, sweet, sweet home, sweet home.

Look Along The Shore.

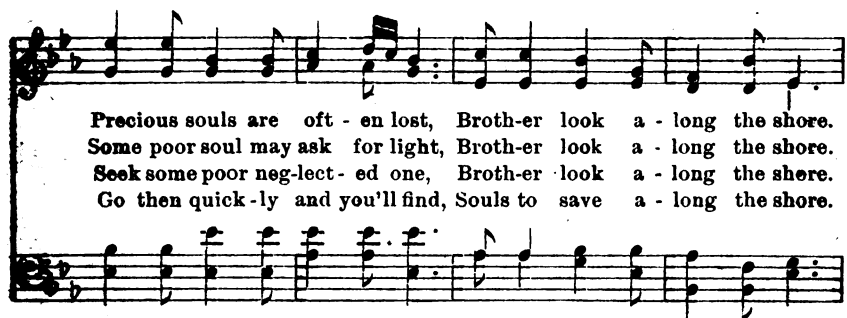
"And Jesus said unto them, come ye after me, and I will make you to become Fishers of men."
 MARK 1: 17.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

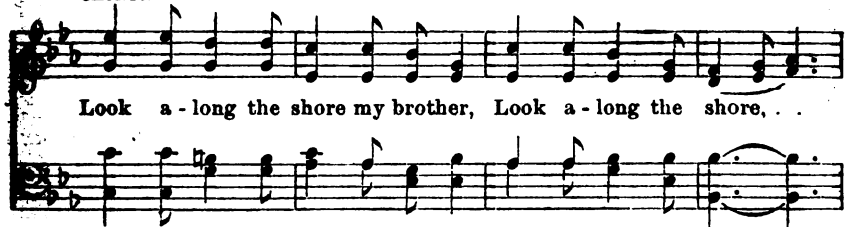


1. On sin's bar - ren rock - y coast, Life barks per - ish o'er and o'er,
 2. In the dark-ness of the night, 'Mid the an - gry break - ers roar,
 3. Hum-ble tasks are left un-done, For the work that's hon-ored more,
 4. Lured by Sa - tan's pow'r combined, Lives are shipwrecked by the score,

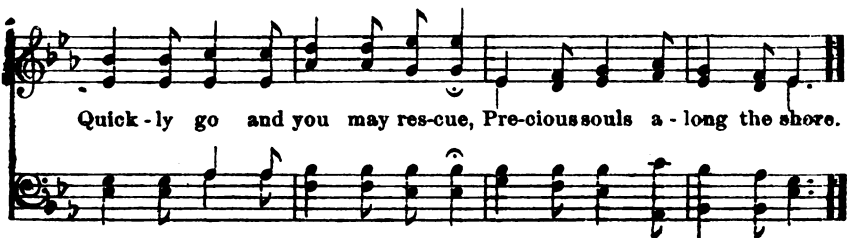


Precious souls are oft - en lost, Broth-er look a - long the shore.
 Some poor soul may ask for light, Broth-er look a - long the shore.
 Seek some poor neg-lect - ed one, Broth-er look a - long the shore.
 Go then quick - ly and you'll find, Souls to save a - long the shore.

CHORUS.



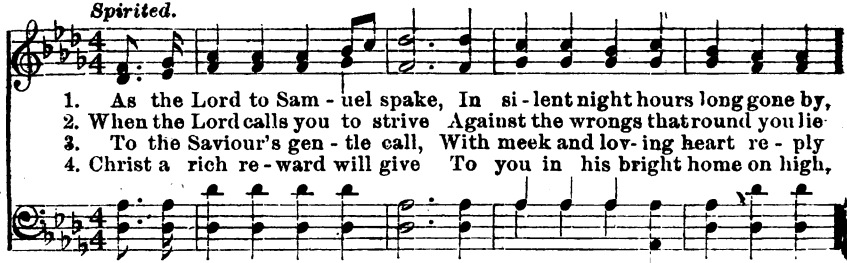
Look a - long the shore my brother, Look a - long the shore, . .



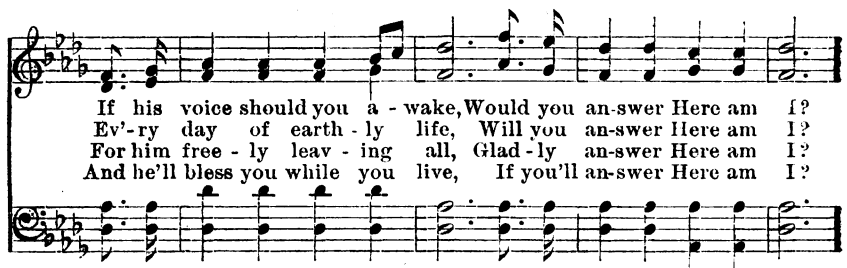
Quick - ly go and you may res-cue, Pre-cious souls a - long the shore.

"Here am I."

"That the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I." 1st. SAM. 3: 4.
REV. T. C. SMITH. A. F. MYERS.
Spirited.

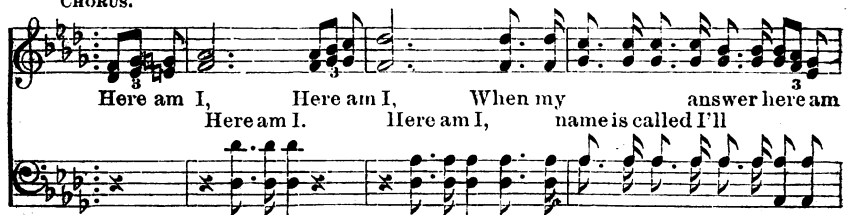


1. As the Lord to Sam - uel spake, In si - lent night hours long gone by,
2. When the Lord calls you to strive Against the wrongs that round you lie -
3. To the Saviour's gen - tle call, With meek and lov - ing heart re - ply
4. Christ a rich re - ward will give To you in his bright home on high,

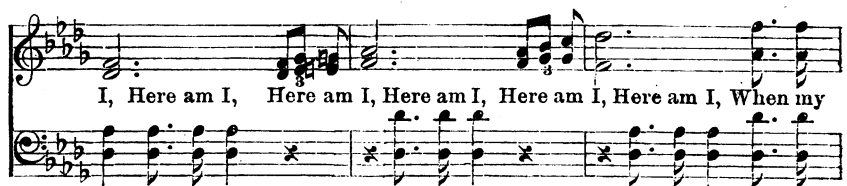


If his voice should you a - wake, Would you an - swer Here am I?
Ev'-ry day of earth - ly life, Will you an - swer Here am I?
For him free - ly leav - ing all, Glad - ly an - swer Here am I?
And he'll bless you while you live, If you'll an - swer Here am I?

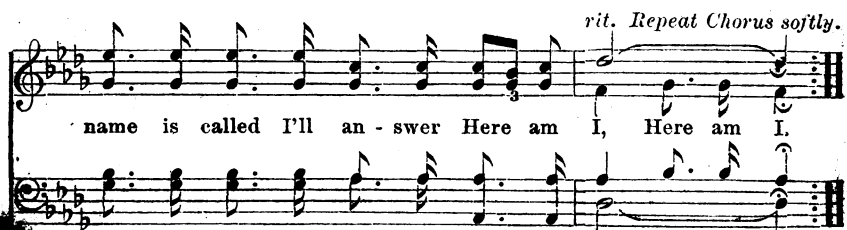
CHORUS.



Here am I, Here am I, When my answer here am
Here am I. Here am I, name is called I'll



I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, When my



name is called I'll an - swer Here am I, Here am I.

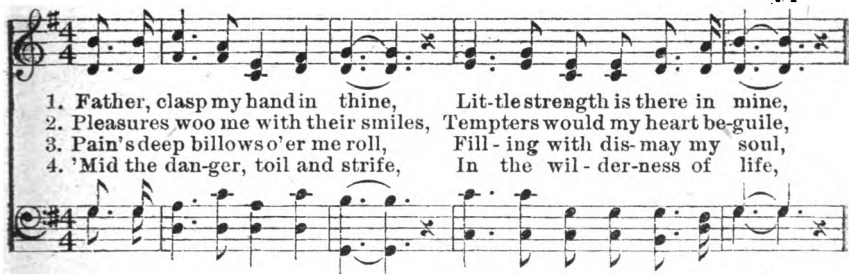
rit. Repeat Chorus softly.

Take my Hand.

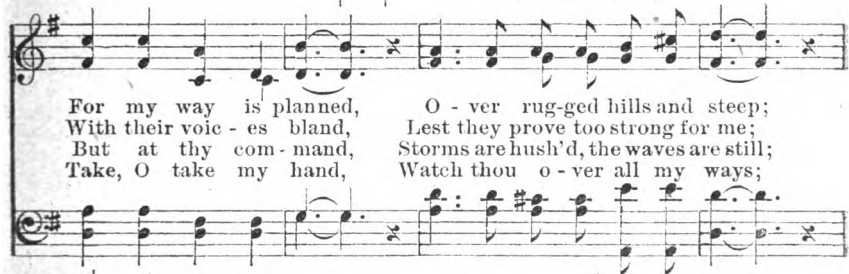
"And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God." 1-ST SAM. 23: 16.

MARY IRENE MOLEAN.

A. L. STOUGH. By per.



1. Father, clasp my hand in thine, Lit-tle strength is there in mine,
 2. Pleasures woo me with their smiles, Tempters would my heart be-guile,
 3. Pain's deep billows o'er me roll, Fill-ing with dis-may my soul,
 4. 'Mid the dan-ger, toil and strife, In the wil-der-ness of life,

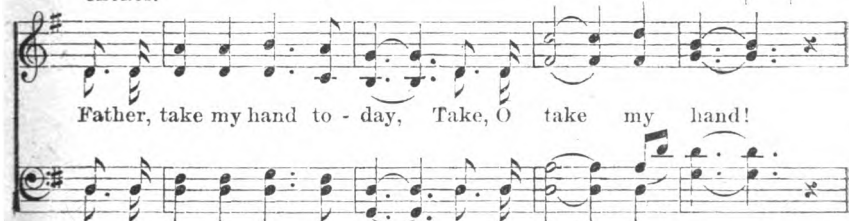


For my way is planned, O - ver rug-ged hills and steep;
 With their voic - es bland, Lest they prove too strong for me;
 But at thy com-mand, Storms are hush'd, the waves are still;
 Take, O take my hand, Watch thou o - ver all my ways;



Mists are in the val-ley deep. Take, O take my hand.
 And I go a-stray from thee, Take, O take my hand.
 Thus would I o - bey thy will, Take, O take my hand.
 Lead me thro' the tan-gled maze, To the bet-ter land.

CHORUS.



Father, take my hand to - day, Take, O take my hand!



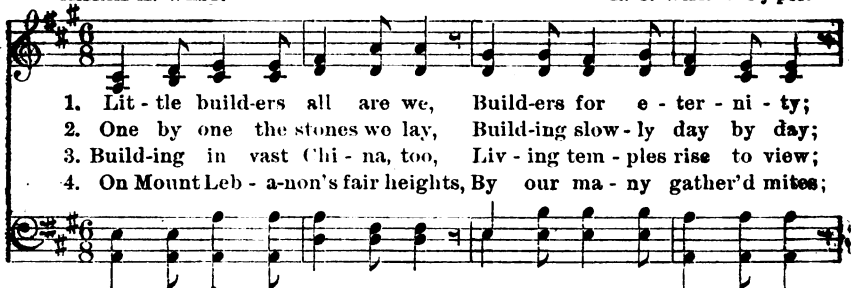
Lead me, lead me all the way, To the bet-ter land.

The Little Builders.

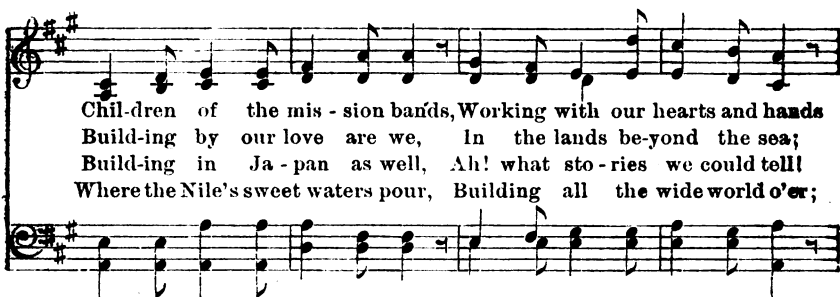
"Work for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." HAG. 2: 4.

MARIA A. WEST.

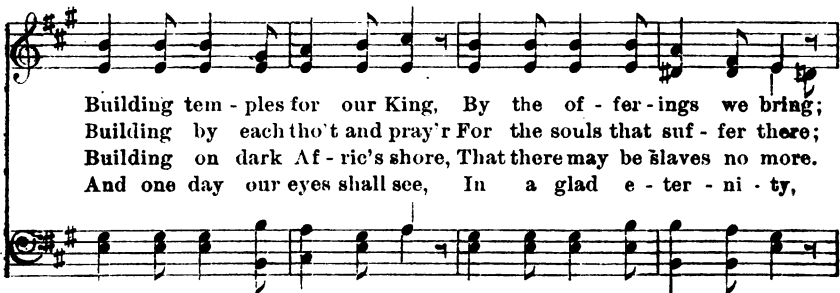
R. C. WARD. By per.



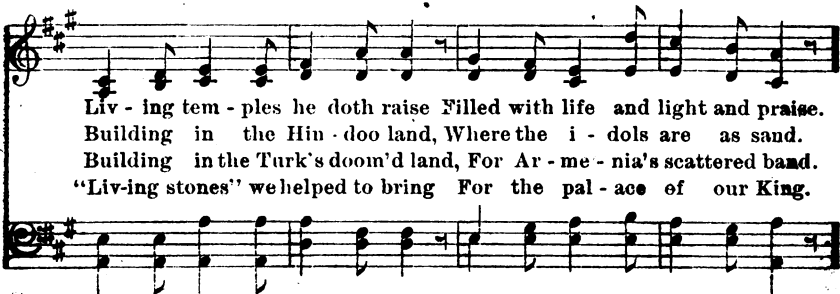
1. Lit - tle build - ers all are we, Build - ers for e - ter - ni - ty;
 2. One by one the stones we lay, Build - ing slow - ly day by day;
 3. Build - ing in vast Chi - na, too, Liv - ing tem - ples rise to view;
 4. On Mount Leb - a - non's fair heights, By our ma - ny gather'd mites;



Chil - dren of the mis - sion bands, Working with our hearts and hands
 Build - ing by our love are we, In the lands be - yond the sea;
 Build - ing in Ja - pan as well, Ah! what sto - ries we could tell!
 Where the Nile's sweet waters pour, Building all the wide world o'er;



Building tem - ples for our King, By the of - fer - ings we bring;
 Building by each tho't and pray'r For the souls that suf - fer there;
 Building on dark Af - ric's shore, That there may be slaves no more.
 And one day our eyes shall see, In a glad e - ter - ni - ty,



Liv - ing tem - ples he doth raise Filled with life and light and praise.
 Building in the Hin - doo land, Where the i - dols are as sand.
 Building in the Turk's doom'd land, For Ar - me - nia's scattered band.
 "Liv - ing stones" we helped to bring For the pal - ace of our King.

Words from "Woman in Sacred Song." By per. of Eva Munson Smith.

The Little Builders. Concluded.

CHORUS.



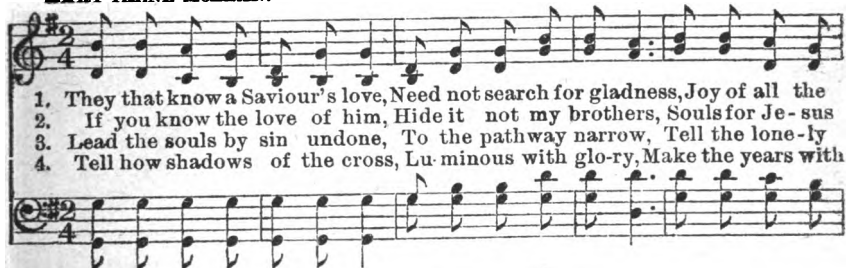
We are build-ers for our King, Un - to Him our prais - es bring,
Hap - py lit - tle builders we, Building for e - ter - ni - ty.

11 Tell Your Joy to Others.

"And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." 1st JOHN 1: 4.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. For this work.



1. They that know a Saviour's love, Need not search for gladness, Joy of all the
2. If you know the love of him, Hide it not my brothers, Souls for Je - sus
3. Lead the souls by sin undone, To the pathway narrow, Tell the lone - ly
4. Tell how shadows of the cross, Lu - minous with glo - ry, Make the years with

CHORUS.



joys a - bove, Leaves no room for sad - ness. Joy, joy, joy of Christ,
would you win, Tell your joy to oth - ers.
stricken one, There's a balm for sor - row.
pain and loss, Shrines in hallowed sto - ry.

Joy so full and free, Joy, joy, joy of Christ, This joy he gives to me.

My Heart's Prayer.

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." MARK 9: 24.

FLORA McLEAN. Arr. by W. G. C.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Dear Lord, in - crease my faith, I pray, While on this earth I roam;
 2. Give me the faith to trust Thy pow'r, E'en where I can - not see;
 3. To yield the whole and not a part, Is my most earn - est prayer;
 4. Should a - ny thing e'er seen to stand, Between Thy heart and mine,
 5. Then when on earth my work is past, And I have reach'd the goal,

Ban - ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 The faith to yield, this ver - y hour, My life, my all to Thee.
 Come, Thou and cleanse my fro - ward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 Spare not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, An hum - ble grate - ful soul.

Guide me home, guide me home, Guide me safe - ly home; Ban -
 All to Thee, all to Thee, Life and all to Thee; Help -
 Cleanse my heart, cleanse my heart, Reign for - ev - er there; Come,
 Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, Till I'm whol - ly Thine; Spare
 Bear me home, bear me home, To my heav'n - ly home; Oh,

- ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 me to yield this ver - y hour, My life and all to Thee.
 Thou and cleanse my fro - ward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 not the chast'ning of thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.
 bear me to my home at last, An hum - ble grate - ful soul.

Heavenly Sunshine.

TO MRS. EMMA MYERS CHAPMAN.

"They shall behold the land." ISA. 33: 17,

REV. A. D. KENNEDY.

A. F. MYERS.



1. There's a hap - py land of sunshine, Where no sha - dow ev - er falls,
2. There no tem - pests ev - er gath - er, To becloud the heav'nly sky,
3. Death shall nev - er there o'ertake us While e - ter - nal a - ges roll;



Mak - ing heav'n with beau - ty glo - r'ous, Gild - ing all its jas - per walls.
 For the Lamb of God for - ev - er, Lights the glo - ry land on high.
 Naught a - fraid can ev - er make us; Filled with joy is ev - 'ry soul.



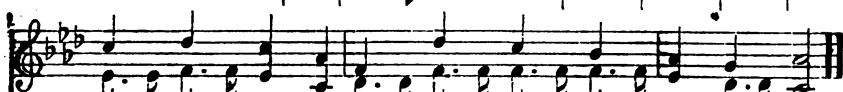
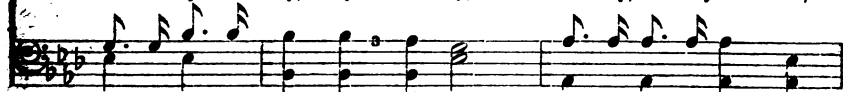
CHORUS.



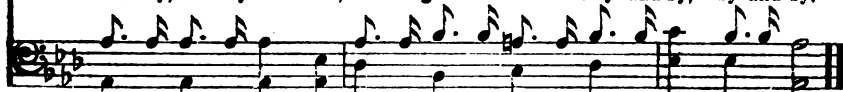
Heav'n - ly sun - shine, Heav'n - ly sun - shine, In the
 , Heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly sun - shine, Heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly sun - shine, In the gold - en



gold - en by . . . and by, Heav'n - ly, sunshine,
 sometime by and by, by and by, . . . Heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly sun - shine,



Heav'n - ly sun - shine, In the gold - en by and by.
 Heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly sun - shine, In the gold - en sometime by and by, by and by.



My Sure Foundation.

"He only is my Rock and my Salvation." He is my defence; Ps. 62: 2.

R. C. W.

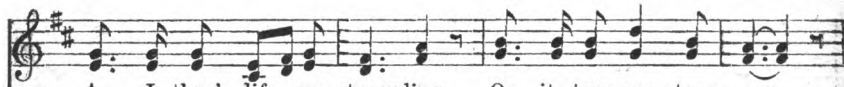
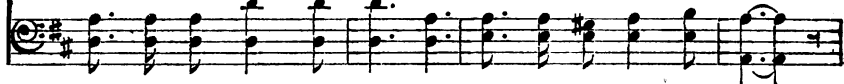
R. C. WARD.



1. Near - er to Thee, my Sav - iour, Near - er to Thee I'd be,
2. Near - er to Thee, my Sav - iour, Near in temp - ta - tion's hour;
3. Near - er to Thee, my Sav - iour, Near in af - flic - tion's hour;



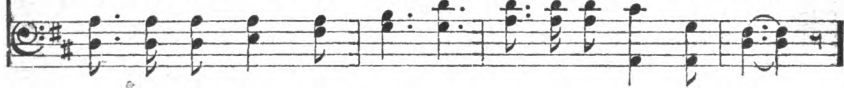
More of Thy bless - ed spir - it Con - stant - ly give to me,
 Sa - tan would oft as - sail me, E - ven my soul de - vour,
 In the dark shades of sor - row, Give Thy support - ing pow'r,



As I thro' life am struggling, On its tem - pes - tous sea,
 But if Thou wilt be near me, Noth - ing can harm me then;
 Keep me, when friends forsake me; Be Thou my tru - est friend;



Give me Thy grace to keep me Firm - ly and safe in Thee.
 Je - sus, my El - der Broth - er, Ev - er my tru - est friend.
 Ev - en when death shall find me, Keep - ing me to the end.

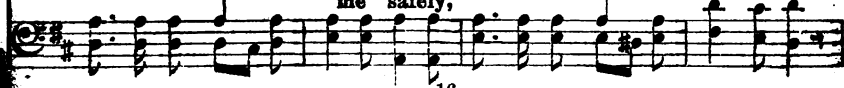


CHORUS. *Softly.*

de - pend



Keep me, my Sav - iour, keep me, I shall on Thee for help depend,
 me safely,



By per.

My Sure Foundation. Concluded.

cres.

Je - sus my sure Foun - da - tion, Sav - iour, Protec - tor, Friend.

15

Jesus Knows.

"And He said unto Him, Lord, thou knowest all things." JOHN, 21; 17.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. When this poor heart is burdened with grief, Nobody knows like Je - sus!
2. When on the mount of joy and delight, Nobody knows like Je - sus!
3. All that I am, or ev - er shall be, Nobody knows like Je - sus!

When at the Cross I cry for re - lief, Nobody knows like Jesus!
 When faith uplifts to mansions so bright, Nobody knows like Jesus!
 All there remains in glo - ry for me, Nobody knows like Jesus!

CHORUS.

No - bod - y knows like Je - sus! No - bod - y knows like Je - sus!

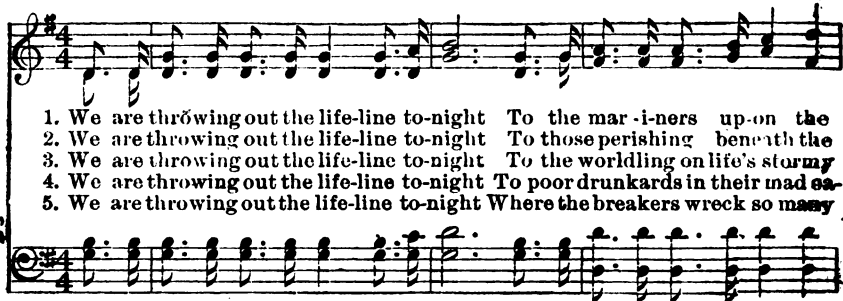
Precious Redeem - er, Brother and Friend, Nobody knows like Je - sus!

Geo. C. Hugg, owner of the Copyright,

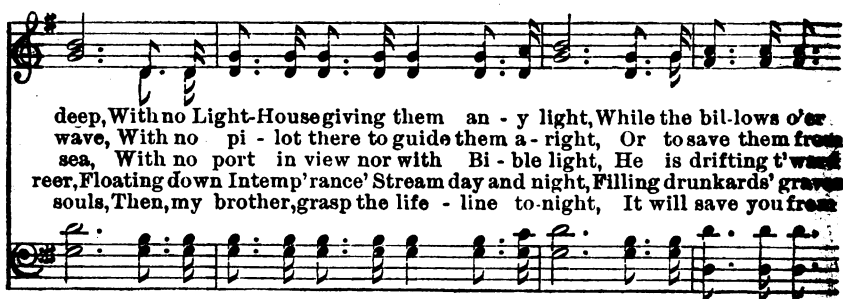
Throwing Out the Life-Line.

REV. A. D. KENNEDY.

D. W. CRIST.

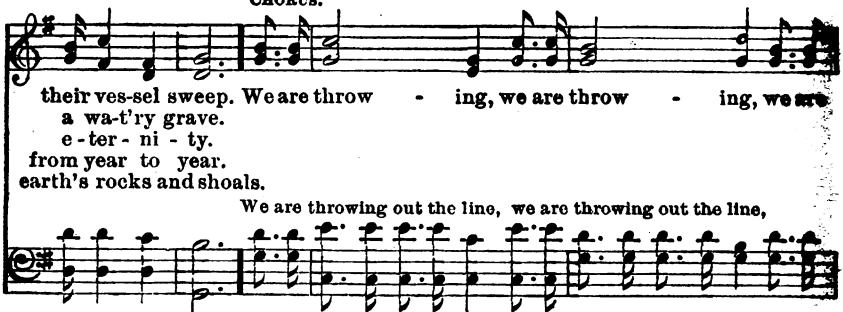


1. We are throwing out the life-line to-night To the mar-i-ners up-on the
 2. We are throwing out the life-line to-night To those perishing beneath the
 3. We are throwing out the life-line to-night To the worldling on life's stormy
 4. We are throwing out the life-line to-night To poor drunkards in their mad sea
 5. We are throwing out the life-line to-night Where the breakers wreck so many



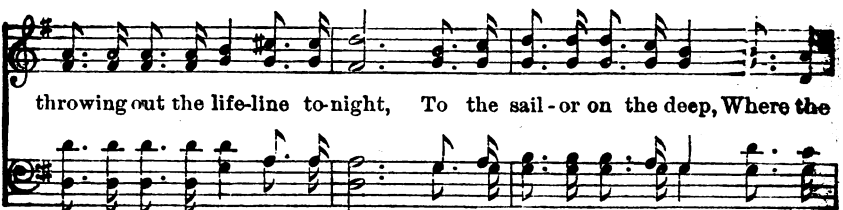
deep, With no Light-House giving them an - y light, While the bil-lows o'er
 wave, With no pi - lot there to guide them a - right, Or to save them from
 sea, With no port in view nor with Bi - ble light, He is drifting t'ward
 rear, Floating down Intemp'rance' Stream day and night, Filling drunkards' graves
 souls, Then, my brother, grasp the life - line to-night, It will save you from

CHORUS.



their ves-sel sweep. We are throw - ing, we are throw - ing, we are
 a wa-t'ry grave.
 e - ter - ni - ty.
 from year to year.
 earth's rocks and shoals.

We are throwing out the line, we are throwing out the line,



throwing out the life-line to-night, To the sail-or on the deep, Where the

From "Banner of Love Complete," by per. of D. W. Crist, owner of Copyright.

Throwing Out the Life-Line. Concluded.

rit

an - gry bil - low sweep; We are throwing out the life - line to - night.

17

Jesus Loves Little Children.

"But Jesus called them unto him." LUKE. 18: 16.

JENNIE WILSON.
Moderato.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren, They are precious in his sight,
2. Je - sus on earth loved chil - dren, And he fond - ly loves them yet,
3. Still we hear Je - sus say - ing, In his lov - ing, gen - tle tone,
4. Lit - tle ones now are com - ing, At the Saviour's ten - der call,

Kind - ly He seeks to lead them, Home to his man - sion bright.
Such do in heav'n be - hold Him, And He will not for - get.
Bring un - to me the chil - dren, Let them be all my own.
Here and at heaven's por - tals. Je - sus will wel - come all.

CHORUS.

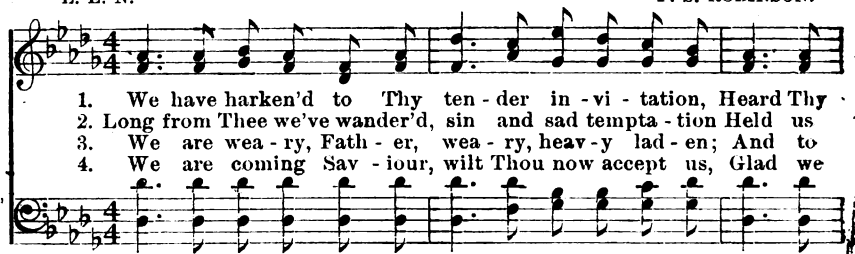
He bids the chil - dren come to Him, He bids them come, He bids them come,
He bids the chil - dren come to Him, Oh let the chil - dren come.

18 We Are Coming, Saviour, Coming.

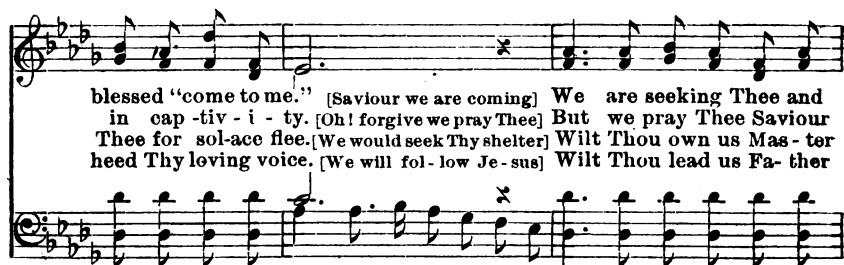
"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer." Ps. 61: 1.

L. E. N.

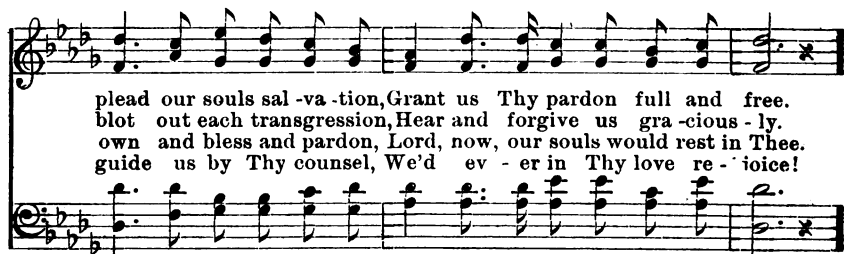
F. S. ROBINSON.



1. We have harken'd to Thy ten-der in-vi-tation, Heard Thy
 2. Long from Thee we've wander'd, sin and sad tempta-tion Held us
 3. We are wea-ry, Fath-er, wea-ry, heav-y lad-en; And to
 4. We are coming Sav-iour, wilt Thou now accept us, Glad we

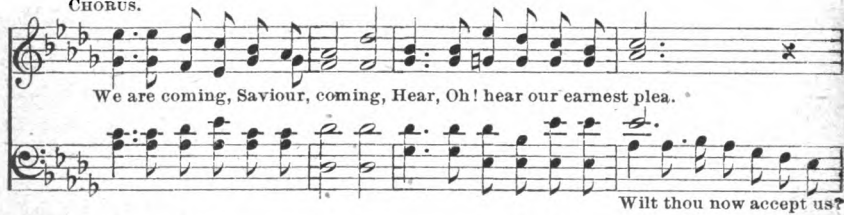


blessed "come to me." [Saviour we are coming] We are seeking Thee and
 in cap-tiv-i-ty. [Oh! forgive we pray Thee] But we pray Thee Saviour
 Thee for sol-ace flee. [We would seek Thy shelter] Wilt Thou own us Mas-ter
 heed Thy loving voice. [We will fol-low Je-sus] Wilt Thou lead us Fa-ther

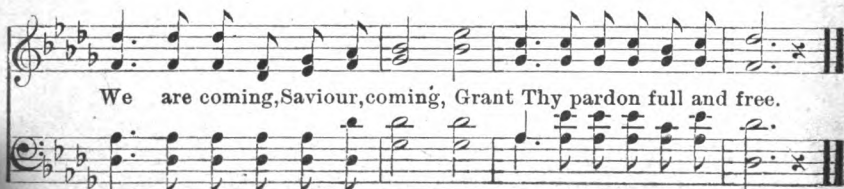


plead our souls sal-va-tion, Grant us Thy pardon full and free.
 blot out each transgression, Hear and forgive us gra-cious-ly.
 own and bless and pardon, Lord, now, our souls would rest in Thee.
 guide us by Thy counsel, We'd ev-er in Thy love re-joice!

CHORUS.



We are coming, Saviour, coming, Hear, Oh! hear our earnest plea.
 Wilt thou now accept us?



We are coming, Saviour, coming, Grant Thy pardon full and free.

Glorious By and By.

A. F. M.

"And his rest shall be glorious," Is. 11:10.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. We will walk the streets of Gold, In the sweet by and by.
 2. Gath-ered out of ev'-ry land, In the sweet by and by,
 3. We our loved ones there shall see, In the sweet by and by,

sweet by and by, sweet by and by, While we sing of love untold, And the
 sweet by and by, sweet by and by, As a hap-py ransomed band, We be-
 sweet by and by, sweet by and by, And for ev-er we shall be, From all

CHORUS.
 face of God be-hold, In the glo-r'ous by and by.
 fore the throne will stand, In the glo-r'ous by and by. In the
 pain and sor-row free, In the glo-r'ous by and by.


sweet by and by, In the glo-r'ous, glo-r'ous by and by, In the
 in the sweet by and by,

sweet by and by, In the glo-r'ous by and by.
 In the sweet by and by, by and by,


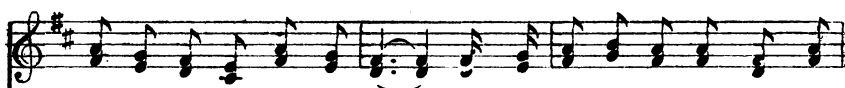
20 There'll Be Something To Do.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever." Ps. 89: 1.



C. E. LESLIE.



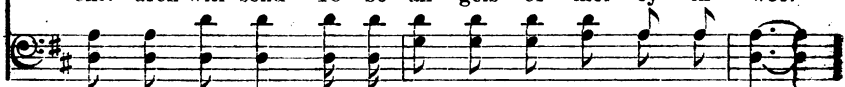
1. There'll be something in heav - en for chil - dren to do; None are
 2. There'll be les - sons to learn of the wis - dom of God, As they
 3. There'll be er - rands of love from the mansions a - bove, To the


i - dle in that bless - ed land; There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be
 wan - der the green meadows o'er; And they'll have for their teachers in
 dear ones who lin ger be - low; And it may be our Fa - ther the



thoughts for the mind, And em - ployment for each lit - tle hand,
 that blest a - bode All the good that have gone there be - fore.
 chil - dren will send To be an - gels of mer - cy in woe.



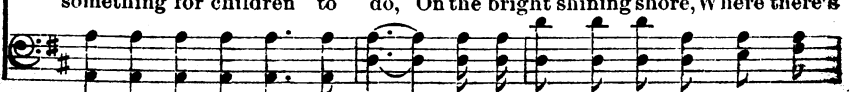
CHORUS.



There'll be something to do, There'll be something to do, There'll be

something for children to do, On the bright shining shore, Where there's



There'll Be Something to do. Concluded.

joy ev - er - more, There'll be something for chil - dren to do.

21

"Keep On Asking."

"Ask and it shall be given you." MATT. 7: 7.

A. F. M.
Andante.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Have you asked of God a fa - vor, And grown wea - ry of de - lay?
2. Have you called on Him in earnest, When He did not heed your cry?
3. Are you anxious lest your neighbor or your friend in sin may die?
4. Do you sometimes get discouraged, As He seems to slight your call?

Keep on ask - ing, keep on ask - ing, He will grant it in His way.
 Keep on call - ing, keep on call - ing, He will an - swer by and by.
 Keep on ask - ing, pleading, call - ing, He will save them by and by.
 Keep on call - ing, keep on ask - ing, He will sometime give you all.

CHORUS.

Keep on ask - ing, keep on ask - ing, Though He seems to slight your call.

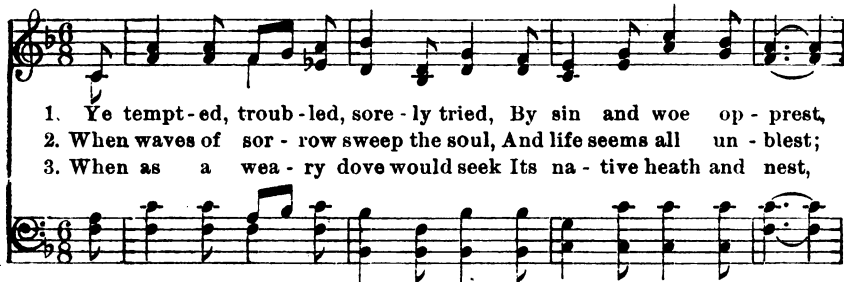
For with Je - sus in - ter - ced - ing, By and by He'll give you all.

Find in Christ your Rest.

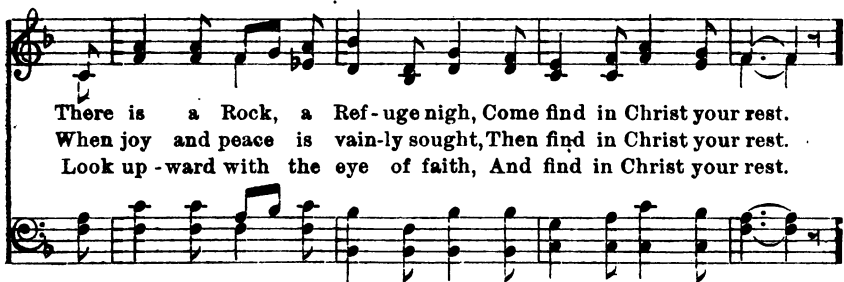
"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. JER. 6: 16.

F. M. D.,

FRANK M. DAVIS.




1. Ye tempt-ed, troub-led, sore-ly tried, By sin and woe op-prest,
2. When waves of sor-rows sweep the soul, And life seems all un-blest;
3. When as a wea-ry dove would seek Its na-tive heath and nest,

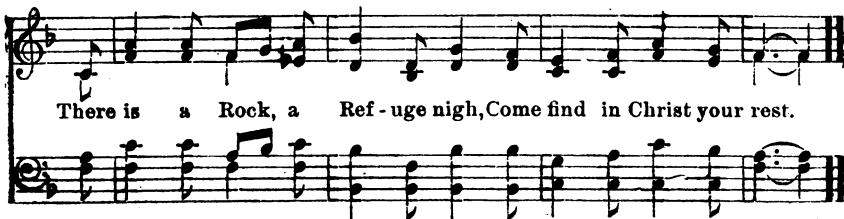


There is a Rock, a Ref-uge nigh, Come find in Christ your rest.
When joy and peace is vain-ly sought, Then find in Christ your rest.
Look up-ward with the eye of faith, And find in Christ your rest.

CHORUS,



Find in Christ your rest, . . . Find in Christ your rest. . . .
your rest, your rest.



There is a Rock, a Ref-uge nigh, Come find in Christ your rest.

By permission of Home Music Co. From "Crown of Gold."

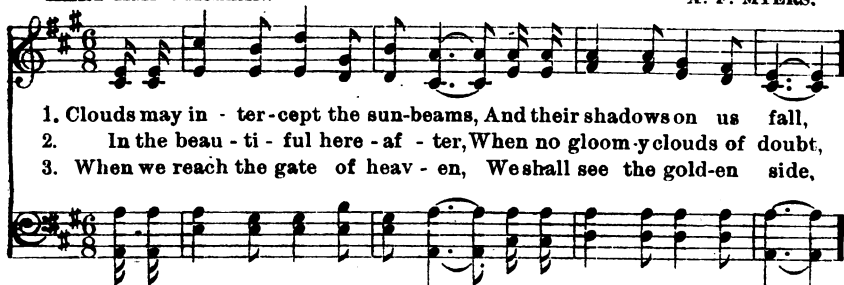
The Golden Side.

INSCRIBED TO MY WIFE.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." PSALMS, 17: 15.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

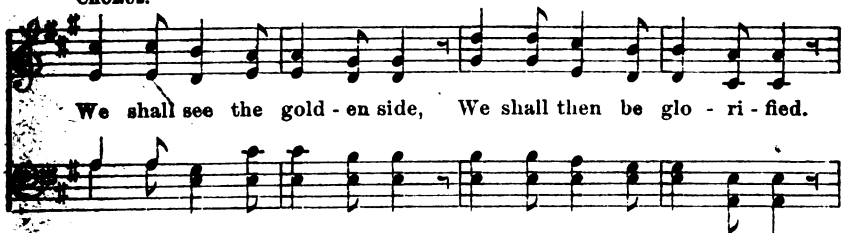


1. Clouds may in - ter - cept the sun - beams, And their shadows on us fall,
 2. In the beau - ti - ful here - af - ter, When no gloom - y clouds of doubt,
 3. When we reach the gate of heav - en, We shall see the gold - en side,




But the oth - er side is gold - en, In the light that's o - ver all.
 Cast their shadows on the spir - it, Keeping all the sun - light out.
 And in God's e - ter - nal glo - ry, Be for - ev - er sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.



We shall see the gold - en side, We shall then be glo - ri - fied.



We shall then be sat - is - fied, When on the gold - en side. . . :
 gold - en side.

At the Fountain.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—REV. 21: 6.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

1. I will meet you at the fountain, In the glo - ry land on high, I will
 2. I will meet you at the fountain, And the time is drawing nigh; I will
 3. I will meet you at the fountain, Where the verdant pas - tures grow, By the

meet you at the fountain by and by, by and by, When the book of life is
 meet you at the fountain by and by, by and by, Where the Lamb of God il -
 river that is never, nev - er dry, nev - er dry, There we'll nev - er know a

opened in the mansions in the sky, I will meet you at the fountain, by and by.
 lumines the Je - ru - sa - lem on high, I will meet you at the fountain, by and by.
 sorrow, and we'll never breathe a sigh, I will meet you at the fountain, by and by.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, by and by, O - ver there,
 At the fountain by and by, by and by, At the fountain

by and by, What a meet - ing that will be, When our
 by and by,

At the Fountain. Concluded.

loved ones we shall see, Over there, at the fountain, by and by. by and by.

25

Near the Cross.

"Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—MATT. 16: 24.

R. A. GLENN.

D. E. DORTCH.

Moderato.

1. Dear Je - sus make me whol - ly thine! Thou art my on - ly choice;
2. While trav'ling through this vale I see! Tho' oft by tem - pest tossed;
3. O Bless - ed tho't! O won - drous love! When I in sin was lost;

Oh wash me in the blood di - vine, And keep me near the cross.
The bea - con light from Cal - va - ry, To guide poor wanderers lost.
Dear Je - sus left His home a - bove, To save me by the cross.

CHORUS.

Near the cross, near the cross, Father hold..... my hand,
Father hold my trembling hand, my trembling hand,

Near the cross, near the cross may I ev - er firm - ly stand.

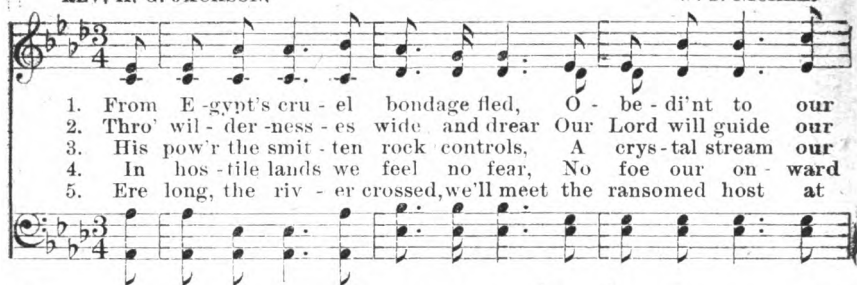
Used by per. of D. E. Dortch.

26 We're on the way to Canaan's Land.

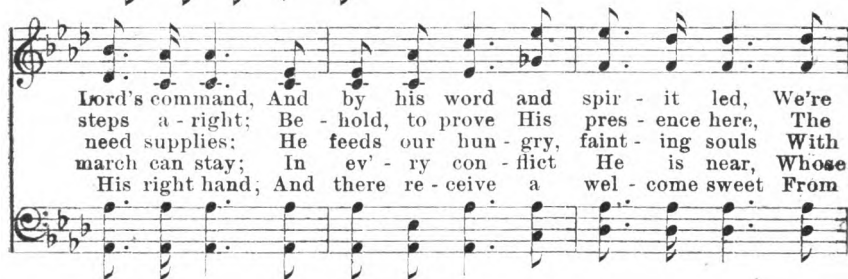
"In my Father's house are many mansions." JOHN, 14: 2.

REV. H. G. JACKSON.

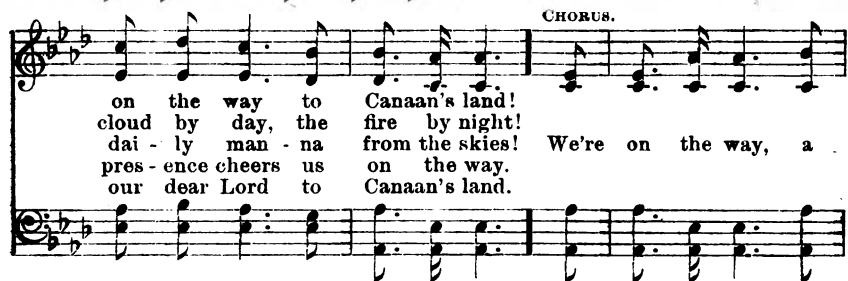
W. S. NICKLE.



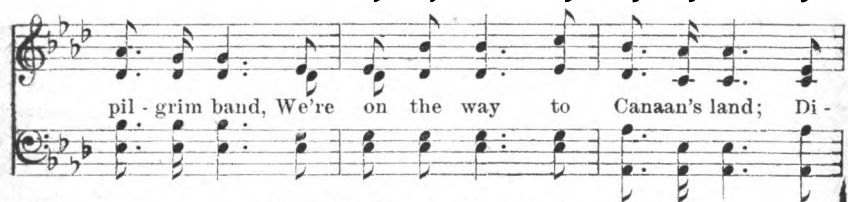
1. From E-gypt's cru - el bondage fled, O - be - di'nt to our
 2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
 3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock controls, A crys - tal stream our
 4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on - ward
 5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet the ransomed host at



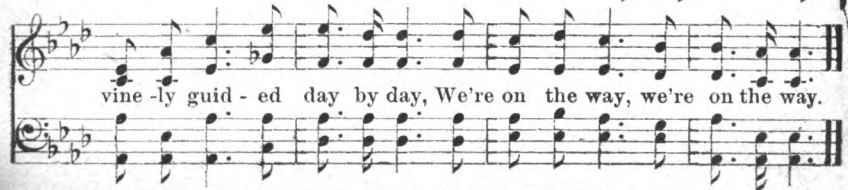
Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
 steps a - right; Be - hold, to prove His pres - ence here, The
 need supplies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls With
 march can stay; In ev' - ry con - flict He is near, Whose
 His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet From



CHORUS.
 on the way to Canaan's land!
 cloud by day, the fire by night!
 dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a
 pres - ence cheers us on the way.
 our dear Lord to Canaan's land.



pil - grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di -



vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

27 I Love to Sing Those Songs of Old.

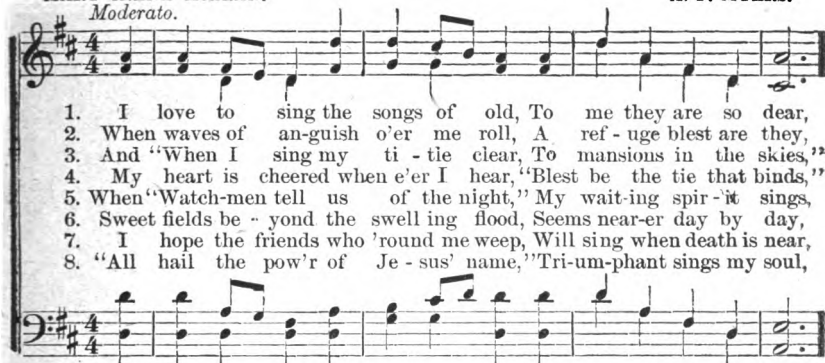
"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk therein."—JER. 6: 16.

To Marion Lawrance.

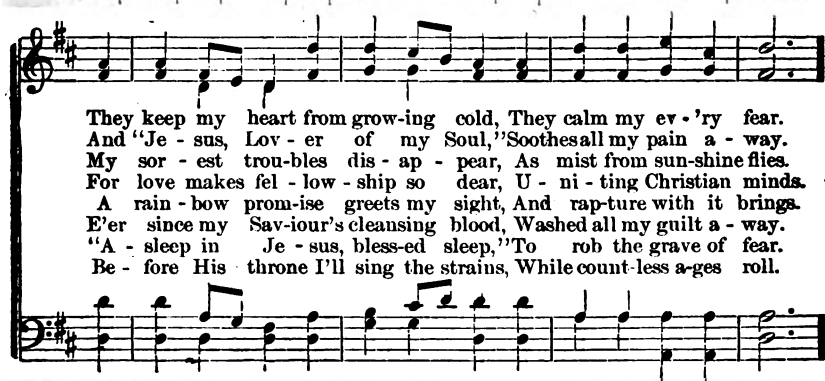
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

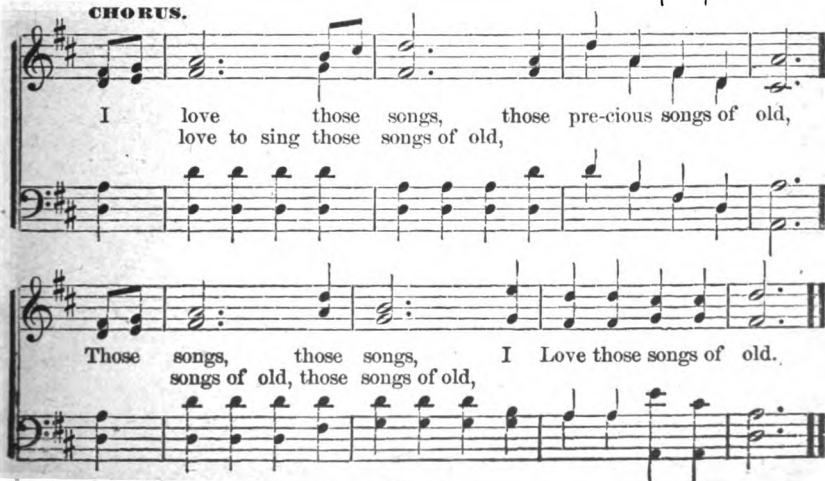


1. I love to sing the songs of old, To me they are so dear,
 2. When waves of anguish o'er me roll, A refuge blest are they,
 3. And "When I sing my tie - tie clear, To mansions in the skies,"
 4. My heart is cheered when e'er I hear, "Blest be the tie that binds,"
 5. When "Watch-men tell us of the night," My wait-ing spir - it sings,
 6. Sweet fields be - yond the swelling flood, Seems near-er day by day,
 7. I hope the friends who 'round me weep, Will sing when death is near,
 8. "All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name," Tri-um-ph'ant sings my soul,



They keep my heart from grow-ing cold, They calm my ev - 'ry fear.
 And "Je - sus, Lov - er of my Soul," Soothes all my pain a - way.
 My sor - est trou-bles dis - ap - pear, As mist from sun-shine flies.
 For love makes fel - low - ship so dear, U - ni - ting Christian minds.
 A rain - bow prom - ise greets my sight, And rap - ture with it brings.
 E'er since my Sav - iour's cleansing blood, Washed all my guilt a - way.
 "A - sleep in Je - sus, bless - ed sleep," To rob the grave of fear.
 Be - fore His throne I'll sing the strains, While count - less a - ges roll.

CHORUS.



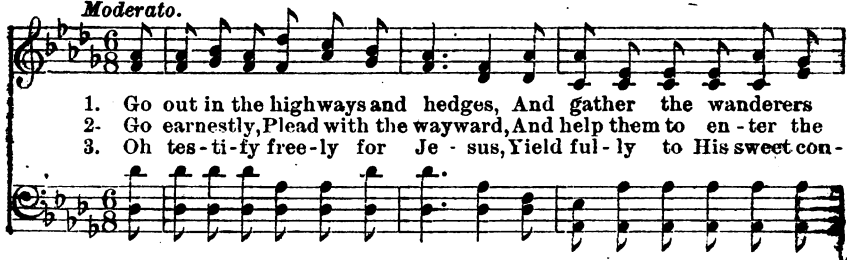
I love those songs, those pre-cious songs of old,
 love to sing those songs of old,
 Those songs, those songs, I Love those songs of old.
 songs of old, those songs of old,

Do Something for Jesus.

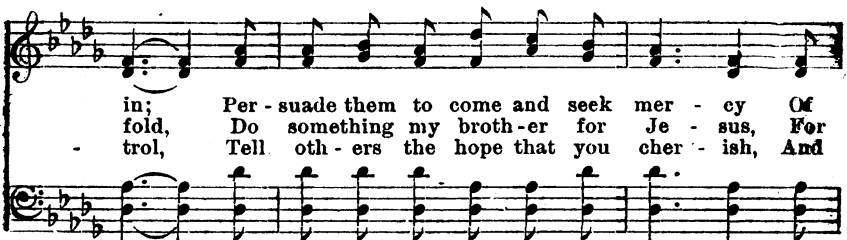
Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." LUKE 14: 23.

A. F. MYERS.

C. L. EBY.

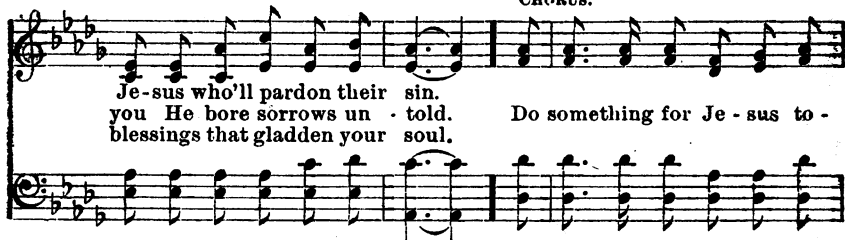
Moderato.


1. Go out in the highways and hedges, And gather the wanderers
 2. Go earnestly, Plead with the wayward, And help them to en-ter the
 3. Oh tes-ti-fy free-ly for Je-sus, Yield ful-ly to His sweet con-

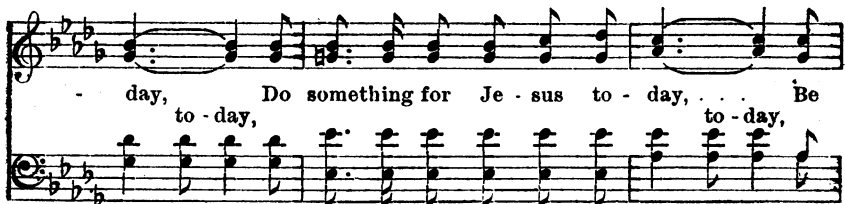


in; Per-suade them to come and seek mer-cy Of
 fold, Do something my broth-er for Je-sus, For
 - trol, Tell oth-ers the hope that you cher-ish, And

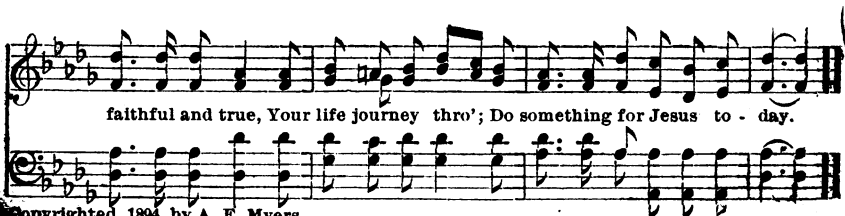
CHORUS.



Je-sus who'll pardon their sin.
 you He bore sorrows un-told. Do something for Je-sus to -
 blessings that gladden your soul.



- day, Do something for Je-sus to-day, Be
 to-day, to-day,



faithful and true, Your life journey thro'; Do something for Jesus to-day.

29 Jesus will Carry Me Over the River.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,
for thou art with me," Ps. 23: 4.

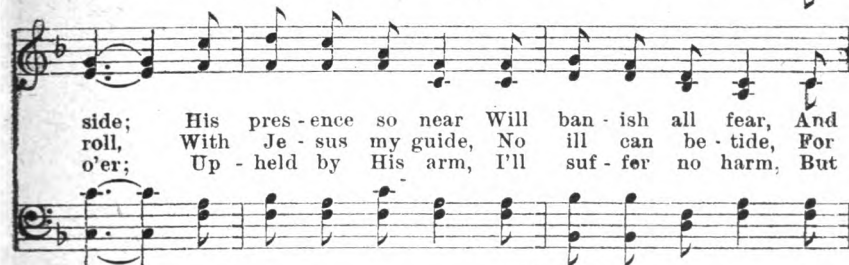
A. F. M.

Slow.

A. F. MYERS.



1. I know at the riv-er of death, My Saviour will be at my
2. I fear not to en-ter the flood, Tho' wild-ly its bil-lows may
3. I know when the riv-er I cross That Je-sus will car-ry me

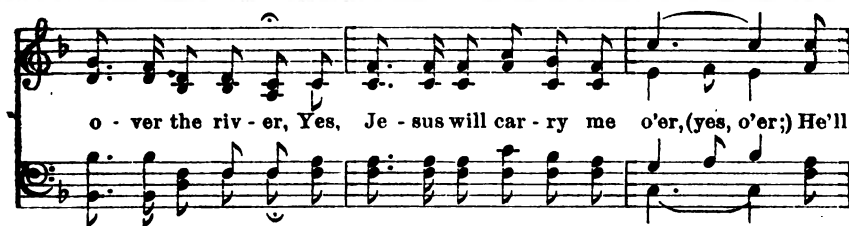


side; His pres-ence so near Will ban-ish all fear, And
roll, With Je-sus my guide, No ill can be-tide, For
o'er; Up-held by His arm, I'll suf-fer no harm, But

CHORUS.

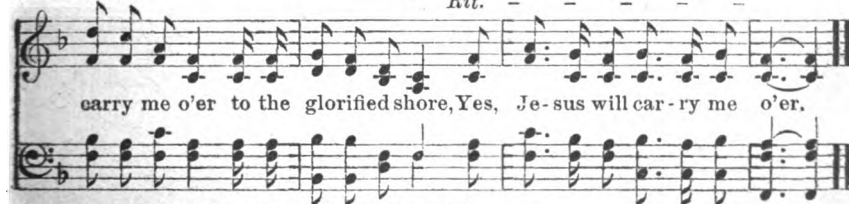


He will the wa-ters di- vide. Yes, Je-sus will car-ry me
He will the tempest con-trol.
safe-ly I'll reach the blest shore.



o-ver the riv-er, Yes, Je-sus will car-ry me o'er, (yes, o'er;) He'll

Rit.

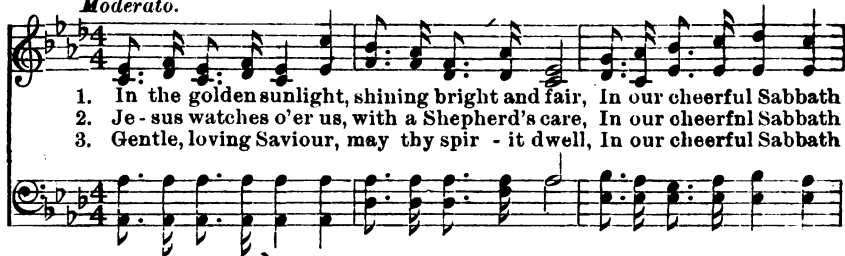


carry me o'er to the glorified shore, Yes, Je-sus will car-ry me o'er.

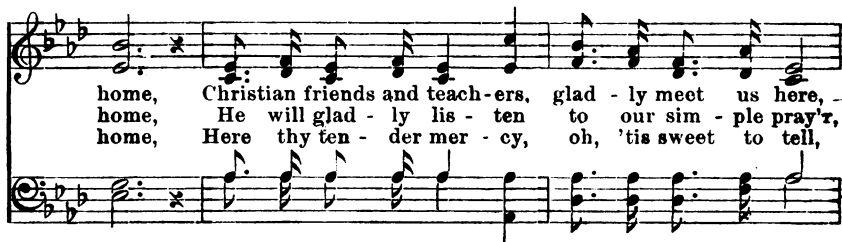
Our Cheerful Sabbath Home.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise." Ps. 100: 4.

W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.


1. In the golden sunlight, shining bright and fair, In our cheerful Sabbath
 2. Je - sus watches o'er us, with a Shepherd's care, In our cheerful Sabbath
 3. Gentle, loving Saviour, may thy spir - it dwell, In our cheerful Sabbath



home, Christian friends and teach - ers, glad - ly meet us here,
 home, He will glad - ly lis - ten to our sim - ple pray'r,
 home, Here thy ten - der mer - cy, oh, 'tis sweet to tell,

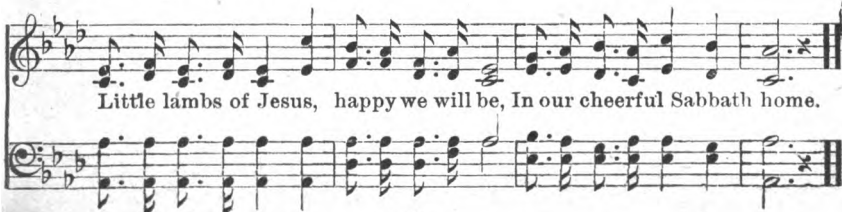
CHORUS.



In our cheerful Sab - bath home.
 In our cheerful Sab - bath home.
 In our cheerful Sab - bath home. We will sing to - geth - er,



for our hearts are gay, As the bird when soaring on its wings away;



Little lambs of Jesus, happy we will be, In our cheerful Sabbath home.

The Reason Why.

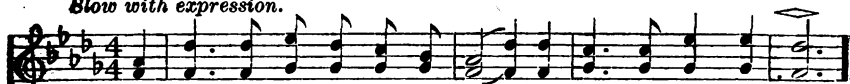
SOLO & CHORUS.

"And be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you," 1ST. PETER. 3: 15.

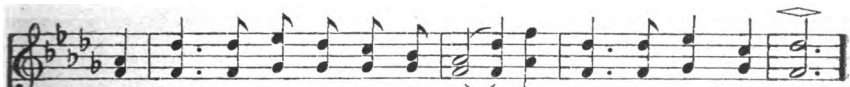
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow with expression.



1. You ask me how I know I'm saved, That I have been made whole,
 2. You ask me why I speak of Joy, That lasts while a - ges roll,
 3. You ask me why the love of Christ, sways me with sweet con-trol,
 4. You ask me why I love to sing, Of Heaven's bless - ed goal,
 5. You ask me why I speak of Christ, And His dear name ex - tol,




Why friends the witness is with - in, That Christ re-deems my soul,
 My friends the rea-son why is this, That Joy is in my soul,
 The rea-son why my friends is this, That love is in my soul,
 The rea-son why my friends is this, There's mu - sic in my soul,
 The rea-son why my friend is this, That Christ is in my soul,

CHORUS.



That Christ re-deems my soul, That Christ redeems my soul,
 That Joy is in my soul, That Joy is in my soul,
 That love is in my soul, That love is in my soul,
 There's mu - sic in my soul, There's mu - sic in my soul,
 That Christ is in my soul, That Christ is in my soul,



My friends the witness is with - in, That Christ redeems my soul.
 My friends the rea-son why is this, That Joy is in my soul.
 The rea-son why my friends is this, That love is in my soul.
 The rea-son why my friends is this, There's mu - sic in my soul.
 The rea-son why my friend is this, That Christ is in my soul.

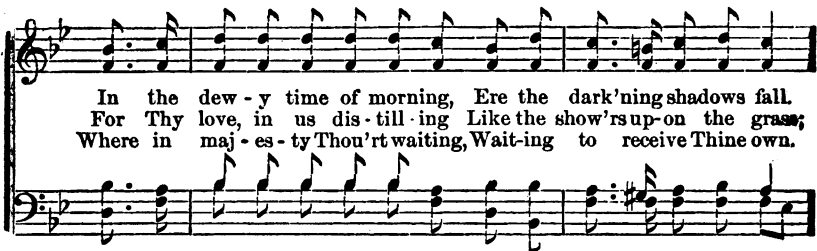
We are Coming.

Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

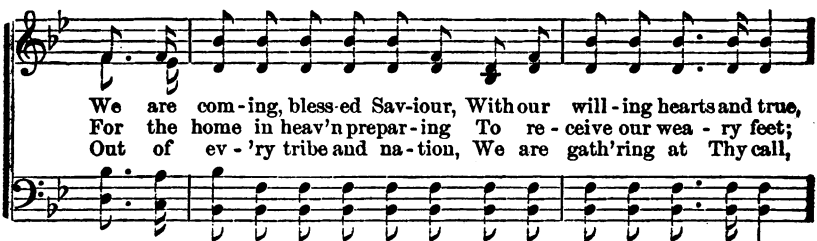
W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

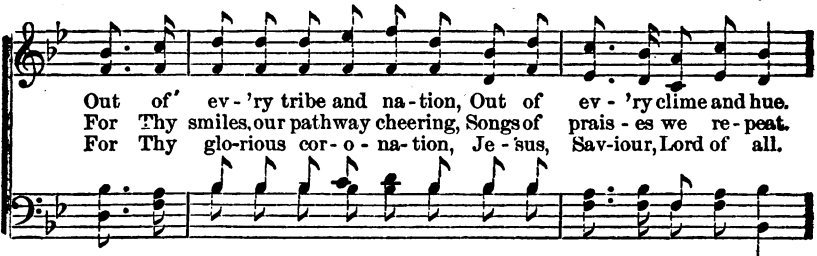

1. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Bless-ed Je-sus, at Thy call;
 2. We are sing-ing, we are sing-ing, Songs of glad-ness as we pass;
 3. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Speed-ing ou-ward to Thy throne,



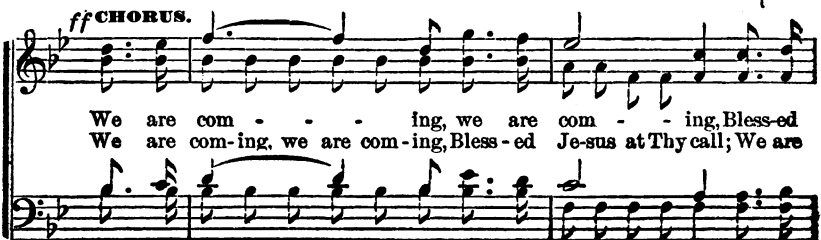
In the dew-y time of morning, Ere the dark'ning shadows fall.
 For Thy love, in us dis-till-ing Like the show'rs up-on the grass;
 Where in maj-es-ty Thou'rt waiting, Wait-ing to receive Thine own.



We are com-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, With our will-ing hearts and true,
 For the home in heav'n prepar-ing To re-ceive our wea-ry feet;
 Out of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, We are gath'ring at Thy call,



Out of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, Out of ev-'ry clime and hue.
 For Thy smiles, our pathway cheering, Songs of prais-es we re-peat.
 For Thy glo-rious cor-o-na-tion, Je-sus, Sav-iour, Lord of all.

ff CHORUS.


We are com - - - ing, we are com - - - ing, Bless-ed
 We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Bless-ed Je-sus at Thy call; We are

We are Coming. Concluded.

Je - - sus, at Thy call; In the dew - - y time of
coming, we are coming, Blessed Jesus, at Thy call; We are coming, we are coming, In the

morn - ing, Ere the dark - - 'ning shadows fall.
dewy time of morning, We are coming, we are coming, Ere the dark 'ning shadows fall.

33 I've Found the Love of Jesus.

"Let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee."—PSALMS 5: 11.

MARY IRENE McLEAN.
Not too fast.

BELLE DONNA MYERS.

1. I've found the love of Je - sus, He gave it un - to me;
2. My sins had grown so heav - y, They made me sad all day;
3. Now they are all for - giv - en, My heart is full of song,
4. How glad I am that Je - sus Lets lit - tle child - ren come;

It makes me just as hap - py As ev - er I can be.
And then I asked the Sav - iour To take them all a - way.
I can - not help but love Him And praise Him all day long.
And I will try and serve Him Though I am weak and young.

Singing the Praise of Jesus.

"While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being." Ps. 146: 2.

JENNIE WILSON.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. A youth - ful, hap - py heart - ed throng, hap - py throng, With
 2. A - round us lies the world of sin, world of sin, Be -
 3. When earth - ly scenes have passed a - way, passed a - way, And

voic - es raised in joy - ful song, joy - ful song, Now march the narrow
 fore the heav'n - ly goal to win, goal to win, Come walk with us the
 closed is time's brief shadow'd day, shadow'd day, With saints a - bove, we'll

CHORUS.

way a - long, — Singing the praise of Je - sus, March - ing
 high - way in, — Singing the praise of Je - sus,
 dwell for aye, — Singing the praise of Je - sus, Marching on, we're

march - ing, Sing - ing the praise of Je - sus, We
 march - ing on, we're

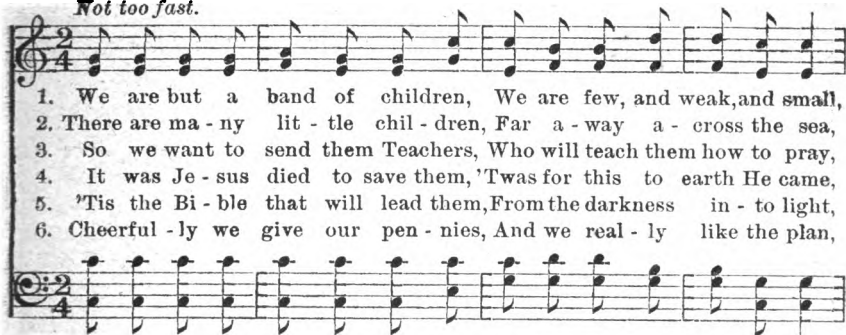
march the narrow way a - long. Singing the praise of Je - sus.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." MATT. 28: 19.

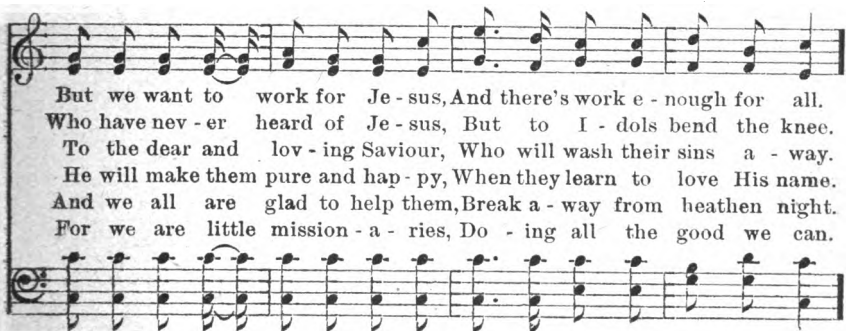
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

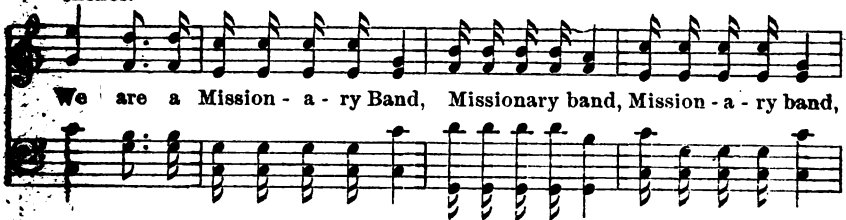


1. We are but a band of children, We are few, and weak, and small,
 2. There are many little children, Far away across the sea,
 3. So we want to send them Teachers, Who will teach them how to pray,
 4. It was Je-sus died to save them, 'Twas for this to earth He came,
 5. 'Tis the Bi-ble that will lead them, From the darkness in - to light,
 6. Cheerful-ly we give our pen-nies, And we real-ly like the plan,



But we want to work for Je-sus, And there's work enough for all.
 Who have nev-er heard of Je-sus, But to I-dols bend the knee.
 To the dear and lov-ing Saviour, Who will wash their sins away.
 He will make them pure and hap-py, When they learn to love His name.
 And we all are glad to help them, Break a-way from heathen night.
 For we are little mission-a-ries, Do-ing all the good we can.

CHORUS.



We are a Mission-a-ry Band, Missionary band, Mission-a-ry band,



We are a Mis-sion-a-ry Band, do-ing all we can.

Will the Angels Come?

FANNY J CROSBY.

"And was carried by the angels."—LUKE 16: 22.

W. H. DOANE

1. When I have finished my journey on earth, Ended my la-bor of love,
 2. When I am breathing my lat-est farewell, Parting from all that is dear,
 3. When, as I gaze from the threshold of time, Fainter and fainter the light,
 4. Yes; they will come from the bright, sunny land, Come on their pinions so fair,

When I am waiting for Je-sus to say, "Haste to thy mansion a-bove,
 When on my pil-low I wear-i-ly turn, Say, will the angels be near?
 Soft-er and soft-er the voices I hear, Bidding my spir-it good night;
 Je-sus will send them its glo-ry to tell, An-gels will car-ry me there.

Refrain.
 Will.... they come?..... Will..... they come?.....
 Will the an-gels joy-ful-ly come? Will the an-gels joy-ful-ly come?

Say, will the an-gels come, And to Je-sus car-ry me home?

Will..... they come?..... Will..... they come?.....
 Will the an-gels joy-ful-ly come? Will the an-gels joy-ful-ly come?

Will the Angels Come. ? Concluded.

Say, will the An - gels come, And to Je - sus car - ry me home?

37

"Lead Me On."

"Lead me, oh Lord, in thy righteousness." Ps. 5: 8.

J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. Lead me Saviour in the way, Lead me where I'll never stray, Lead me to that
2. Lead me gently in thy sight, Lead me where comes joy and light Lead me to that
3. Lead me ever filled with love, Lead me to thy courts above, Lead me to my

CHORUS.

fountain flow, Lead me, make me white as snow.
 blessed rest, Lead me where thy love is blest. Lead me on, lead me on,
 home at last, Lead me where all sorrows past.

Blessed Saviour, Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, Blessed Saviour, Lead me on.

Go, Therefore.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

A. F. M. *Not too fast.*

A. F. MYERS

1. Lo! the day is pass-ing the Mas-ter calls, "In my vineyard work to-day;
2. Oh the fruit is need-ing the gleaners hands, Ripe and hasting to de-cay,
3. Con-se-crate to Him all you have and are That your toil be not in vain;

I will come a - gain when the evening falls, And thy wa - ges faith-ful - ly,
Will you i - dly wait when the Lord commands, Or go forth and cheer-ful - ly,
Let His will be thine till by grace di - vine, Some lost soul for Je - sus you

CHORUS.

ful - ly will pay." } Go there-fore earnestly do-ing the right, Je - sus will
glad - ly o - bey? } do - ing give
sure - ly may gain. }

give you the light, Trust - ing on - ly in His might, Joy-ful - ly
you

speed thee away, Work in His vineyard to-day, What is right He will pay, will pay.

Life Everlasting.

"Whoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3:16.

G. E. R.

Moderato.

C. E. ROWLES.

1. "Straight is the gate and nar-row the way," Lead-ing to Life our
 2. Wea-ry my broth-er, la-den with sin, Je-sus now waits to
 3. Pre-cious sal - va - tion glo-ri - ous rest, Per-fect - ly par - doned

Sav-iour doth say; List to His voice re - pent and be - lieve,
 welcome you in; Low-ly in heart oh fly to His breast;
 per-fect - ly blest, Full-ness of peace and pu - ri - ty given;

FINE. CHORUS.

Life ev - er - last - ing you shall re - ceive.
 You shall there find that heav-en - ly rest. } Life ev - er - last - ing,
 Full-ness of bliss for - ev - er in heaven. }

D. S.

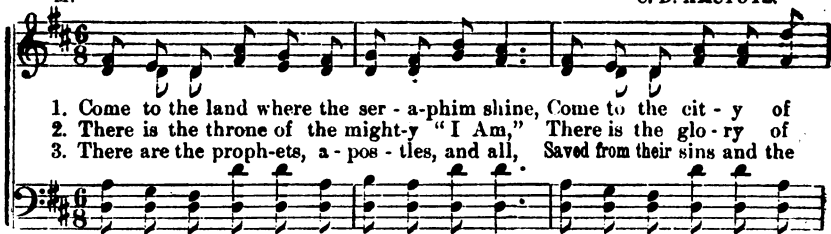
life ev - er - last - ing, Life ev - er - last - ing you shall re - ceive.

Temple of Song.

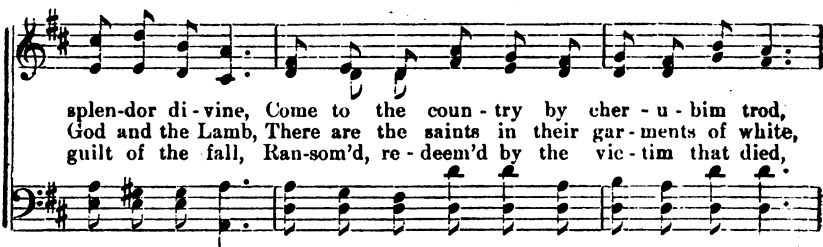
"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

M.

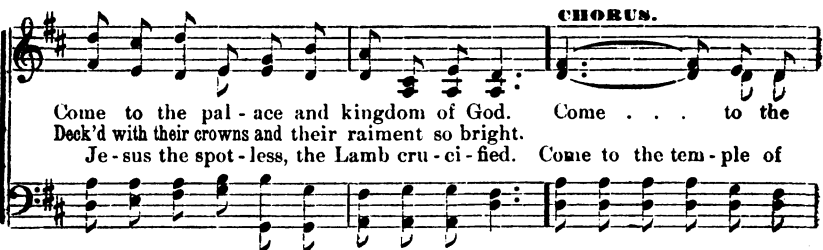
C. D. AMSTUTZ.



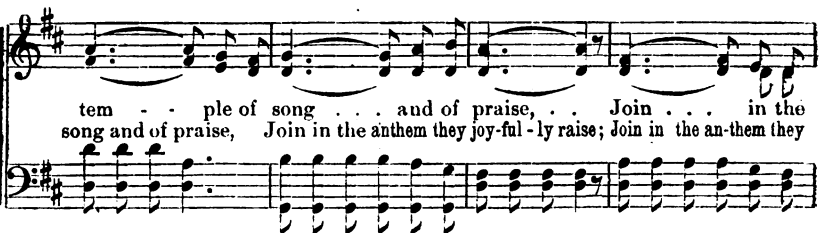
1. Come to the land where the ser - a - phim shine, Come to the cit - y of
 2. There is the throne of the might - y "I Am," There is the glo - ry of
 3. There are the proph - ets, a - pos - tles, and all, Saved from their sins and the



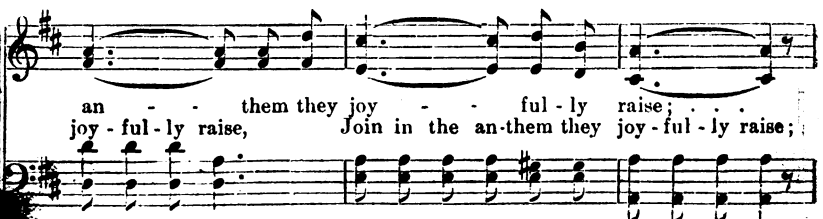
splen - dor di - vine, Come to the coun - try by cher - u - bim trod,
 God and the Lamb, There are the saints in their gar - ments of white,
 guilt of the fall, Ran - som'd, re - deem'd by the vic - tim that died,



CHORUS.
 Come to the pal - ace and kingdom of God. Come . . . to the
 Deck'd with their crowns and their raiment so bright.
 Je - sus the spot - less, the Lamb cru - ci - fied. Come to the tem - ple of



tem - - - ple of song . . . and of praise, . . . Join . . . in the
 song and of praise, Join in the an - them they joy - ful - ly raise; Join in the an - them they



an - - - them they joy - - - ful - ly raise;
 joy - ful - ly raise, Join in the an - them they joy - ful - ly raise;

Temple of Song. Concluded.

Shout . . . the glad tri - - umph, e - ter - - nal - ly sing, . . .
 Shout the glad triumph, e - ter - nal - ly sing, Shout the glad triumph, e - ter - nal - ly sing,

Hon - - or and glo - - ry to Je - - sus, the King. . .
 Honor and glory to Je - sus, the King, Honor and glo - ry to Je - sus, the King.

41 Children, Jesus Calls You.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God."—LUKE 18: 16.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. Children, Je - sus calls you, Will you come to him? He is full of
 2. Sav - iour, we are com - ing, At thy feet we fall; Par - don thou and
 3. In thy path - way lead us, Oh, thou liv - ing way; With thy grace to

mer - cy, He'll for - give your sin. He has al - ways lov'd you,
 save us, For thou art our all. Pur - er, no - bler, bet - ter,
 shield us, Nev - er need we stray. Oh, may we as chil - dren,

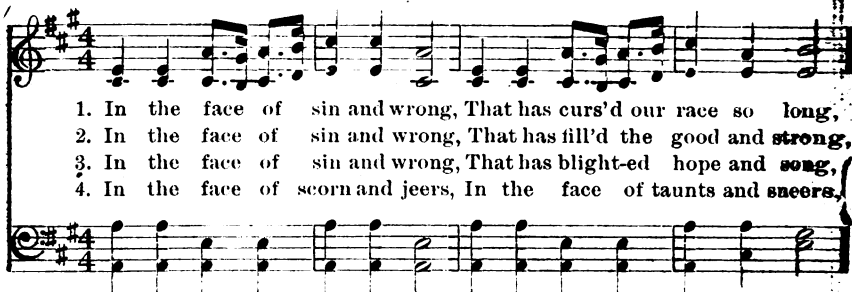
Will you not o - bey? Take his hand and fol - low Where he leads the way.
 We each day would grow, Help us by thy wis - dom. All thy will to know.
 Work for thee each day, Till thy "well done, wel - come," We shall hear thee say.

For the Right.

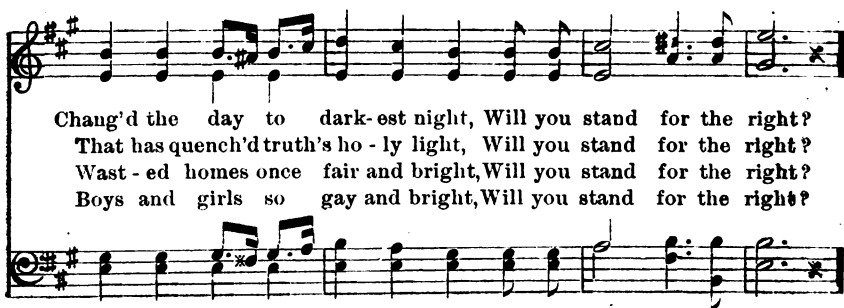
" Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong, 1st Cor. 16: 13.

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In the face of sin and wrong, That has curs'd our race so long,
 2. In the face of sin and wrong, That has fill'd the good and strong,
 3. In the face of sin and wrong, That has blight-ed hope and song,
 4. In the face of scorn and jeers, In the face of taunts and sneers,

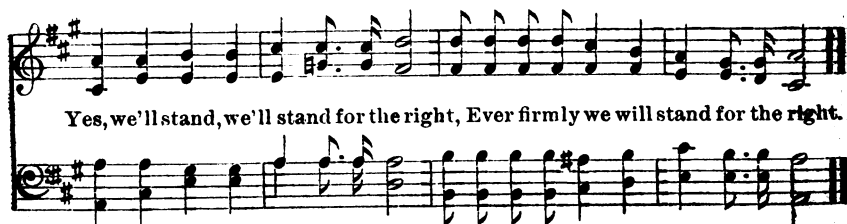


Chang'd the day to dark-est night, Will you stand for the right?
 That has quench'd truth's ho-ly light, Will you stand for the right?
 Wast-ed homes once fair and bright, Will you stand for the right?
 Boys and girls so gay and bright, Will you stand for the right?

CHORUS.



for the right, We will stand for the right,
 Yes, we'll stand, we'll stand for the right, We will stand for the right;



Yes, we'll stand, we'll stand for the right, Ever firmly we will stand for the right.

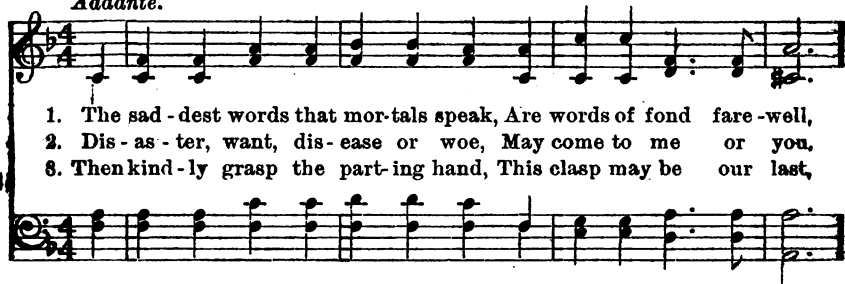
Until We Meet Again.

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in Peace, and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you." 2nd Cor. 13: 11.

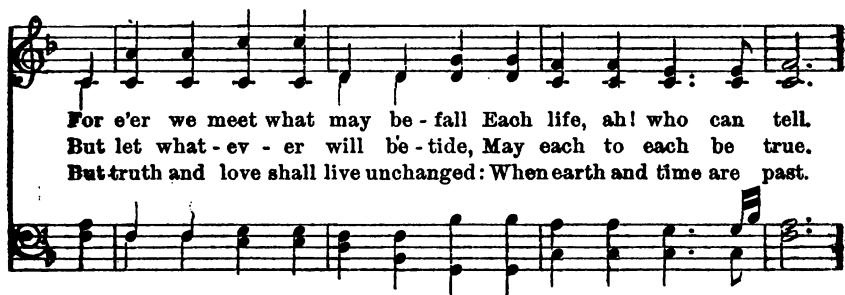
GRACE GLENN.

A. F. MYERS.

Adante.



1. The sad - dest words that mor - tals speak, Are words of fond fare - well,
 2. Dis - as - ter, want, dis - ease or woe, May come to me or you,
 3. Then kind - ly grasp the part - ing hand, This clasp may be our last,



For e'er we meet what may be - fall Each life, ah! who can tell.
 But let what - ev - er will be - tide, May each to each be true.
 But truth and love shall live unchanged: When earth and time are past.

CHORUS.



Un - til we meet, un - til we meet, Un - til we meet a - gain,



Lord, help that we may faith - ful be, Un - til we meet a - gain.

O Wondrous Cross.

C. L. EBY.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Up - on the cross..... my Sav-iour died,..... And for my
 2. I sought at length..... His par-don free,..... I gained at
 3. Up - on the cross..... of Cal - va - ry,..... His blood was
 4. I'll sing His power..... while I have breath,..... I'll sing in

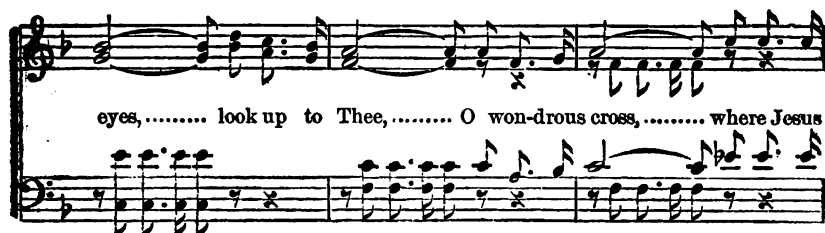
sins..... was cru-ci - fied ;..... His love so great,..... how can it
 once..... sweet lib - er - ty ;..... E'en now by faith..... I claim Him
 shed,..... was shed for me ;..... Oh pre-cious fount,..... Thy cleans-ing
 glo - ry af - ter death ;..... Redeemed, redeemed,..... I know I'm

be,..... My Sav - iour died,..... yes, died for me.....
 mine,..... I am re - deemed..... by grace di - vine.....
 power,..... I need Thy heal - ing ev - 'ry hour.....
 free,..... I've peace with God..... and lib - er - ty.....

CHORUS.

O won-drous cross,..... O Cal - va - ry,..... My long - ing

O Wondrous Cross. Concluded.



eyes,..... look up to Thee,..... O won-drous cross,..... where Jesus



died,..... And for my sins..... was cru - ci - fied.....

45

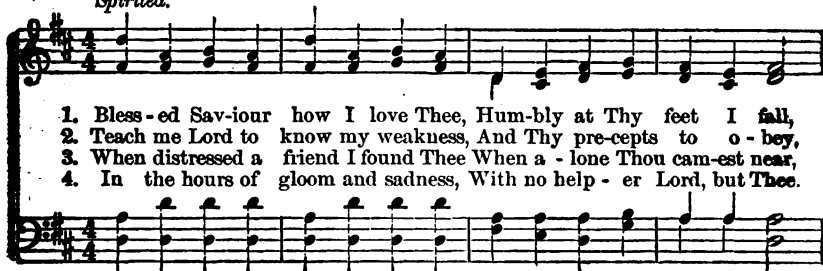
Peace and Gladness.

A. F. MYERS.

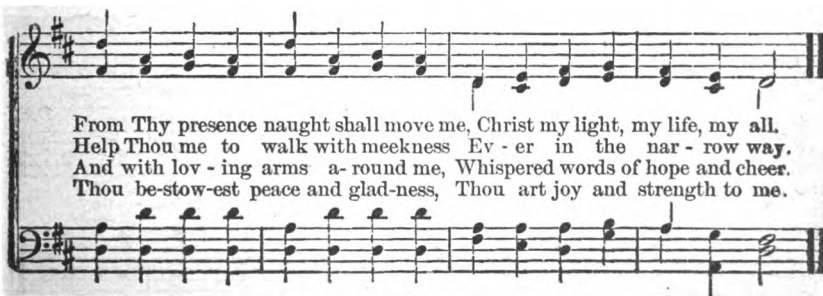
"Thou hast put gladness in my heart."—Ps. 4: 7.

S. S. MYERS.

Spirited.



1. Bless-ed Sav-iour how I love Thee, Hum-bly at Thy feet I fall,
2. Teach me Lord to know my weakness, And Thy pre-cepts to o - bey,
3. When distressed a friend I found Thee When a - lone Thou cam-est near,
4. In the hours of gloom and sadness, With no help - er Lord, but Thee.



From Thy presence naught shall move me, Christ my light, my life, my all.
 Help Thou me to walk with meekness Ev - er in the nar - row way.
 And with lov - ing arms a - round me, Whispered words of hope and cheer.
 Thou be-stow-est peace and glad-ness, Thou art joy and strength to me.

He's the Sinner's Friend.

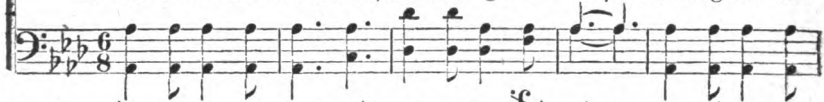
Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. JOHN 15. 14.

F. M. *Moderato.*

A. F. MYERS.



1. Hark! I hear the Sav - iour speak - ing ten - der - ly; "I will bear your
2. O ye souls for - sak - en, Je - sus is your friend; Do not be dis -
3. He is no re - spect - er, one and all may come; He will glad - ly
4. Tri - als! troubles! bur - dens, He will light - en all; Lean - ing on the



bur - den, if you come to me;" And He now is wait - ing
 cour - aged, at His cross, oh bend; There He hung to save you,
 wel - come wea - ry sin - ners home; Come with your com - pan - ions,
 Sav - iour, you will nev - er fall; Ev - en shades of dark - ness



CHO.—Come with your com - pan - ions

FINE.

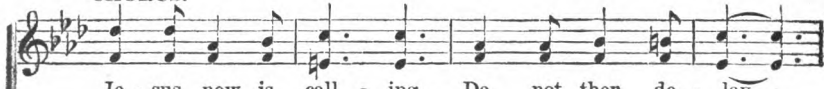


you, my friend, to save; For your soul's redemption, He the ransom gave.
 there for you He died; Take this great sal - va - tion, Have His blood ap - plied.
 do not stay a - way, Give your heart to Je - sus; Come this ver - y day.
 scat - ter with the night; On - ly trust Him ful - ly, He will give you light.

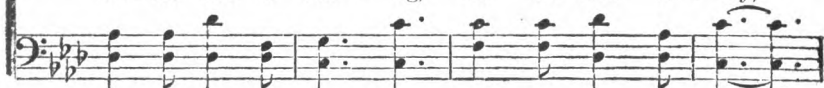


at His cross, oh bend: Glad - ly He will save you, He's the sin - ner's friend.

CHORUS.



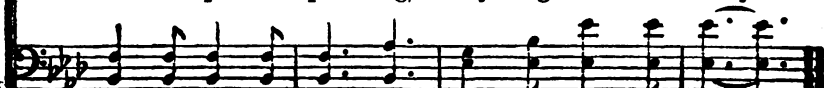
Je - sus now is call - ing, Do not then de - lay,



D.S.



Hear the Spir - it plead - ing, Say - ing: "Come to - day."



Tell it Again.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee" MARK. 5: 19.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

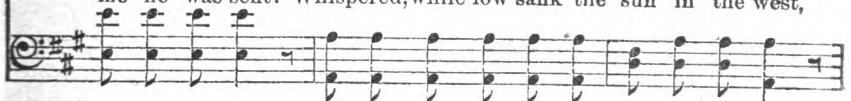
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the
2. "Did he so love me a poor lit-tle boy?—Send un-to me the good
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he enter'd the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for /



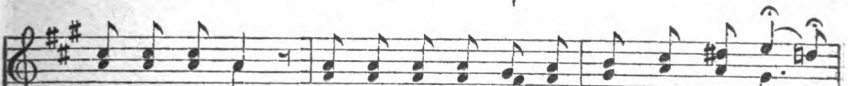
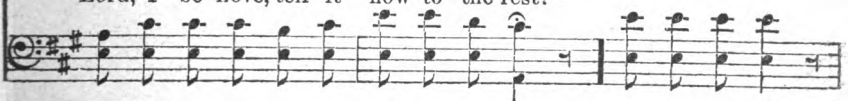
close of the day, News of Sal - va - tion we carried; said he,
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!" "Who - so - ev - er?" said he;
me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,



REFRAIN.



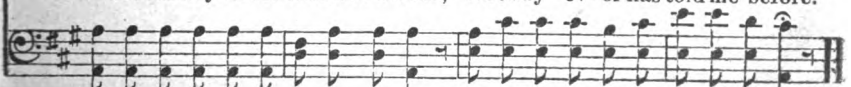
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain!
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,



Till none can say of the children of men, "Nobody ev - er has told me before."



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Hosanna Let Us Sing.

"sing forth the honour of his name; make his praise glorious." Ps. 66: 2.

J. T. R.

J. T. REESE,

1, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to our King, Sing
 2, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, let ev - 'ry voice be heard, Dear
 3, To Je - sus, who suf - fer'd and died on Cal - va - ry, We

prais - es, sing prais - es, let all the chil - dren sing; "We
 teach - ers and par - ents, sing all ye His ho - ly word; Let
 of - fer our prais - es that we may hap - py be; When

W.M.B.
 bless thee, we praise thee," shall be the chil - dren's song, "Dea
 all be in - struct - ed to love and serve their King, To
 tri - als are o - ver, we ev - er - more will sing, And

loud - er and clear - er our ev - 'ry song we'll raise, And
 Ho - san - na, we'll

Fine. CHORUS.
 Je - sus, our Sav - iour," to whom our souls belong.
 join in our prais - es, let all the children sing. Ho - san - na, we will
 live with the Sav - iour, our bless - ed Lord and King.

min - gle our voic - es in songs of grateful praise.

To ech - o D.S.
 wake the joy - ful strain, To sweet - ly ech - o from each hill and plain;

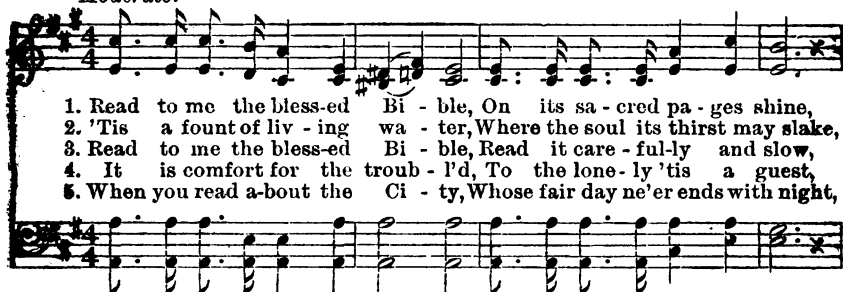
Read to Me the Blessed Bible.

"Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." JOHN. 5: 39.

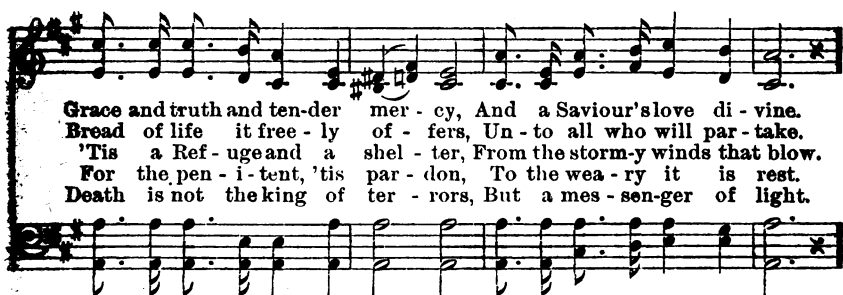
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

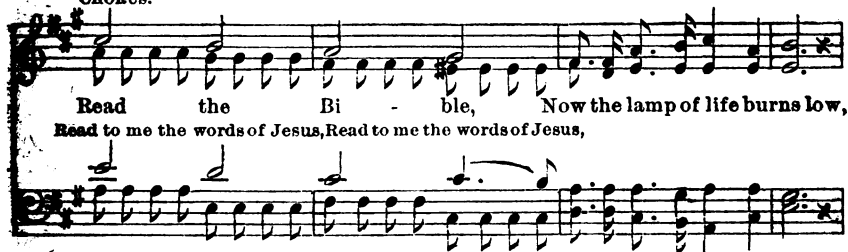


1. Read to me the bless-ed Bi - ble, On its sa - cred pa - ges shine,
 2. 'Tis a fount of liv - ing wa - ter, Where the soul its thirst may slake,
 3. Read to me the bless-ed Bi - ble, Read it care - ful - ly and slow,
 4. It is comfort for the troub - l'd, To the lone - ly 'tis a guest,
 5. When you read a - bout the Ci - ty, Whose fair day ne'er ends with night,

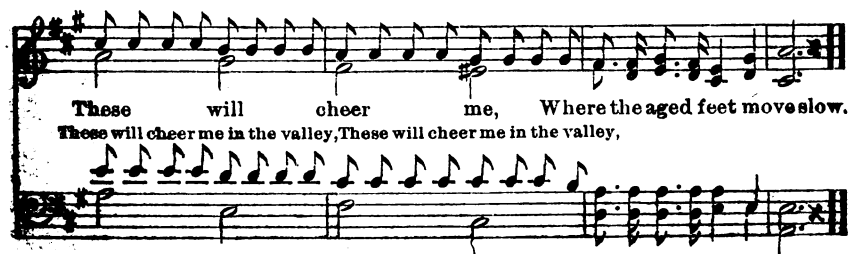


Grace and truth and ten - der mer - cy, And a Saviour's love di - vine.
 Bread of life it free - ly of - fers, Un - to all who will par - take.
 'Tis a Ref - uge and a shel - ter, From the storm - y winds that blow.
 For the pen - i - tent, 'tis par - don, To the wea - ry it is rest.
 Death is not the king of ter - rors, But a mes - sen - ger of light.

CHORUS.



Read the Bi - ble, Now the lamp of life burns low,
 Read to me the words of Jesus, Read to me the words of Jesus,



These will cheer me, Where the aged feet move slow.
 These will cheer me in the valley, These will cheer me in the valley,

50.

Lead me to Jesus.

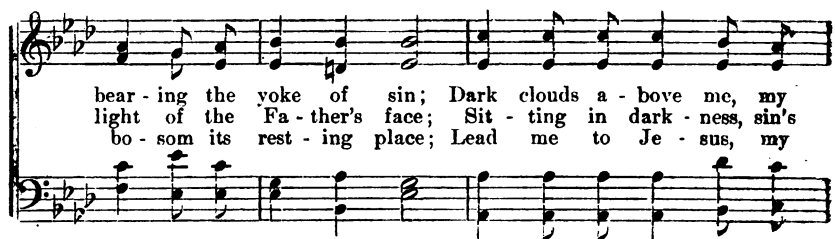
"And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him."—LUKE 18: 40.

E. D. M.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so wea - ry, Wea - ry of
 2. Mountains im - pass - a - ble, sins rise a - round me, Hid - ing the
 3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now re - turning, Seeks in his

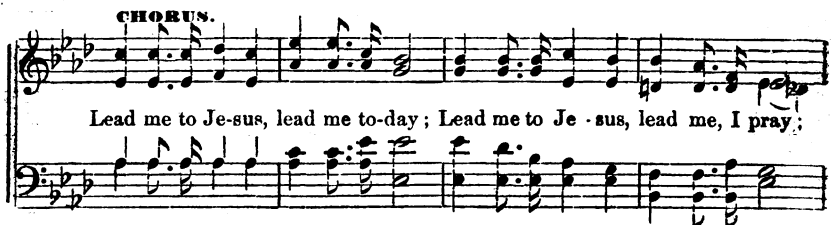


bear - ing the yoke of sin; Dark clouds a - bove me, my
 light of the Fa - ther's face; Sit - ting in dark - ness, sin's
 bo - som its rest - ing place; Lead me to Je - sus, my



path - way is drear - y, Joy nev - er dwells my sad heart with - in.
 fet - ters have bound me, Vain - ly I strug - gle with - out his grace.
 heart now is burn - ing, Long - ing for mer - cy, and love, and grace.

CHORUS.



Lead me to Je - sus, lead me to - day; Lead me to Je - sus, lead me, I pray;



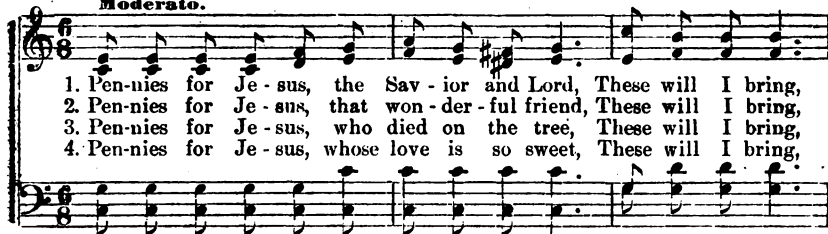
Ten - der - ly, care - ful - ly, Lov - ing - ly, pray'r - ful - ly, Lead me to Je - sus.

Pennies for Jesus my King.

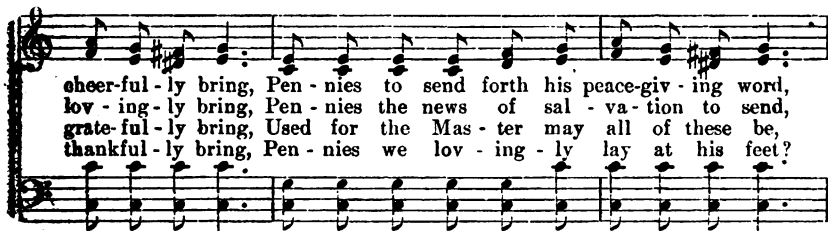
Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 COR. 9:7.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.
Moderato.

A. F. MYERS.



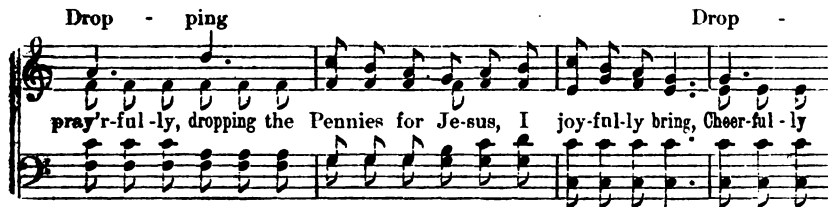
1. Pen-nies for Je - sus, the Sav - ior and Lord, These will I bring,
2. Pen-nies for Je - sus, that won - der - ful friend, These will I bring,
3. Pen-nies for Je - sus, who died on the tree, These will I bring,
4. Pen-nies for Je - sus, whose love is so sweet, These will I bring,



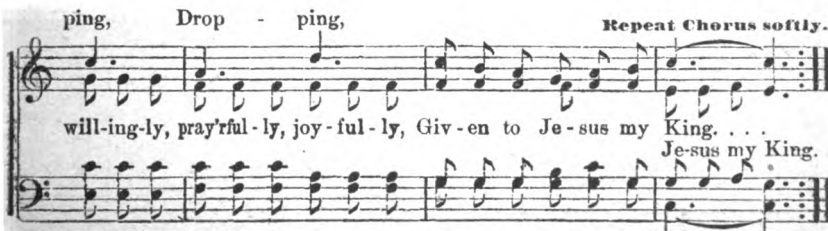
cheer-ful - ly bring, Pen - nies to send forth his peace-giv - ing word,
lov - ing - ly bring, Pen - nies the news of sal - va - tion to send,
grate-ful - ly bring, Used for the Mas - ter may all of these be,
thankful - ly bring, Pen - nies we lov - ing - ly lay at his feet?



Drop - ping,
CHORUS.
Pen - nies for Je - sus my King.
Pen - nies for Je - sus my King.
Used for my Sav - ior and King. Cheer - ful - ly, will - ing - ly,
Pen - nies for Je - sus my King.
Je - sus my King.



Drop - ping Drop -
pray'r-ful - ly, dropping the Pennies for Je - sus, I joy-ful - ly bring, Cheer-ful - ly



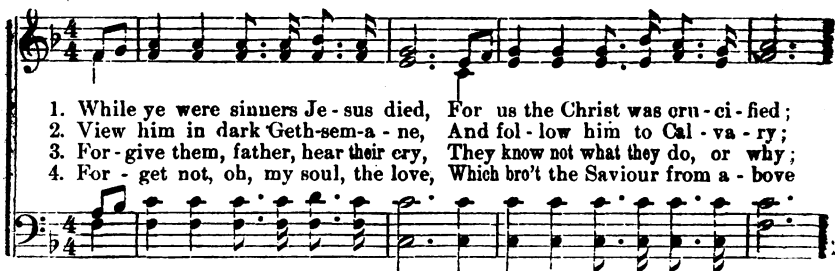
ping, Drop - ping, Repeat Chorus softly.
will-ing-ly, pray'ful - ly, joy-ful - ly, Giv-en to Je - sus my King.
Je - sus my King.

52 Never Was There Such a Friend.

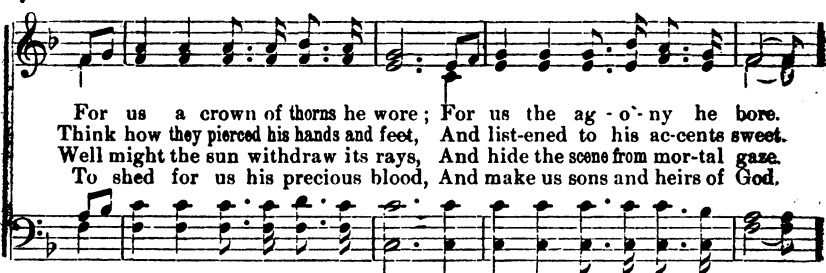
"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—ROM. 5: 8.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

C. D. AMSTUTZ.

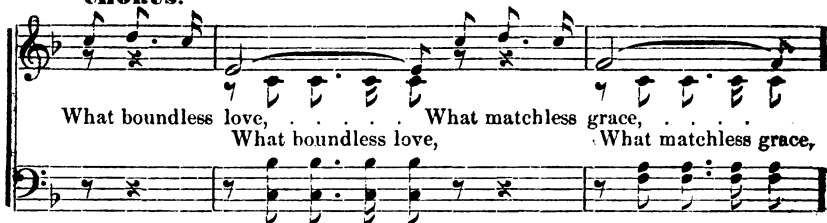


1. While ye were sinners Je - sus died, For us the Christ was cru - ci - fied ;
 2. View him in dark Geth-sem-a - ne, And fol - low him to Cal - va - ry ;
 3. For - give them, father, hear their cry, They know not what they do, or why ;
 4. For - get not, oh, my soul, the love, Which bro't the Saviour from a - bove

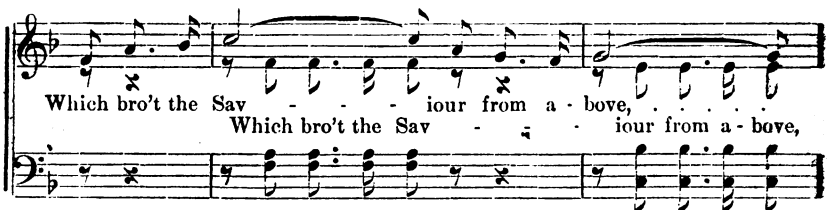


For us a crown of thorns he wore ; For us the ag - o - ny he bore.
 Think how they pierced his hands and feet, And list - ened to his ac - cents sweet.
 Well might the sun withdraw its rays, And hide the scene from mor - tal gaze.
 To shed for us his precious blood, And make us sons and heirs of God.

CHORUS.



What boundless love, What matchless grace,
 What boundless love, What matchless grace,



Which bro't the Sav iour from a - bove,
 Which bro't the Sav iour from a - bove,



To shed for us To shed for us his pre - cious

Never Was There Such a Friend. Concluded.

Ad lib.

blood, (his pre-cious blood,) Oh, nev - er was there such a friend.

53 Jesus is the Living Fountain

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."—JOHN 4:14.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Andante.

1. Un - to ev - 'ry thirst - y one, Draw from the liv - ing fount - ain,
2. What can sat - is - fy my soul? Drawing from the liv - ing fount - ain,
3. Je - sus, at thy feet we fall, Drawing from the liv - ing fount - ain,
4. Je - sus, we will thirst no more, Drawing from the liv - ing fount - ain,

Who - so - ev - er will may come, Drawing from the liv - ing fount - ain.
 What can make and keep me whole? Drawing from the liv - ing fount - ain.
 Je - sus, we would give thee all, Trust - ing thee, the liv - ing fount - ain.
 We will walk the gold - en shore, Praising thee, the liv - ing fount - ain.

CHORUS. Unison.

Cres.

Oh, yes, Je - sus sat - is - fies, Je - sus is the liv - ing fount - ain;

He can make and keep me whole, Drawing from the liv - ing fount - ain.

Tarry With Us.

"And He went in to tarry with them."—LUKE 24: 29.

REV. W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, For the ev'n-ing shad-ows fall ;
 2. Tar - ry with us, lov - ing Mas-ter, Till the morning light appears,
 3. Here our hearts are press'd with sadness, For our kin-dred gone be-fore,

And the day is fast re - ced - ing, Darkness gath-ers like a pall;
 For we're pil-grims sad and lone - ly, Let thy presence calm our fears,
 Friends who now are watch-ing for us, Wait-ing on the oth-er shore.

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Sav - ior, For we're in a des - ert drear ;
 Tar - ry with us, for we're pil - grims, Camp-ing on a des - ert plain ;
 When we gath - er in the morn-ing, Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest,

See the day of life is pass - ing, And the night of death is near.
 All is lone - li - ness with-out thee, Gra-cious Mas-ter, here remain.
 Shall we meet no more to sev - er, Be with Christ for - ev - er blest !

CHORUS.

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - - - sus,
 Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry with us thro' the night ;

Controlled by D. E. DORTCH. By per.
 From "Spirit and Life."

Tarry With Us. Concluded.

Tar-ry till the morn-ing light;

Tar-ry with us, bless-ed Je-sus, tar-ry till the morning light;

Tar-ry with us thro' the dark - - - - - ness,

Tar-ry with us thro' the dark-ness, tar-ry till the morning light,

Tar-ry with us, bless-ed Je-sus, all the night (all the night).

55

God of the Nations.

(PATRIOTIC.)

Anon.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. 33:12.

German.

1. Great God of nations, now to thee Our hymns of grat-i-tude we raise;
 2. Here freedom spreads her ban-ner wide, And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
 3. Great God, preserve us in thy fear, In dan-ger still our guardian be;

With humble heart and bend-ing knee, We of-fer thee our song of praise.
 Here thou our fa-thers' steps didst guide In safe-ty thro' their dang'rous way.
 Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here, Let all the peo-ple wor-ship thee.

The Angels Sing.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Andante.

1. Be - hold the ransomed of the Lord, With ev - er - last - ing joy they come,
 2. Tho' many a heav - y cross they bore, And many a thorn - y path they trod;
 3. Who would not wish to be en - rolled A - mong that happy, blood - bought throng?
 4. O Je - sus, grant thy cleans - ing blood May wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin;

A crown of life is their reward, And an - gels sing their welcome home.
 Yet Je - sus walked that way be - fore, And they are all ap - proved of God.
 Who praise their King with harps of gold, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song.
 That 'mong the ransomed of the Lord, I al - so may be welcomed in.

CHORUS.

The an - gels sing their wel - come, welcome home.
 The an - gels sing their welcome home, the an - gels sing their

With ev - er - last - ing songs, they sing their wel - come home.
 ev - er, ev - er -

Jesus, My Saviour.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

Arr. by C. E. LESLIE.

Slowly, with Expression.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Let me hear thy gen - tle voice, Teach me to
2. Sweet - ly the Sav - iour Whispers to the Christian heart Words of sweet

love thee, Let my heart re - joice, I have strayed far from thee,
com - fort That will ne'er de - part, Faith will bring the blessing,

Rit.
Yet my soul would near thee be, Nearer to my Saviour, Nearer, Lord, to thee.
Faith will strengthen ev - 'ry pray'r, Come to him con - fessing, Come to him with pray'r.

P CHORUS.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Let me hear thy gen - tle voice;
Je - sus, Sav - iour,

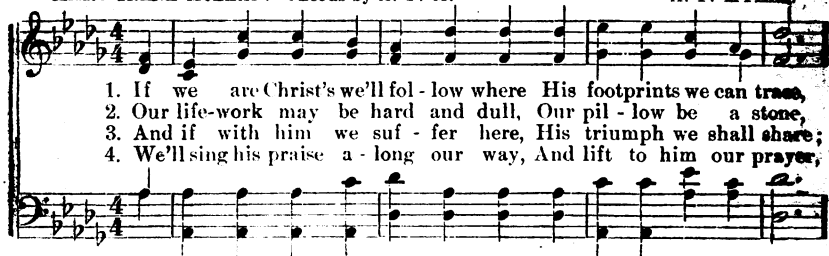
P *Rit. Dim.*
Teach me to love thee, Let my heart re - joice.
Alto sing small notes.

Glory Over There.

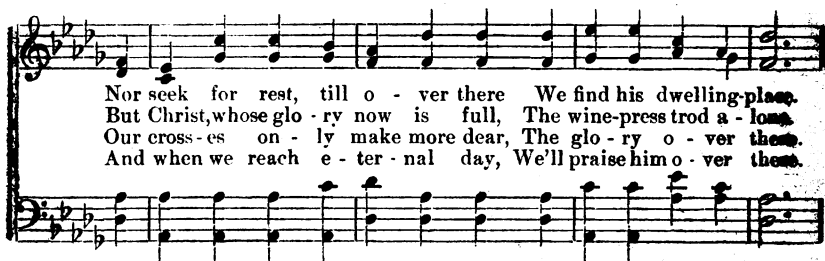
"That when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—I. PETER 4: 13.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. Chorus by A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

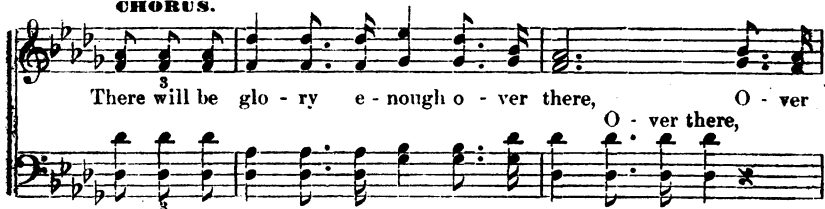


1. If we are Christ's we'll fol - low where His footprints we can trace,
 2. Our life-work may be hard and dull, Our pil - low be a stone,
 3. And if with him we suf - fer here, His triumph we shall share;
 4. We'll sing his praise a - long our way, And lift to him our prayer;

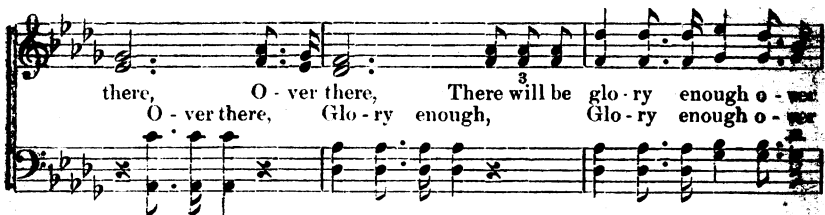


Nor seek for rest, till o - ver there We find his dwelling-place.
 But Christ, whose glo - ry now is full, The wine-press trod a - lone.
 Our cross-es on - ly make more dear, The glo - ry o - ver there.
 And when we reach e - ter - nal day, We'll praise him o - ver there.

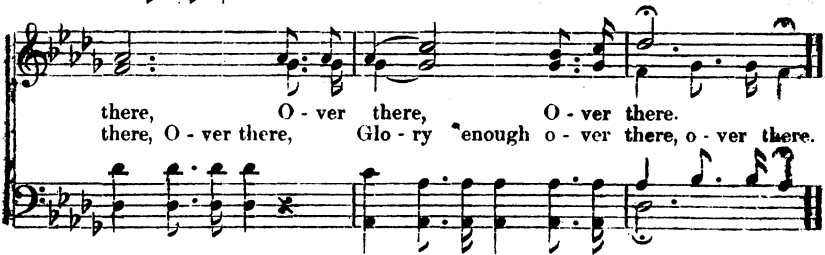
CHORUS.



There will be glo - ry e - nough o - ver there, O - ver there,



there, O - ver there, There will be glo - ry enough o - ver there,
 O - ver there, Glo - ry enough, Glo - ry enough o - ver there



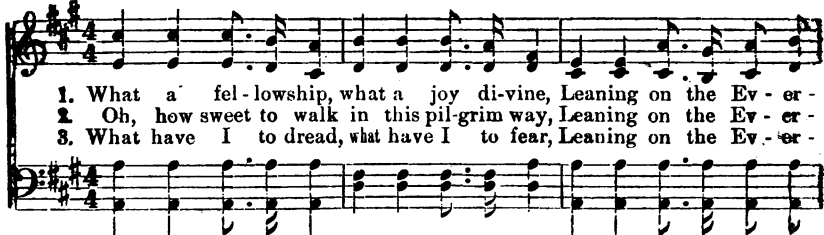
there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there.
 there, O - ver there, Glo - ry enough o - ver there, o - ver there.

50 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

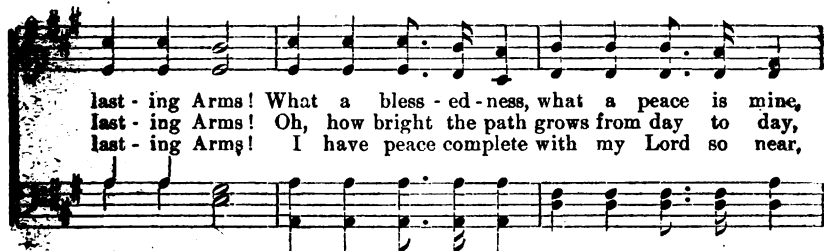
"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."—JOHN 13: 26.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

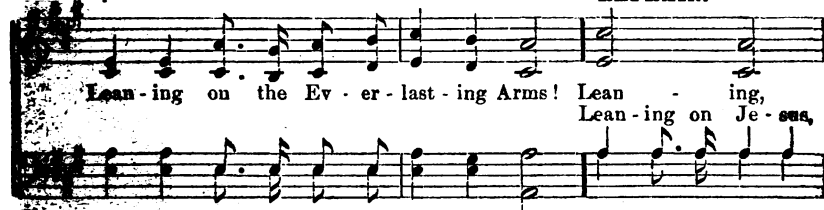


1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the Ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev - er -

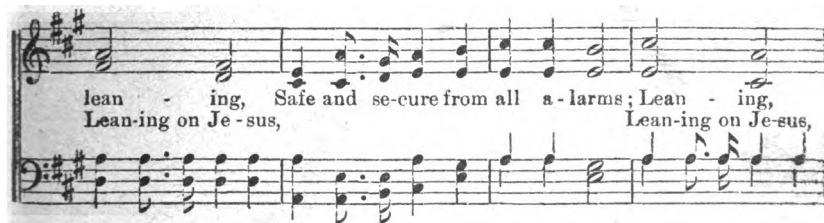


last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

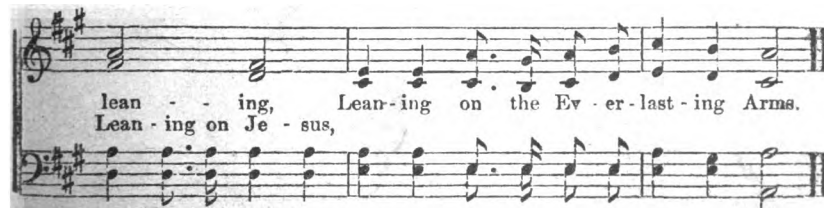
REFRAIN.



Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! Lean - ing,
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms; Lean - ing,
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

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I Will Arise and Go.

Dr. B. T. YOHE. "Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

R. C. WARD.

1. I hear my Sav-iour call-ing me; I will a - rise and go;
 2. Yes, un - to him the vil-est may; I will a - rise and go;
 3. Dear Sav-iour, here I bring my-self; I will a - rise and go;

Why lon - ger spurn his par - don free? I will a - rise and go.
 At Je - sus' feet his sins all lay; I will a - rise and go.
 Just as I am and noth - ing else; I will a - rise and go.

Too long have I remained in sin, But now I'll let the Sav-iour in.
 For Je - sus said, "Come un - to me," All who with sin may burden'd be,
 Sal - va - tion not thro' what I've done, But on - ly thro' the Fa-ther's Son.

A friend to me he long has been; I will a - rise and go.
 And I will make you whol - ly free; I will a - rise and go.
 The blood of our Re-deem-ing one; I will a - rise and go.

and go, and go,

CHORUS.

I will a - rise, a - rise and go, I will a - rise, a - rise and go: Ho!

I Will Arise and Go. Concluded.

hear my cry and his blood ap-ply; I will a-rise and go.

61

O Shepherd Beautiful.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—PSALM 23: 2.

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. O Shep-herd Beau - ti - ful, I pray thee feed me, For -
2. When comes the dawn, and dew - y slopes are wak - ing, And
3. And from the hills thy prais-es are as - cend - ing, A
4. O Shep-herd Beau - ti - ful, be near to guide me, Fill ,
5. The shin - ing of thy foot-steps in the riv - er, To

ev - er in thy beau-teous pas-ture land, Where the
fra-grant flow'rs un-fold to greet the light That
thou-sand voic-es, yea, a thou-sand more; All
all my soul with love and praise to thee; Let
hear thy voice far up the mount-ain side; "Put

liv-ing wa-ters are I pray thee lead me By 'thine own hand.
thro' the gold and rose of morn-ing break-ing, Dis-pels the night.
in one joy-ous ju-bi-la-te blend-ing, Their praise out-pour.
not my sup-pli-ca-tion be de-nied me, Grant me to see.
thou thy trust in me, I will de-liv-er, For thee I died."

The World Must be Taken.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; On - ward, sol - diers, and
 2. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; And if faith - ful we
 3. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; Fi - nal vic - t'ry is
 4. The world must be tak - en for the Lord; Ev - 'ry na - tion and

arm ye for the fight; "In his name" now watch and fight and pray, Till all
 know that we shall win. Each day there's a shout a - long the line As we
 near - er ev - 'ry day. The past holds no rec - ord of a time When so
 land shall yet be won. His ban - ner shall wave o'er all the world, For our

CHORUS.

foes fear and tremble at the sight. Ev - er on - - ward, Christian
 cap - ture some cit - a - del of sin.
 man - y as now the Lord o - bey.
 God with his ar - my marches on. Ev - er onward, ev - er onward, Chris - tian

sol - dier, Christian sol - dier, The world must be tak - en for the
 sol - dier, Christian sol - dier,

Lord, Ev - er on - ward be your
 for the Lord, Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on - ward be your

The World Must be Taken. Concluded.

watch - - word, The world must be tak-en for the Lord.
 watchword, be your watchword, for the Lord.

63 "Let the Children Come to Me."

"And they brought young children to him that he should touch them."—MARK 10: 13.
 REV. T. C. SMITH. A. F. MYERS.

Slow.

1. When Je - sus the Saviour was liv - ing on earth, He loved lit - tle
 2. When they came and for him bro't their chil-dren to bless, That his hands on their
 3. He that loved all the world that was lost by the fall, And has laid down his

CRIO. Let them come un-to me, Let them come un - to me, I will love them and

chil - dren of high or low birth, For he said to his dis - ci - ples, let
 heads he might lay in ca - ress. They were proud-ly thrust a - way then from
 life that he might save them all. Lit - tle children who re - ceive him, will

bless them, they sure-ly shall see. I will shield them from temp-ta - tion, for

D. C. CHORUS.

them come un - to me, I love them and will bless them, lead them to me.
 com - ing to his knee, He answered, let them come, now lead them to me.
 have heav'n for their home, He said to his dis - ci - ples, oh, let them come.

heav - en safe a - bove, And they shall sing for - ev - er of per - fect love.

Precious Words of Peace.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—JOHN 14: 27.

J. W. S.
Slow.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

1. How sweet to feel the Sav - iour near, His love re - mov - ing
 2. Oh, sa - cred joy! to know, to feel, When at the mer - cy
 3. To hearts by sin and sor - row riv'n, The pre - cious words of
 4. When kneel - ing at the Sav - iour's feet, We find in him our

ev - 'ry fear; And oh, how sweet his words to cheer, "My
 seat we kneel; The hal - lowed bliss these words re - veal, "My
 peace are giv'n; They bring a sweet fore - taste of heav'n, "My
 joy com - plete; He speaks—oh, pre - cious words so sweet, "My

CHORUS.
 peace I leave with thee." Pre - cious words of peace,
 peace I leave with thee." Pre - cious words of peace,

Pre - cious words of peace; Oh, joy com - plete!
 Pre - cious words of peace;

Oh, words so sweet! "My peace I leave with thee."

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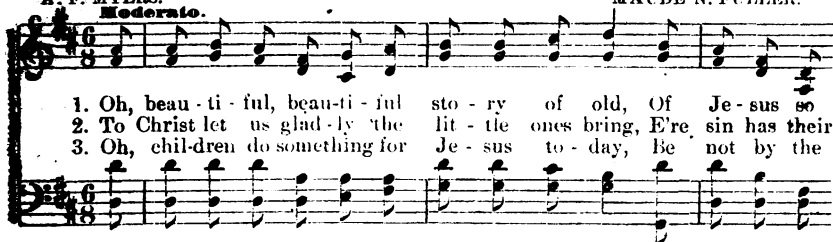
Jesus Loves Every Child.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."—I. JOHN 3: 1.

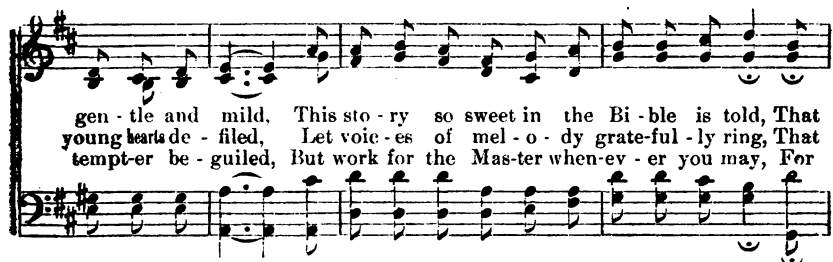
A. F. MYERS.

MAUDE N. FULLER.

Moderato.



1. Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sto - ry of old, Of Je - sus so
 2. To Christ let us glad - ly the lit - tle ones bring, E're sin has their
 3. Oh, chil - dren do something for Je - sus to - day, Be not by the



gen - tle and mild, This sto - ry so sweet in the Bi - ble is told, That
 young hearts de - filed, Let voice - es of mel - o - dy grate - ful - ly ring, That
 tempt - er be - guiled, But work for the Mas - ter when - ev - er you may, For

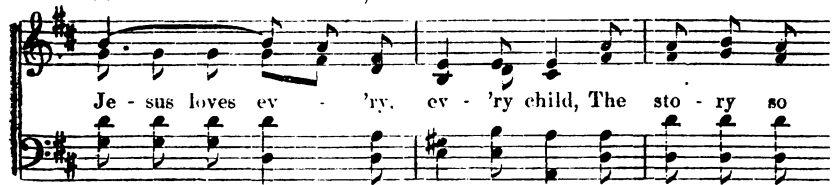
Je - - - sus loves,

CHORUS.



Je - sus loves ev - 'ry child. Je - sus loves ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry child,

Je - - - - - sus loves,



Je - sus loves ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry child, The sto - ry so

Rit.



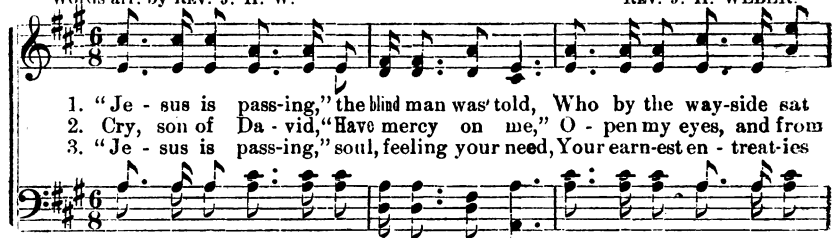
sweet in the Bi - ble is told, That Je - sus loves ev - 'ry child.

Jesus is Passing.

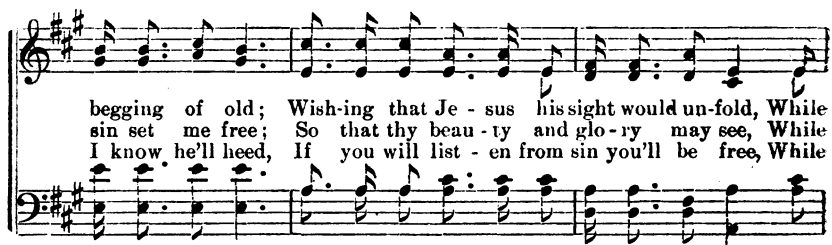
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—LUKE 18: 37.

Words arr. by REV. J. H. W.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

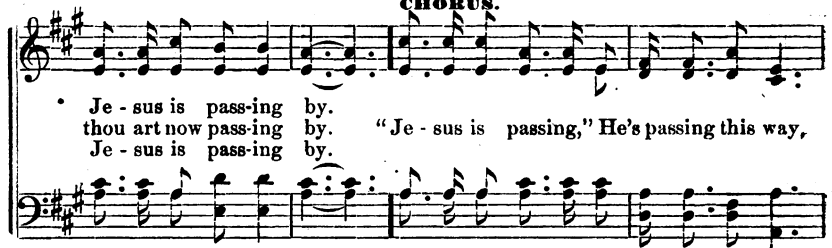


1. "Je - sus is pass-ing," the blind man was told, Who by the way-side sat
 2. Cry, son of Da - vid, "Have mercy on me," O - pen my eyes, and from
 3. "Je - sus is pass-ing," soul, feeling your need, Your earn-est en - treat-ies

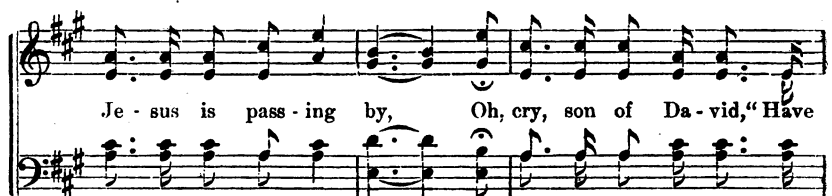


begging of old; Wish-ing that Je - sus his sight would un-fold, While
 sin set me free; So that thy beau - ty and glo - ry may see, While
 I know he'll heed, If you will list - en from sin you'll be free, While

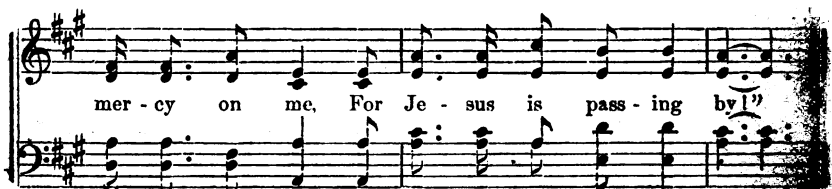
CHORUS.



Je - sus is pass-ing by.
 thou art now pass-ing by. "Je - sus is passing," He's passing this way,
 Je - sus is pass-ing by.



Je - sus is pass - ing by, Oh, cry, son of Da - vid, "Have



mer - cy on me, For Je - sus is pass - ing by!"

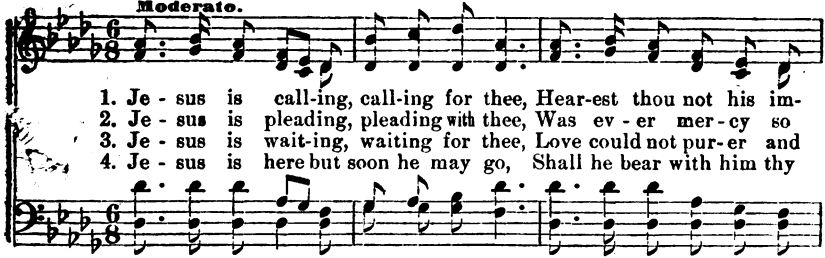
Come to the Saviour.

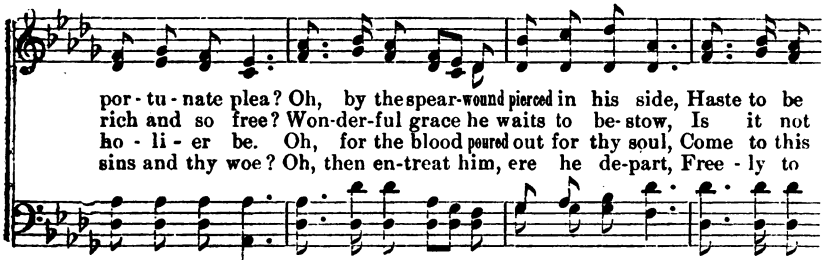
"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. F. MYERS.

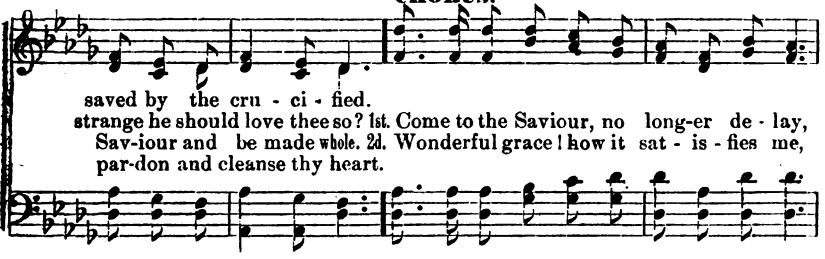
Moderate.

- 
1. Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee, Hear-est thou not his im-
 2. Je - sus is pleading, pleading with thee, Was ev - er mer - cy so
 3. Je - sus is wait-ing, waiting for thee, Love could not pur - er and
 4. Je - sus is here but soon he may go, Shall he bear with him thy

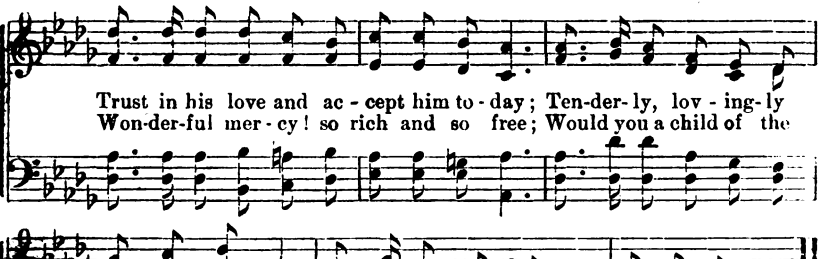


por - tu - nate plea? Oh, by the spear-wound pierced in his side, Haste to be
rich and so free? Won - der - ful grace he waits to be - stow, Is it not
ho - li - er be. Oh, for the blood poured out for thy soul, Come to this
sins and thy woe? Oh, then en - treat him, ere he de - part, Free - ly to

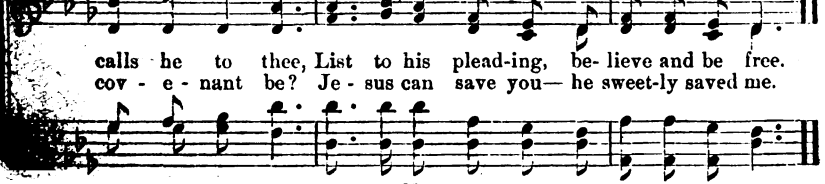
CHORUS.



saved by the cru - ci - fied.
strange he should love thee so? 1st. Come to the Saviour, no long - er de - lay,
Sav - iour and be made whole. 2d. Wonderful grace! how it sat - is - fies me,
par - don and cleanse thy heart.



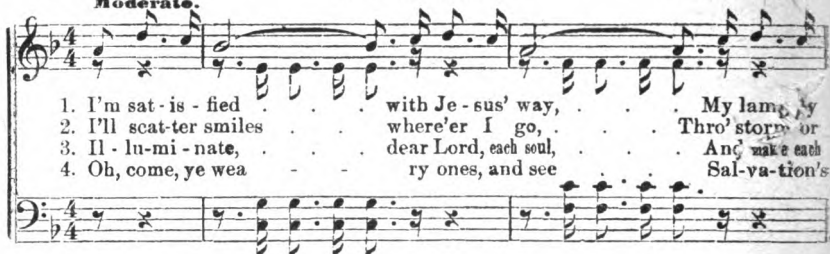
Trust in his love and ac - cept him to - day; Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly
Won - der - ful mer - cy! so rich and so free; Would you a child of the



calls he to thee, List to his plead - ing, be - lieve and be free.
cov - e - nant be? Je - sus can save you— he sweet - ly saved me.

I'm Satisfied.

"For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."—Ps. 107: 9.
 A. F. MYERS. To A. L. STOUGH. A. F. MYERS.
Moderate.



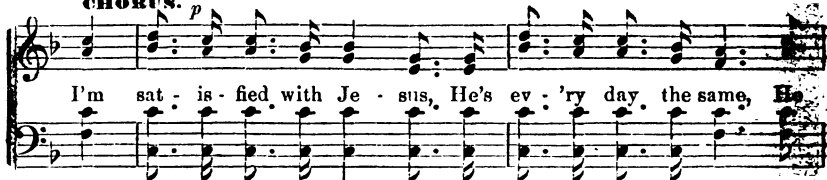
1. I'm sat-is-fied with Je-sus' way, My lame, by
 2. I'll scat-ter smiles where'er I go, Thro' storm or
 3. Il-lu-mi-nate, dear Lord, each soul, And make each
 4. Oh, come, ye wea-ry ones, and see Sal-va-tion's



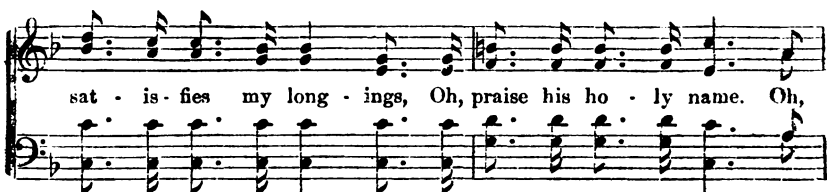
night, my guide by day, He sweetly says, "with me a-
 calm, in peace or woe, That wand'ring hearts may learn to
 sin, sick spirit whole, That they may spread good tidings
 fount, ain flows so free. Let Christ for all your wants pre-



bide, Yea, Lord, I will, I'm satis-fied.
 hide, In Jesus' love, all satis-fied.
 wide, How they in thee are satis-fied.
 vide, And in his love be satis-fied.

CHORUS. *p*


I'm sat-is-fied with Je-sus, He's ev-'ry day the same, He



sat-is-fies my long-ings, Oh, praise his ho-ly name. Oh,

I'm Satisfied. Concluded.

f Spirited.

Hal - le - lu - jah! praise him, Oh, shout a - loud his name, I'm

ff

sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry day the same.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'I'm Satisfied'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is marked 'f Spirited.' and includes the lyrics 'Hal - le - lu - jah! praise him, Oh, shout a - loud his name, I'm'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, marked 'ff', with the lyrics 'sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry day the same.' The music concludes with a double bar line.

69

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY.

Arr. by J. S. NORRIS, by per.

The Stanzas as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
 2. I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

Org. Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Way of the Cross', specifically for a Soprano and Tenor Duet. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features four numbered stanzas of lyrics for the duet. Below the stanzas, there is a line for the Organ: 'Org. Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,'. The music is written on a treble and bass staff.

Ad lib.

I can hear my Saviour call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
 I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

71

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'The Way of the Cross', specifically for an Ad Libitum section. It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'I can hear my Saviour call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me." I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with him, with him all the way. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way. He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.' Below the lyrics, there is a line for the Organ: 'Where he leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.' The page number 71 is at the bottom.

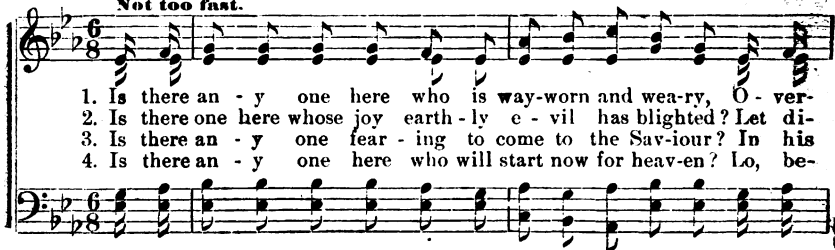
70 Is There One Heavy Heart Here.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

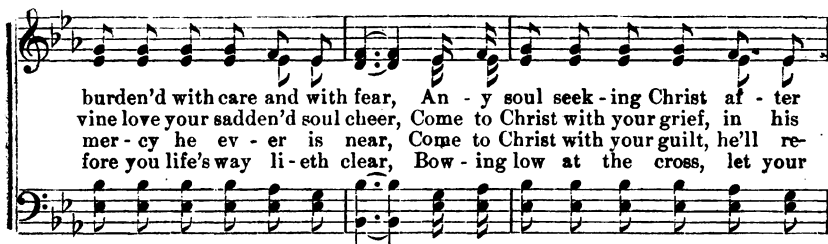
JENNIE WILSON.

A. F. MYERS.

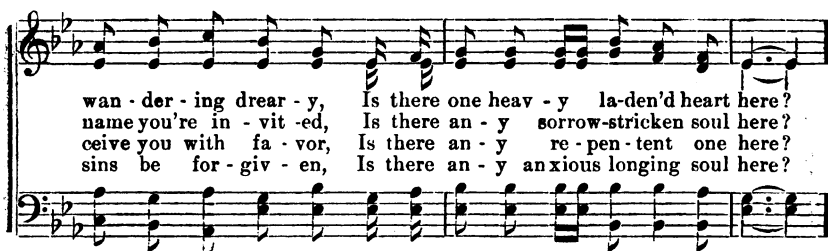
Not too fast.



1. Is there an - y one here who is way-worn and wea-ry, O - ver-
 2. Is there one here whose joy earth-ly e - vil has blighted? Let di-
 3. Is there an - y one fear - ing to come to the Sav-iour? In his
 4. Is there an - y one here who will start now for heav-en? Lo, be-

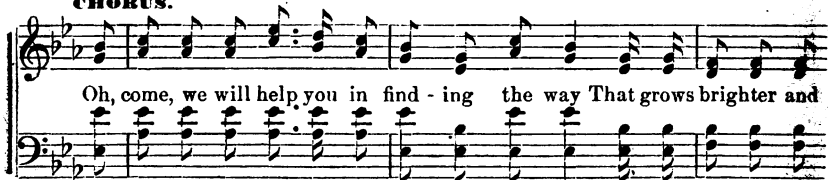


burden'd with care and with fear, An - y soul seek - ing Christ af - ter
 vine love your sadden'd soul cheer, Come to Christ with your grief, in his
 mer - cy he ev - er is near, Come to Christ with your guilt, he'll re-
 fore you life's way li - eth clear, Bow - ing low at the cross, let your

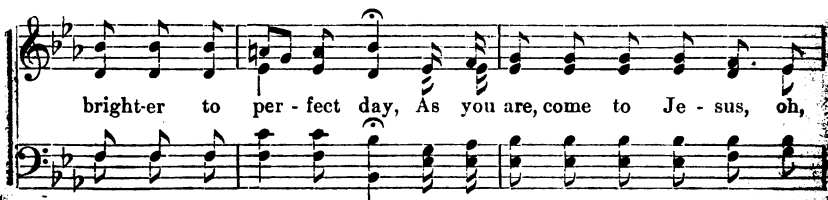


wan - der - ing drear - y, Is there one heav - y la-den'd heart here?
 name you're in - vit - ed, Is there an - y sorrow-stricken soul here?
 ceive you with fa - vor, Is there an - y re - pen - tent one here?
 sins be for - giv - en, Is there an - y anxious longing soul here?

CHORUS.



Oh, come, we will help you in find - ing the way That grows brighter and



bright-er to per - fect day, As you are, come to Je - sus, oh,

Is There One Heavy Heart Here. Concluded.

do not de - lay, If there's one heav - y la - den heart here.

71

Man the Life-Boats.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—PROV. 11: 30.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On the rocks a ship is driv - ing, Hear the bil - lows round it roar ;
2. Some are curs - ing, some are pray - ing, Some are wrapt in deep de - spair ;
3. Midnight darkness is a - round them, Will no light pierce thro' the clouds ?
4. Man - y souls are 'mongst the break - ers, And are ship - wrecked midst their sins ;

Goes there no one to the res - cue, Will no help come from the shore ?
 Who will pull a - cross the bil - lows, Who will go and save them there ?
 If no boat goes to the res - cue, An - gry waves will be their shroud.
 But the life - boats soon will seek them, And will safe - ly bring them in.

CHORUS.
 Man the life - boats, man the life-boats, Save the poor souls strug'ling there ;

Rit. ad lib.
 Man the life-boats, Man the life-boats ; Who their lives for them will dare ?

Launch Out Into the Deep,

"Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."—LUKE 5: 4.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

QUARTETTE.

A. F. MYERS.

Duet. Andante. Quartette.

Duet.

Quartette.

1. In-to the deep launch out,
2. In-to the deep launch out,
3. In-to the deep launch out,

Dark tho' the wa - ters be,
Fear-less - ly leave the shore,
Je - sus thy pray'r doth hear,

Launch out, launch out,
Launch out, launch out,
Launch out, launch out,

tho' wa - ters be
the shore, the shore,
doth hear, doth hear,

Duet.

Quartette.

Trust in the Mas - ter's hand,
Knoweth the Mas - ter well,
Then when thy strength shall fail,

Rul - ing the storm-y sea,
Where is the great-est store,
He will in might ap - pear.

the storm-y sea,
the great-est store,
in might ap - pear,

Duet.

Quartette.

Tho' thou hast toil'd in vain,
Vain tho' it seems to thee,
Trusting where'er thou be,

Cast in thy net a - gain.
Row for the deep - er sea.
He will a - bide with thee.

in vain, in vain,
to thee, to thee,
thou be, thou be,

FULL CHORUS. *m*

ff **Dim.**

All the night long hast thou la-bor'd in vain, To the deep launch out a - gain,

Launch Out Into the Deep. Concluded.

p *m* *f* *Rit.* *Dim.*

Cast in thy net as the Mas-ter has said, And it shall not be in vain.

73

"Jesus Saves."

"By whom we have now received the atonement."—ROM. 5: 11.

J. P. H.

JOHN P. HILLIS. (Written for this work.)

Moderato.

1. Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves me, Oh, what rap-ture in my soul;
2. Ma - ny years in sin I wandered, Far from God and peace di-vine,
3. Sin - ners, come, oh, come to Je - sus, Let the blood your sins re-move,

I have tast - ed God's sal - va-tion, Now his blood doth make me whole.
Then it was that Je - sus found me, Then he gave me joy sub - lime.
There is par - don, there is cleansing, Oh, the depths of Je - sus' love.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Full a - tone-ment thro' his blood.

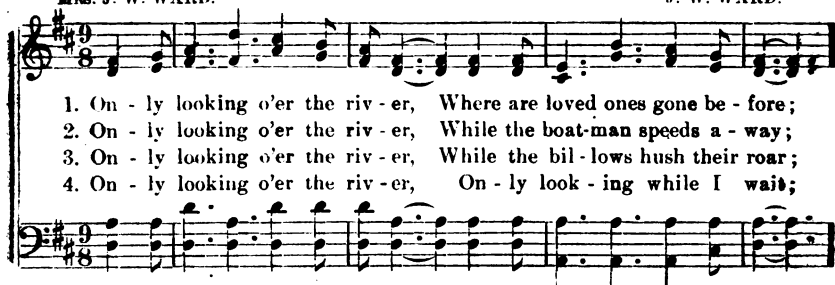
I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, I have plun-g'd be-neath the flood.

Looking O'er the River.

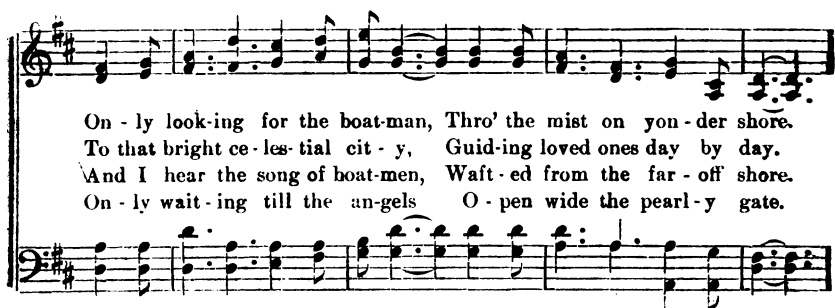
"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—HMB. 11: 16.

MRS. J. W. WARD.

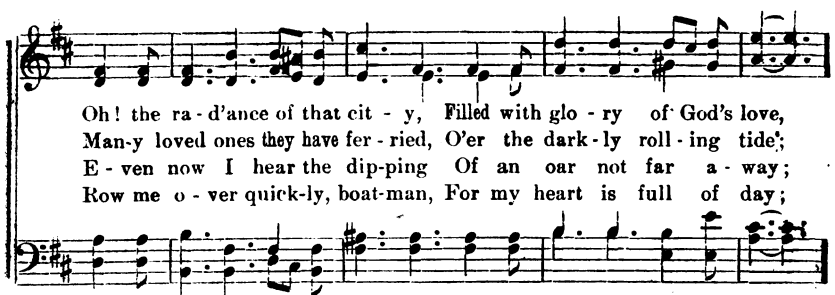
J. W. WARD.



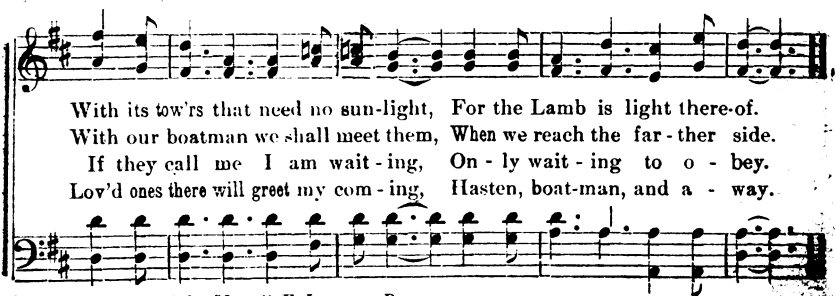
1. On - ly looking o'er the riv - er, Where are loved ones gone be - fore;
 2. On - ly looking o'er the riv - er, While the boat-man speeds a - way;
 3. On - ly looking o'er the riv - er, While the bil - lows hush their roar;
 4. On - ly looking o'er the riv - er, On - ly look - ing while I wait;



On - ly look - ing for the boat-man, Thro' the mist on yon - der shore.
 To that bright ce - les - tial cit - y, Guid - ing loved ones day by day.
 And I hear the song of boat-men, Waft - ed from the far - off shore.
 On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl - y gate.



Oh! the ra - d'ance of that cit - y, Filled with glo - ry of God's love,
 Man - y loved ones they have fer - ried, O'er the dark - ly roll - ing tide;
 E - ven now I hear the dip - ping Of an oar not far a - way;
 Row me o - ver quick - ly, boat-man, For my heart is full of day;



With its tow'rs that need no sun-light, For the Lamb is light there-of.
 With our boatman we shall meet them, When we reach the far - ther side.
 If they call me I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
 Lov'd ones there will greet my com - ing, Hasten, boat-man, and a - way.

75 Bringing Precious Souls to Him.

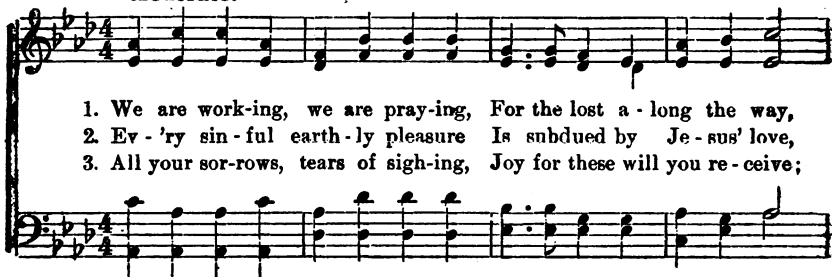
"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death."—

JAMES 5: 20.

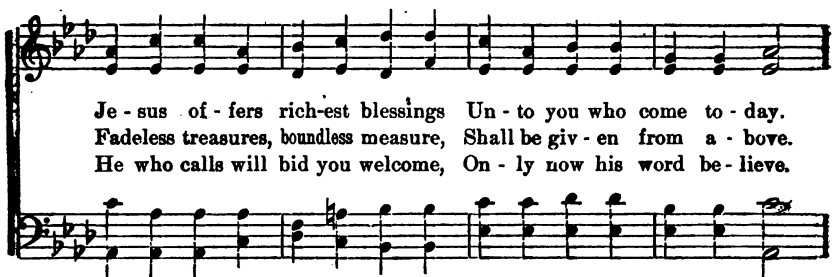
A. F. M.

Moderato.

A. F. MYERS.

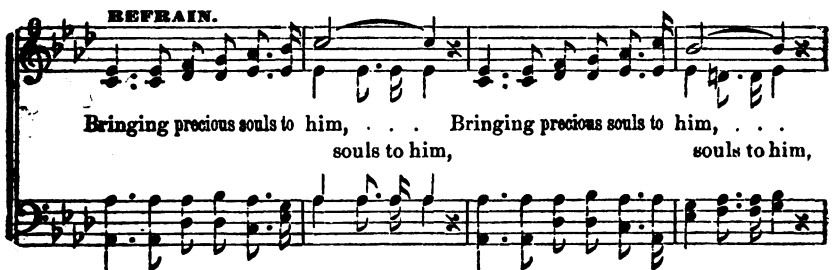


1. We are work-ing, we are pray-ing, For the lost a - long the way,
2. Ev - 'ry sin - ful earth - ly pleasure Is snbdued by Je - sus' love,
3. All your sor - rows, tears of sigh-ing, Joy for these will you re - ceive;

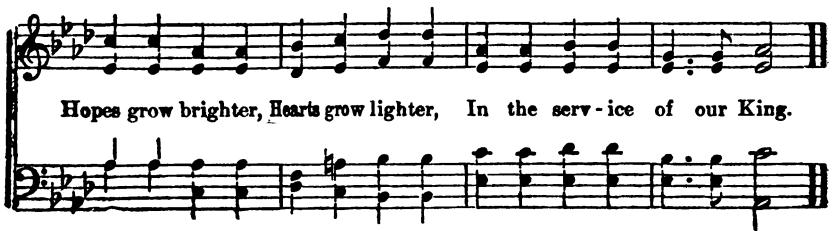


Je - sus of - fers rich - est blessings Un - to you who come to - day.
Fadeless treasures, boundless measure, Shall be giv - en from a - bove.
He who calls will bid you welcome, On - ly now his word be - lieve.

REFRAIN.



Bringing precious souls to him, . . . Bringing precious souls to him, . . .
souls to him, souls to him,



Hopes grow brighter, Hearts grow lighter, In the serv - ice of our King.

The Morning Call.

"My son, give me thine heart."—PROV. 23: 26.

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

Spirited.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Thou dost call us, bless-ed Sav-iour, In the ear-ly morn of life,
 2. Pre-cious is the pass-ing hour, Quick-ly will our youth be gone,
 3. Ev-'ning time is fast ap-proach-ing, Let us each the call o-ber,

To thy vineyard by thy fa-vor, From the way of sin-ful strife;
 Wait-ing is but loss of pow-er, Ac-tion is suc-cess be-gun;
 See the night so fast en-croach-ing, Clos-es in up-on the day,

Thith-er then, we set our fac-es, Wait-ing not for oth-er word,
 Let us there-fore find em-ployment, Where the mas-ter bids us go,
 Then when sun-set beams are fall-ing, On the ear-ly and the late,

Anx-ious to ac-cept our plac-es, In the vineyard of our Lord.
 For there is no true en-joy-ment, Save in what he bids us do.
 We shall know our high-er call-ing, In be-yond the gold-en gate.

CHORUS.

Oh, the bless-ed In-vi-ta-tion, 'Tis my Sav-iour's call, I know,

The Morning Call. Concluded.

To o - bey is my sal - va - tion, To the vineyard I will go.

77

Singing all the Day.

"Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing."—Ps. 100: 2.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

1. At my work I'm al - ways sing - ing, Tho' the day be cold and long;
2. I will sing the bless - ed ti - dings, When at work or by the way;
3. Oh, how hap - py when I'm sing - ing, How the cares do pass a - way;
4. Come to Je - sus now and serve him, With your tal - ent, time and voice;

For my heart's so full of mu - sic, That I can - not stop my song.
 Oh, the world shall ring with mu - sic, For I'm sing - ing all the day.
 And the mo - ments swift - ly glid - ing, For I'm sing - ing all the day.
 Sing the bless - ed glo - r'ous ti - dings, Till the earth shall all re - joice.

CHORUS.

I'm sing - ing, I'm sing - ing, I'm sing - ing all the day, I'm
 yes, yes,

sing - ing, (yes,) I'm sing - ing, (yes,) I'm sing - ing all the day, (the day.)

Jesus Lives.

(For young people's societies.)

"For thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth."—Ps. 71: 5.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheerful song,
 2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 3. Je-sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once he died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
 Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See, he breaks the prison walls,

Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
 Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now and
 Wait not, Sing

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
 sing,

Je - sus,

Jesus Lives. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus.
f Rit. pp

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tid-ings fly, Je - sus lives.

79

Convention Rallying Song.

MARY IRENE McLEAN.

Moderato.

A. F. MYERS.

1. For thy serv-ice, Lord, we gath-er, For thy pres-ence, Lord, we pray,
2. We com-pare re-sults and meth-ods, Stud-y well the fu-ture needs,
3. While we sow be-side all wa-ters, Both in morn and twilight dim,
4. Zeal-for Christ, each heart is thrill-ing, As we plan a new cam-paign;

As a band of ear-nest work-ers, In con-ven-tion meet to-day.
And we still ex-alt the Bi-ble, O'er all hu-man helps and creeds.
God from time to time is giv-ing Gold-en grain to reap for him.
Je - sus, Mas-ter, work thou with us, That our work be not in vain.

CHORUS. Spirited.

1st Cho. Com-ing from the hills and val-leys, Coming from the cit-y home,
2d. Cho. With our songs and banners go-ing, Back to bus-y life a-gain,

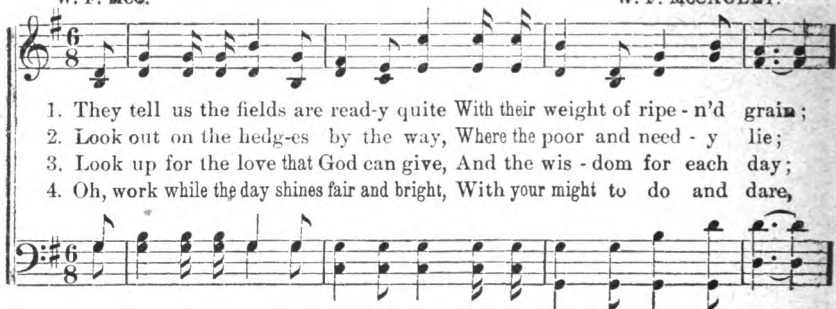
Bring-ing hith-er songs and ban-ners, From our Chris-tian homes we come.
To the reap-ing and the sow-ing, God be with us all, A-men.

Lookout Song.

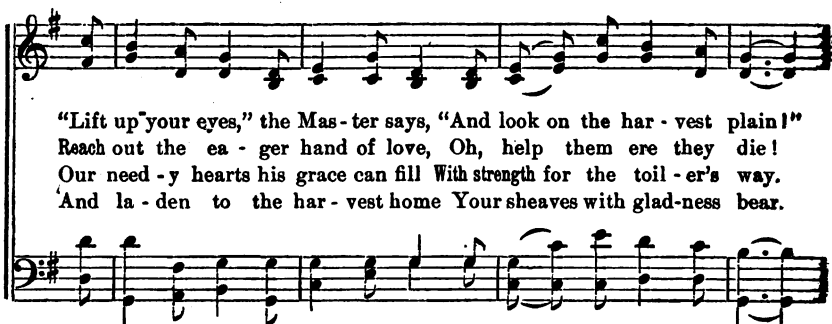
"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields."—JOHN 4: 35.

W. F. McC.

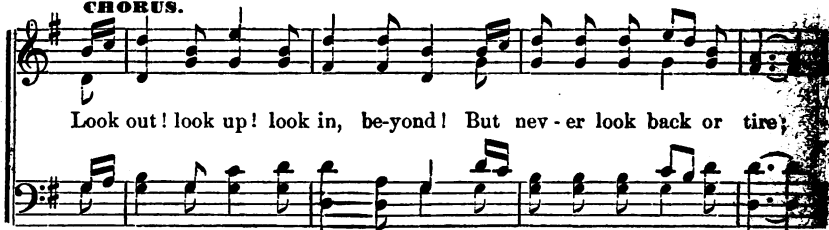
W. F. McCAULEY.



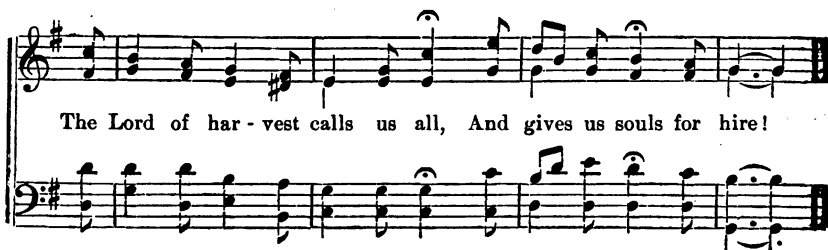
1. They tell us the fields are read-y quite With their weight of ripe - n'd grain ;
 2. Look out on the hedg-es by the way, Where the poor and need - y lie ;
 3. Look up for the love that God can give, And the wis - dom for each day ;
 4. Oh, work while the day shines fair and bright, With your might to do and dare,



"Lift up" your eyes," the Mas - ter says, "And look on the har - vest plain !"
 Reach out the ea - ger hand of love, Oh, help them ere they die !
 Our need - y hearts his grace can fill With strength for the toil - er's way.
 And la - den to the har - vest home Your sheaves with glad-ness bear.

CHORUS.


Look out ! look up ! look in, be-yond ! But nev - er look back or tire,



The Lord of har - vest calls us all, And gives us souls for hire !

'Tis Better.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—ECCLES. 12: 1.

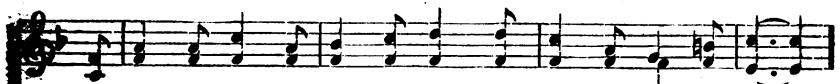
MARY IRHNE MCLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

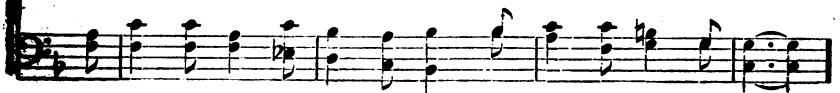
Moderate.



1. They tell me I'm too young to fill My heart with sol-lemn things;
2. How glad I am that Je-sus said, Let lit-tle chil-dren come;
3. And I will ask him ev-'ry day To keep me by his side,
4. And I will ask him ev-'ry night To fill my life with song,



But of-ten when my voice is still, My heart with-in me sings.
For now we can-not be a-fraid He'll say we are too young.
And nev-er, nev-er let me stray From such a lov-ing guide.
To give me strength to do the right, And keep me from the wrong.



CHORUS.

'Tis bet-ter, 'tis bet-ter



'Tis bet-ter, yes, bet-ter, 'tis bet-ter, yes, bet-ter To serve God right a-



way; For children old e-nough to sin Are old enough to pray.
a-way,



Junior Reapers.

"And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."—JOHN 4: 36.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

With Spirit.

1. We are Jun - ior reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day,
 2. We are Jun - ior reap - ers In the field of sir,
 3. We are Jun - ior reap - ers In the har - vest field,

Lab'ring in the har-vest O'er the ston-y way; Gleaning 'mong
 Striv-ing for the Mas-ter Pre-cious souls to win; Point-ing them
 Truth and right the sick-les That we there do wield; And we la-

this-tles, Search-ing thro' the rain, Fit-ting for the gar-ner
 Je-sus, To the Lamb of God, Fol-low-ing his foot-steps
 ev-er, 'Neath our Fa-ther's eye, Gath-er-ing the bright sheaves

Fine. CHORUS.
 Bright and gold-en grain.
 In the paths he trod. Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing, all the
 For the home on high.

D. S. al Fine.
 day, Toil-ing, toil-ing, in this hap-py way.

Our Sabbath Home.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Ps. 84: 10.

Mrs. EMMA MYERS CHAPMAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too Fast.

1. Let us cheer-ful-ly walk in the bless-ed way That doth lead to the
 2. Let us gath-er the chil-dren from paths of wrong, For the Shep-herd his
 3. Grant, dear Lord, to our teach-ers thy rich-est grace, Make them earn-est,

house of prayer, Let us stud-y God's word, and each Sab-bath day When our
 lost lambs find; There is much we may do 'midst earth's need-y throng, Let us
 kind and true, As we learn thy commands in this sa-cred place, With thy

CHORUS.

class meets, be promptly there. Blessed home, Sabbath home,
 work with a will-ing mind.
 bless-ings our souls en-due. Bless-ed home, Sabbath home;

how we love our dear Sab-bath home; Here we stu-dy God's word

and we sing and pray, In our dear bless-ed Sab-bath home.

Selected.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3:11.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en - tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afrie's sand and Grece's snow,
 5. I dreamed that hoary Time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 6. "Then come to Christ! oh! come to-day!" The Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it say;

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her help - less
 Wait - ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul appall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n, He looked tel -
 To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home, nor life he counted dear, Midst wants and
 A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ransomed throng, I heard the
 The bride repeats the call; For he will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will

CHORUS.

wid - ow - hood's defense—She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in all,
 spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 bur - den of their song: 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." "Christ is all, all in all,

Yes, Christ is all in all; Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

From "Silver Tones," 35 cts., by per. of the publisher, W. A. WILLIAMS, Warnock, O.

Wonderful Grace of God.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given."—EPH. 3: 8.

A. F. MYERS.

C. B. ESSEX.

Moderato.

1. We have met in Je-sus' name, I'm re-joic-ing in this won-der-ful
 2. We are saved by grace a-lone, I'm re-joic-ing in this won-der-ful
 3. Je-sus gave this grace to me, I'm re-joic-ing in this won-der-ful
 4. Now, this precious grace we know, I'm re-joic-ing in this won-der-ful

grace of God. All our hearts with grace aflame, I'm re-joic-ing in this
 grace of God. Thro' our faith in God's dear Son, I'm re-joic-ing in this
 grace of God. Au-thor of our faith is he, I'm re-joic-ing in this
 grace of God. Saved from sin we on-ward go, I'm re-joic-ing in this

CHORUS.

won-der-ful grace of God. I'm re-joic-ing, I'm re-joic-ing, I'm re-

joic-ing, in this won-der-ful grace of God, I'm re-joic-ing, I'm re-

joic-ing, I'm re-joic-ing, in this won-der-ful grace of God, of God.

Oh, The Joy I Feel.

M. F. NOBLE.

"This my joy therefore is fulfilled."—JOHN 3: 29.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I will sing all day of the Saviour's love, That once bro't him
 2. Oh, the day will come when we all shall stand, At the throne of
 3. Will you come, dear friend: give the Lord your heart, Ere his spir - it

down from his home a - bove; All my sins he par-don'd and
 God as a blood-wash'd band; What a bliss 'twill be our dear
 grieved from your soul de - part; There are crowns in glo - ry a -

set me free; Soon he'll take me home with him - self to be.
 Lord to see, And to sing his praise thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
 wait - ing those, Who in Christ the Sav - iour their trust re - pose.

CHORUS.
 Oh, the joy I feel, As I hum - bly kneel, 'At the

Sav-iour's feet, in com-mun-ion sweet! He has cleans'd my soul from its

Controlled by D. E. DORTCH. From Spirit and Life. By per.

Oh, The Joy I Feel. Concluded.

guilt and sin, Glo - ry be to God! There is peace with - in.

87 Jesus is the Children's King.

"The King of kings, and Lord of lords."—I. TIM. 6; 15.

MAUDE WERNER.

A. F. MYERS.

1. In our Sabbath school, ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee, Children, let your voic-es
 2. Bless-ed Je - sus now with song, now with song, Prais-es un - to thee we
 3. Marching in the ranks to - day, yes, to-day, How our hap - py voic-es

ring, This the joy - ful song shall be, Je - sus is the children's king.
 bring, And the sweet re - frain pro - long, Je - sus is the children's king.
 ring, Sing-ing in the good old way, Je - sus is the children's king.

CHORUS. *ff*
 Oh, sing un-to the Lord, children sing, Let us wake each tuneful string, cheerily sing;

ff
 Oh, sing, cheer-ful - ly sing, voic-es ring; He is the children's king.

No Good-byes in Heaven.

"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven."—MATT. 5: 12.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Andante.

1. Saints re-joic-ing, an-gels sing-ing, Vic-tors crown'd be-yond the sky,
 2. We shall join the saved in glo-ry, Where no tear-drops dim the eye,
 3. Part-ing words will ne'er be spo-ken In that blest a-bode on high,
 4. Glad-ly when death's shades are fall-ing, To the Lord my soul would fly;

Where the gold-en harps are ring-ing, We shall nev-er say good-bye.
 With them tell love's wondrous sto-ry, But we'll nev-er say good-bye.
 Ten-der ties will ne'er be bro-ken, Where we'll nev-er say good-bye.
 As I hear him homeward call-ing, Where we'll nev-er say good-bye.

CHORUS.

Nev-er say good-bye, Nev-er say good-bye, In that

beau-ti-ful land we will clasp each hand, But we'll nev-er say good-bye.

A. F. MYERS, owner of Copyright, Toledo, O.

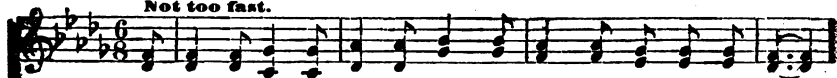
Ye are the Light of the World.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."—MATT. 5: 14.

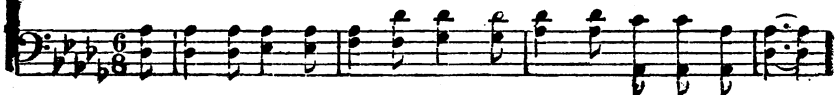
MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

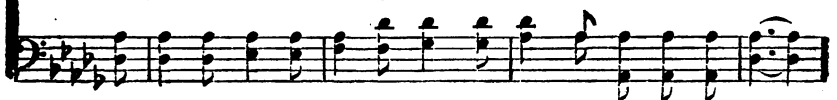
Not too fast.



1. My brothers, Je-sus says to you, Ye are the light of the world;
2. To you God gave the light di-vine, Ye are the light of the world;
3. The cit - y set up-on a hill, Ye are the light of the world;
4. Light from the cross of Je-sus gleams, Ye are the light of the world;



And let your light be strong and true, Ye are the light of the world.
 Be-fore all men now let it shine, Ye are the light of the world.
 With gos-pel light the world shall fill, Ye are the light of the world.
 Oh, spread a-broad its sav-ing beams, Ye are the light of the world.



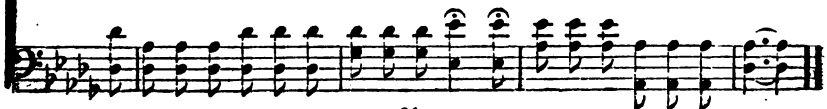
CHORUS.



O brothers, be true, be true unto him, The light of the world must never grow dim,



Must nev-er, oh, never, oh, nev-er grow dim; O broth-ers, be true un-to him.



The Dear Ones Gone Before.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

Arr. by C. D. AMSTUTZ.

Slow.

1. They're wait-ing in the land of light, Up-on the gold-en shore,
 2. Tho' oft-a-ten rug-ged seems the way, And lone the paths we tread,
 3. 'Tis but a lit-tle far-ther on, And storms will all be o'er.

And we shall meet be-yond the night The dear ones gone be-fore.
 We know to realms of end-less day By Christ we're safe-ly led.
 Then we shall view the per-fect dawn, Where friends may part no more.

Tho' slow-ly pass life's drear-y hours, And sa-ble seems the gloom,
 And whom he loves he chas-tens here, But there heav'n's o-pen door
 And when all tears are wiped a-way, For-ev-er from the eyes

We'll greet them there 'mid E-den's bow'rs, Where fade-less flow-ers bloom.
 Stands still a-jar, where we shall greet The dear ones gone be-fore.
 Of those that weep, we'll bide for aye, In fields of par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

The dear ones gone be-fore, Wide swing the pearly gates
 The dear ones gone be-fore, Wide swing the pearl-y gates

The Dear Ones Gone Before. Concluded.

To wel - come home the friends we love, Who watch for us and wait.

91

Faithful Workers.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."--REV. 2: 10.

D. E. CORBIN.
Spirited.

A. F. MYERS.

1. We are sol - diers of God, We're en - camped on the field,
2. We've en - list - ed for life; With our ban - ners un - furled,
3. Then, with life's bat - tles fought, In our tri - umph com - plete,

We will fear not nor fal - ter, For the Lord is our shield;
We will march forth to bat - tle, To con - quer the world;
We will march to the cit - y, To the great judg - ment seat;

We will fight for our King, And pre - vail a - gainst wrong,
E - vil must be de - throned, Sa - tan's king - dom must fall,
We will sweep thro' the gates, Up the gold - en paved streets,

For our Cap - tain is Je - sus, And sal - va - tion our song.
And the Christ of the Bi - ble Shall rule o - ver all.
And we'll lay down our ar - mor At the dear Sav - iour's feet.

92 Whithersoever Thou Goest I will Go.

Processional.

"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—MATT. 8: 19.

A. F. M.

Marching time.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Hark! I hear the Sav - iour say - ing fol - low me, Yes, my bless - ed
 2. Like the way - side beg - gar with his ear - nest plea, Je - sus, son of
 3. Lord, thro' grief and con - flict, I would fol - low thee, Tho' the way be

Mas - ter, I will be Read - y for the bat - tle firm a - gainst the foe,
 Dav - id I would see, What thy ho - ly will is, Sav - iour, to me show,
 fore me hard may be, Help me be sub - mis - sive, faith di - vine be - stow,

Whith - er - so - ev - er thou go - est I will go, I will go.
 Whith - er - so - ev - er he said I will go, I will go.
 Whith - er - so - ev - er thou say - est may I go, may I go.

CHORUS.

I will follow thee whith - er - so - ev - er thou go - est, I will follow thee,
 I will follow, follow, where thou go - est, I will follow, follow,

Whith - er - so - ev - er thou go - est I will follow thee, Whith - er - so - ev - er thou
 where thou go - est, I will follow, follow, where thou

Whithersoever Thou Goest, etc. Concluded.

go - est, Whither - so - ev - er thou go - est, I will go, yes, I will go.
 go - est, I will go, will

Go,

93

Hear the Voice of Jesus.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN 4: 35.
 S. S. MYERS.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing—Who will go and work to - day?
2. Long and loud the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free;
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
 Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, oh, Lord, send me?"
 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do."

CHORUS.

Go and work! . . . Go and work! . . . Who will go and work to - day? Go and
 Go and work! Go and work!

Repeat Chorus.

work! Go and work! Who will bear the sheaves a - way.
 Go and work! Go and work!

This Beautiful World.

"And God saw that it was good."—GEN. 1: 12.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

Soprano and Alto Duet.

Moderato.

A. F. MYERS.

Bass and Tenor Duet.

1. This world is a beau - ti - ful world, Bright flow - ers our sens - es de -
 2. Soft mu - sic floats out on the breeze A glad and a joy - ous re -
 3. How dear are our kindred and friends, And bright is the home fire - side
 4. This world is a beau - ti - ful world, When life in its morn you be -
 5. We hear and we see and we know There's joy in each life - giv - ing

Sop. and Alto Duet. Semi-Chorus.

light; Its skies are with glo - ry un - furl'd, Oh, what would it
 frain; There's pleasure and mirth ev - 'ry - where, Oh, what would earth
 glow; While hope with our love sweet - ly blends, Oh, what would earth
 gin; Then truth and its trust are your all, Oh, what would it
 breath; This is such a beau - ti - ful world, Oh, what would it

Full Chorus. Spirited.

be with no night?
 be with-out pain? Like heav - en it sure - ly would be,
 be with-out woe?
 be with-out sin? it would be,
 be with-out death.


So per - fect - ly, won - dr's - ly fair, (yes, so fair,) Not a sor - row nor sin,

Pain nor death can en - ter in, Oh, may it be ours to be there.

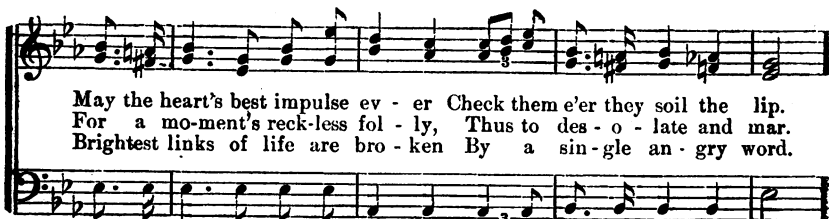
Angry Words.

"Let us love one another."—1 JOHN 4: 7.

H. R. PALMER.

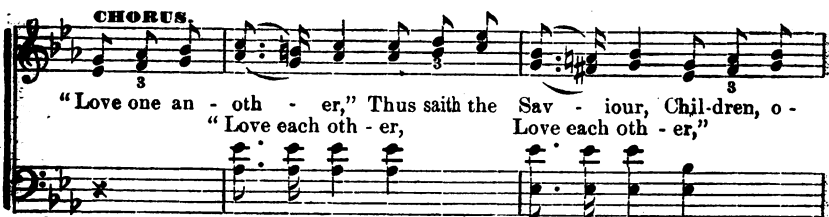


1. An - gry words! Oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un - bridled slip;
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly; Friendship is too sa - cred far,
 3. An - gry words are light-ly spo - ken; Bit - t'rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirr'd:




May the heart's best impulse ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip.
 For a mo-ment's reck-less fol - ly, Thus to des - o - late and mar.
 Brightest links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

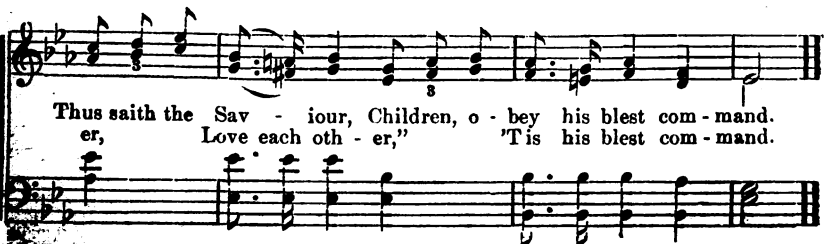
CHORUS.



"Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Chil - dren, o -
 "Love each oth - er, Love each oth - er,"



bey thy Fa - ther's blest command; "Love one an - oth - er,"
 'Tis thy Fa - ther's blest command; "Love each oth -



Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o - bey his blest com - mand.
 er, Love each oth - er," 'Tis his blest com - mand.

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Call Him Now.

"And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—MARK. 10: 47.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow with expression.

1. Sin - ner, see that way-side beg - gar, Hear him cry, hear him cry,
 2. Sad the plight of each poor blind one, By the way, by the way,
 3. Sin - ner, do not let the Sav - iour Pass thee by, pass thee by,

To the far-famed Jew-ish heal - er Pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
 Worse the state of ev - 'ry sin - ner, Here to - day, here to - day,
 But with plead-ing for his fa - vor, Raise thy cry, raise thy cry

See the heal-er in com-pas-sion, Dead to Jew-ish pride and fash-ion,
 But when Je-sus hears him praying, He will hear the Sav-iour say-ing,
 He will sure-ly cure thy blindness, Thro' his great and lov-ing kind-ness,

Meet-ing, touching and re - stor - ing Him to sight, him to sight.
 Go thy way, thy faith hath sav'd thee, Be thou whole, be thou whole.
 Would'st thou know his sav-ing pow - ers, Call him now, call him now.

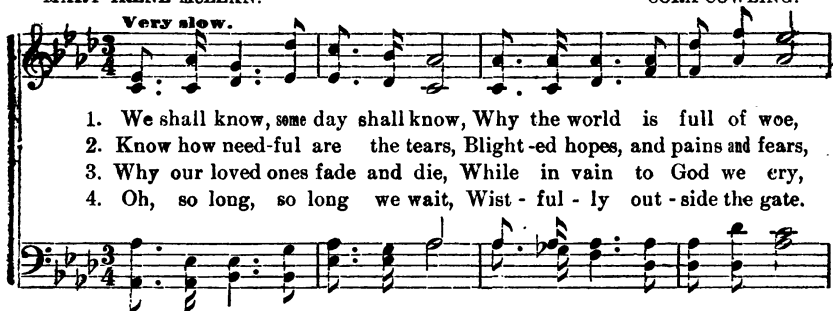
Some Day We Shall Know.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shall know hereafter."—JOHN 13: 7.

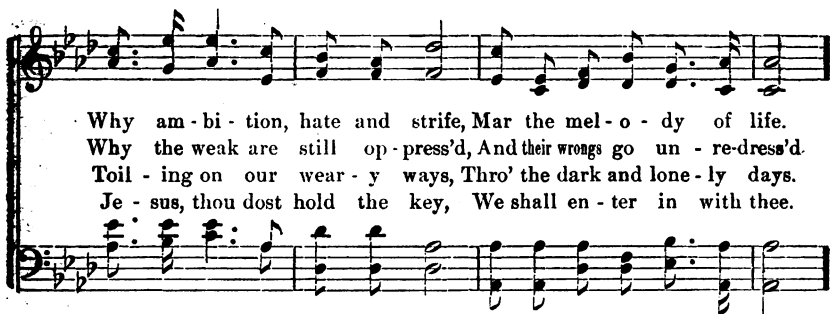
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

CORA COWLING.

Very slow.

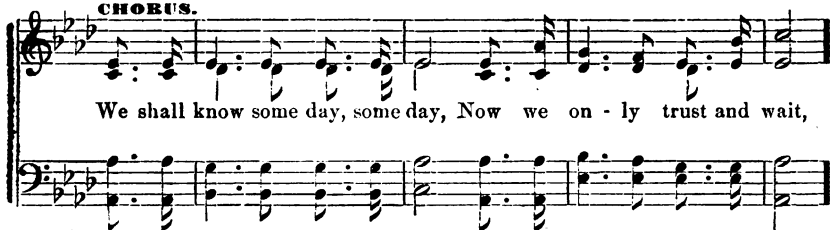


1. We shall know, some day shall know, Why the world is full of woe,
 2. Know how need-ful are the tears, Blight-ed hopes, and pains and fears,
 3. Why our loved ones fade and die, While in vain to God we cry,
 4. Oh, so long, so long we wait, Wist-ful-ly out-side the gate.



Why am-bi-tion, hate and strife, Mar the mel-o-dy of life.
 Why the weak are still op-press'd, And their wrongs go un-re-dress'd.
 Toil-ing on our wear-y ways, Thro' the dark and lone-ly days.
 Je-sus, thou dost hold the key, We shall en-ter in with thee.

CHORUS.



We shall know some day, some day, Now we on-ly trust and wait,



But with-in the pearl-y gate, We shall know it all some day.

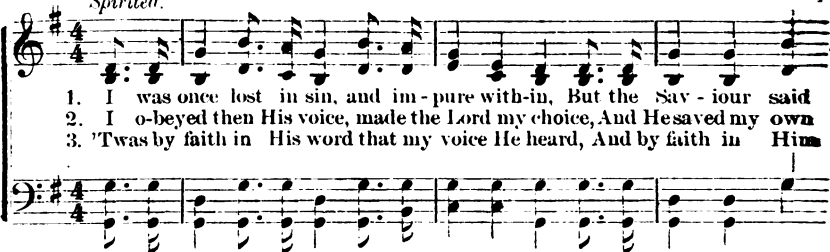
Saved Through the Blood.

"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1. JOHN 1: 7.

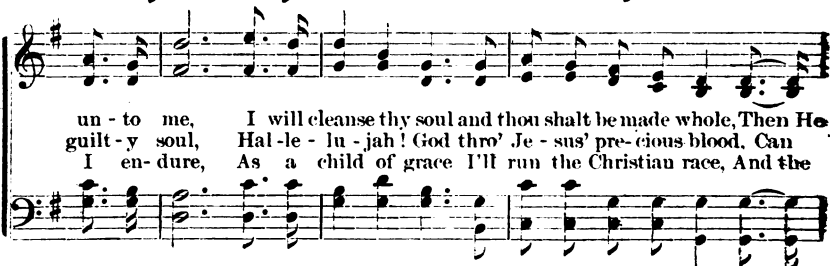
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.



1. I was once lost in sin, and im-pure with-in, But the Sav-our said
 2. I o-beyed then His voice, made the Lord my choice, And He saved my own
 3. 'Twas by faith in His word that my voice He heard, And by faith in Him

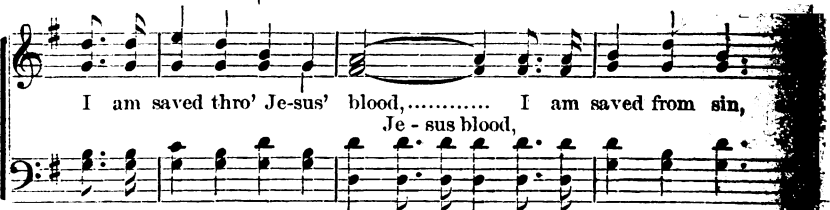


un-to me, I will cleanse thy soul and thou shalt be made whole, Then He
 guilt-y soul, Hal-le-lu-jah! God thro' Je-sus' pre-cious blood, Can
 I en-dure, As a child of grace I'll run the Christian race, And the

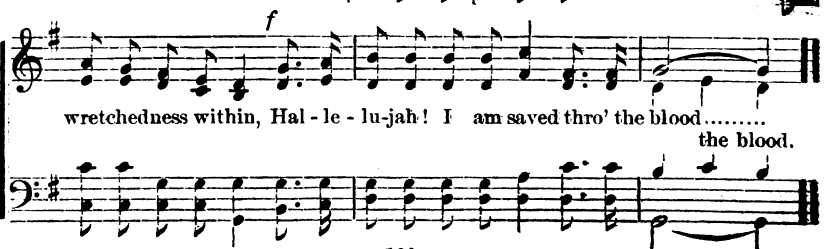
CHORUS.



spake and I was free. } I am saved..... thro' the blood,.....
 make the wounded whole. }
 prize at last se-cure. } I am saved, thro' the blood



I am saved thro' Je-sus' blood,..... I am saved from sin,
 Je-sus blood,



wretchedness within, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved thro' the blood.....
 the blood.

The Master is Come.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

HORATIUS BONAR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1. The Mas-ter is come, and call-eth! He speak-eth in grace to Thee;
 2. He comes for the great re-ward-ing, Of la-bor here for Him done;
 3. The Bride-groom is come, and call-eth! He comes, He can wait no more;
 4. The Judge is now come, and call-eth! Be-fore Him the sons of men;

O - dost thou not hear Him call-ing, A - rise ye and fol - low me.
 He crowneth His faith - ful ser-vants With His ev - er - last - ing crown.
 He comes for the mar-riage sup - per, The mar - ri - age joy in store.
 Long, long has His voice been sound-ing, It sounds for the lost a - gain.

CHORUS.

A - rise, and fol - low me quickly, Thus He giveth the loud com-mand;

A - rise, and as-cend in brightness In - to that glo - rious land.

By per. from Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

100 The Sun Will Shine To-morrow.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope in God."—Ps. 43: 5.

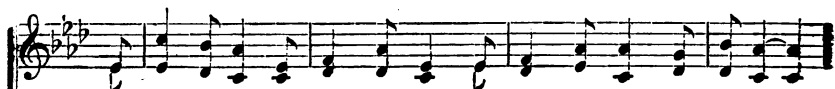
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

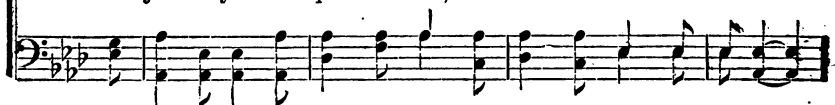
Andante.



1. I'll praise the Lord in cheer-ful lays, And songs of hope I'll bor-row,
2. When Je-sus' foot-steps I can trace, A-long the path-way nar-row,
3. Since Je-sus doth with me a-bide, To Him I take my sor-row,
4. There is a land of light and bloom, Be-yond the night of sor-row,

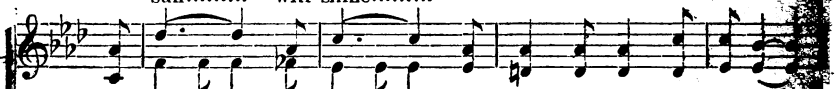


For tho' thenight be wrapt'd in haze, The sun will shine to mor-row.
I'll fol-low trusting in His grace, The sun will shine to mor-row.
And sings my soul at e-ven-tide, The sun will shine to mor-row.
When just be-yond the qui-et tomb, The sun will shine to mor-row.

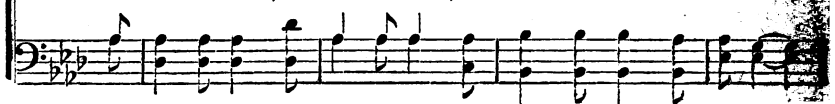


CHORUS.

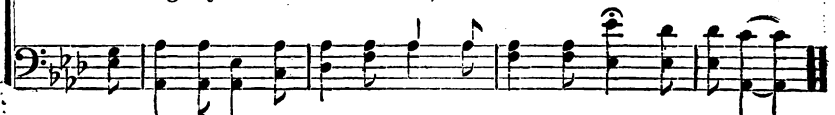
sun..... will shine.....



The sun will shine, the sun will shine, The sun will shine to-mor-row.



And sings my soul at e-ven-tide, The sun will shine to-mor-row.



All the Way.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. All the way the Sav-iour leads me, All the way, all the way,
 2. All the way the Sav-iour leads me, All the way, all the way,
 3. All the way the Sav-iour leads me, All the way, all the way,

All my needs He doth sup - ply me, All the way, all the way,
 With the heav'n - ly man - na feeds me, All the way, all the way,
 To the liv - ing wa - ters guide me, All the way, all the way,

And His good - ness fail - eth nev - er; He is mine, yes, mine for - ev - er;
 Tho' the path be dark and drear - y, And my feet have grown so wea - ry,
 What care I for earth - ly treas - ure? What care I for world - ly pleas - ure?

From His love I ne'er can sev - er, All the way, all the way.
 Yet He makes life seem so cheer - y, All the way, all the way.
 I have grace be - yond the meas - ure, All the way, all the way.

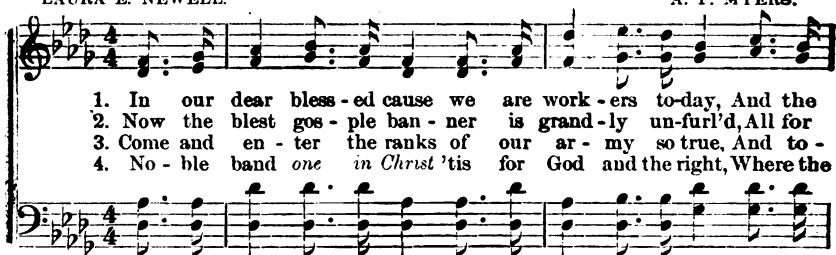
From "Brightest Glory." By per.

Working for Jesus To-day.

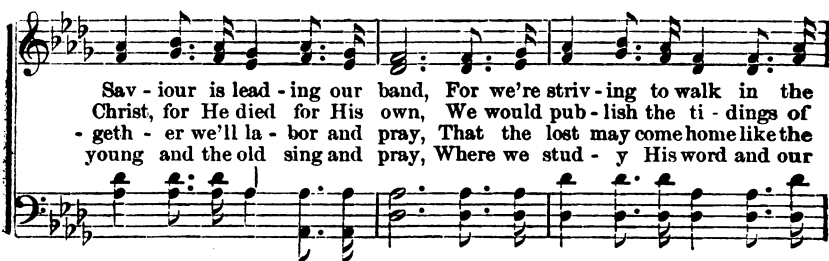
"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

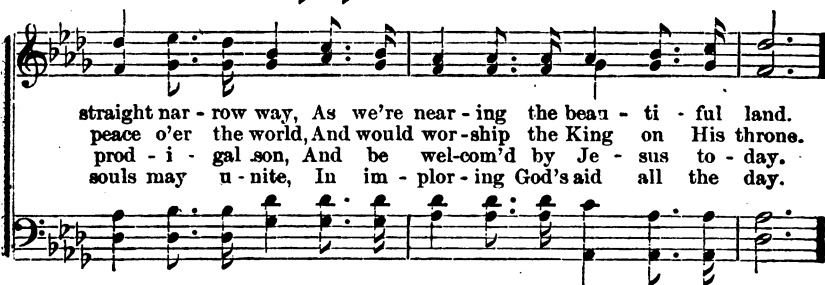
A. F. MYERS.



1. In our dear bless-ed cause we are work-ers to-day, And the
 2. Now the blest gos-ple ban-ner is grand-ly un-furl'd, All for
 3. Come and en-ter the ranks of our ar-my so true, And to-
 4. No-ble band one in Christ 'tis for God and the right, Where the

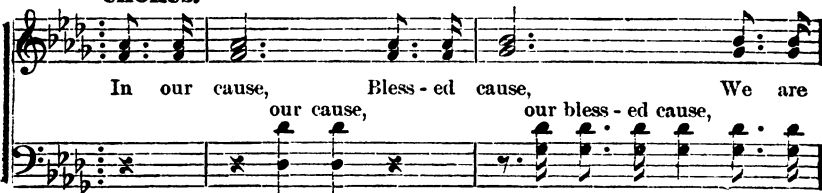


Sav-iour is lead-ing our band, For we're striv-ing to walk in the
 Christ, for He died for His own, We would pub-lish the ti-dings of
 -geth-er we'll la-bor and pray, That the lost may come home like the
 young and the old sing and pray, Where we stud-y His word and our



straight nar-row way, As we're near-ing the beau-ti-ful land.
 peace o'er the world, And would wor-ship the King on His throne.
 prod-i-gal son, And be wel-com'd by Je-sus to-day.
 souls may u-nite, In im-plor-ing God's aid all the day.

CHORUS.



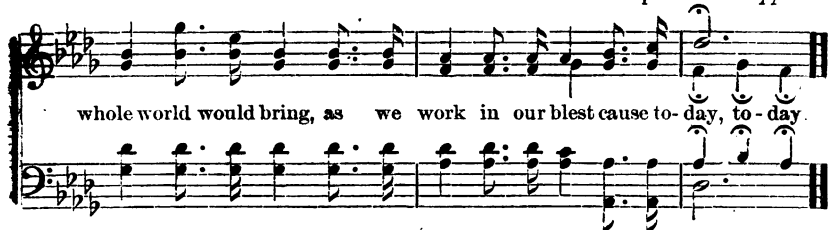
In our cause, Bless-ed cause, We are
 our cause, our bless-ed cause,



work-ing for Je-sus to-day, Look-ing up, lift-ing up, we the
 to-day,

Working for Jesus To-day. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus. pp



whole world would bring, as we work in our blest cause to-day, to-day.

103 Bring Your Flowers.

Music, No. 102.

1. Bring your beautiful flow'rs for the Saviour to-day,
Little children for whom He arose;
Kindly wreath 'round His altar before which we pray [unclose.
Every blossom that spring will

CHORUS.

Bring your flow'rs, bright flow'rs,
Bring your flow'rs for the Saviour to-day,

Bring your flow'rs rich and sweet,
Lay them down at His feet; [day.
Bring sweet flow'rs for the Saviour to-

2. Bring your lilies, and roses and pansies so bright,
Bring your violets fragrant and blue;

Bring your daisies so fair and 'your hyacinths white
For the Saviour so tender and true.

3. Gather beautiful flow'rs as you pass on your way, [whole lives;
Little children, throughout your
Ever gather sweet blossoms of truth every day,
As the bees gather honey in hives.

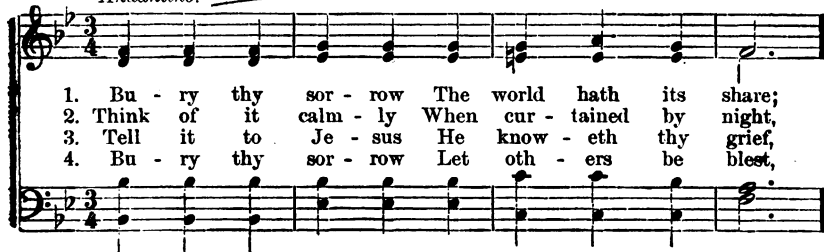
4. Make your hearts holy altars from which may arise
Purest incense of prayer and of praise;
May it float in sweet fragrance to God in the skies—
May it honor the Ancient of Days.

104 Bury Thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

S. S. MYERS.

Andantino.



1. Bu - ry thy sor - row The world hath its share;
2. Think of it calm - ly When cur - tained by night,
3. Tell it to Je - sus He know - eth thy grief,
4. Bu - ry thy sor - row Let oth - ers be blest,



f *rit.* *pp*

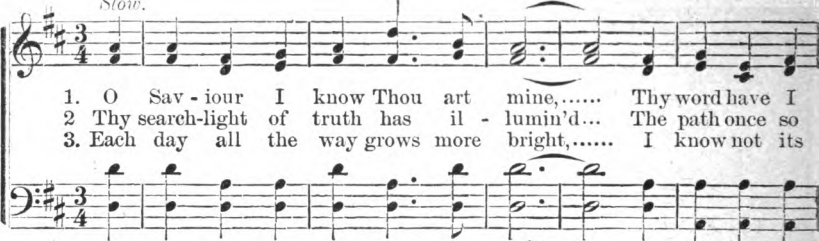
Bu - ry it deep - ly. Oh hide it with care.
Tell it to Je - sus And all will be right.
Tell it to Je - sus He'll send thee re - lief.
Give them the sun - shine Tell Je - sus the rest.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."—Ps. 119: 11.

C. L. EBY.

A. F. ATKIN.

Slow.



1. O Sav - iour I know Thou art mine,..... Thy word have I
 2. Thy search-light of truth has il - lumin'd... The path once so
 3. Each day all the way grows more bright,..... I know not its




hid in my heart,..... I love all its pre - cepts di - vine,.....
 rug - ged and long,..... I tread not in dark - ness and gloom,....
 ter - ror and gloom,..... I know that its Beau - ti - ful Light,....

CHORUS.



And from them we'll nev - er de - part..... }
 Each day I am jour - ney - ing on..... } Then give me the Bi - ble for -
 Will shine e - ven thro' the dark tomb..... }



- ev - er,..... Its truth in my heart now I hide, There's naught can com -



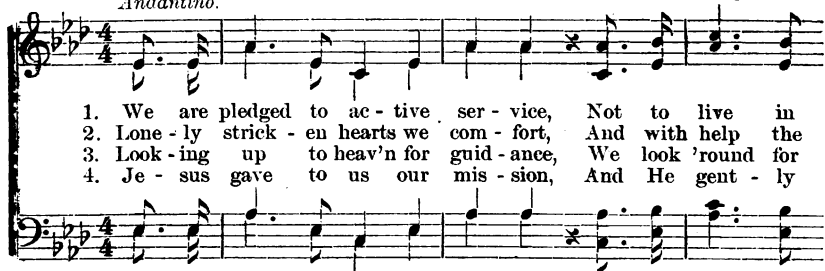
- pel us to sev - er,..... O search-light of truth be my guide.

Lift Up the Fallen.

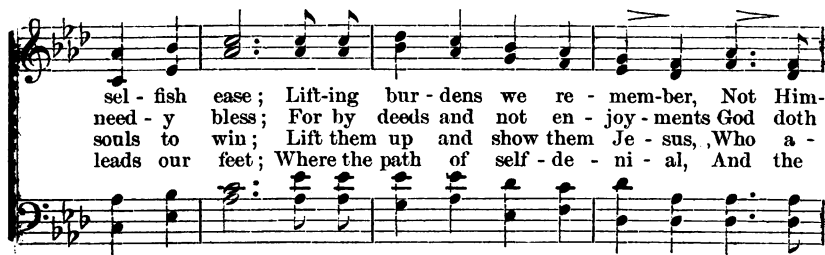
"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—GAL. 6: 2

MARY IRENE McLEAN.
Andantino.

For this work by S. S. MYERS.

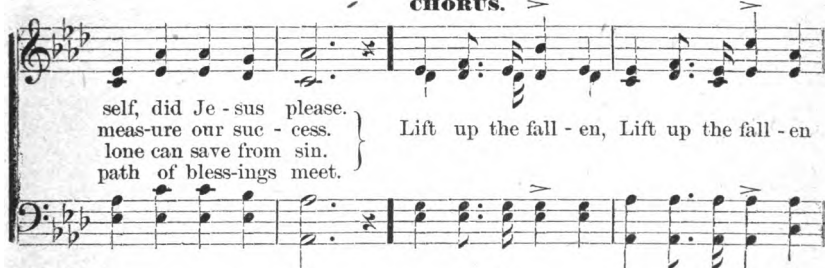


1. We are pledged to ac - tive ser - vice, Not to live in
2. Lone - ly strick - en hearts we com - fort, And with help the
3. Look - ing up to heav'n for guid - ance, We look 'round for
4. Je - sus gave to us our mis - sion, And He gent - ly

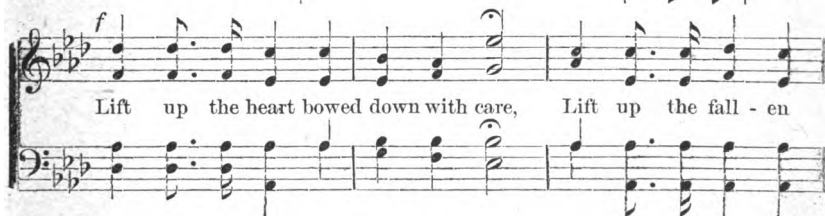


sel - fish ease; Lift - ing bur - dens we re - mem - ber, Not Him -
need - y bless; For by deeds and not en - joy - ments God doth
souls to win; Lift them up and show them Je - sus, Who a -
leads our feet; Where the path of self - de - ni - al, And the

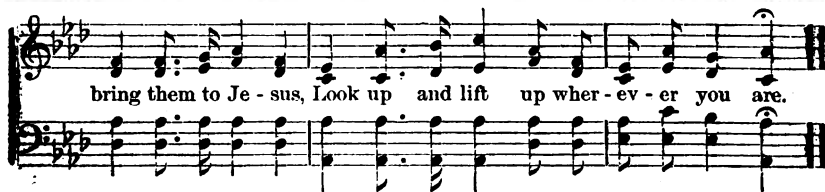
CHORUS.



self, did Je - sus please.
meas - ure our suc - cess. } Lift up the fall - en, Lift up the fall - en
lone can save from sin.
path of bless - ings meet.



Lift up the heart bowed down with care, Lift up the fall - en



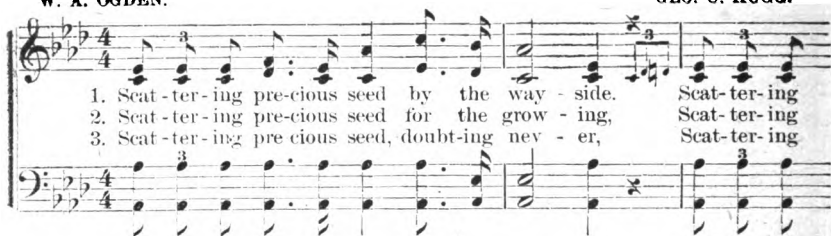
bring them to Je - sus, Look up and lift up wher - ev - er you are.

107 Scattering Precious Seed.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."—EccL. 11: 6.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side. Scat - ter - ing
 2. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat - ter - ing
 3. Scat - ter - ing pre cious seed, doubt - ing nev - er, Scat - ter - ing

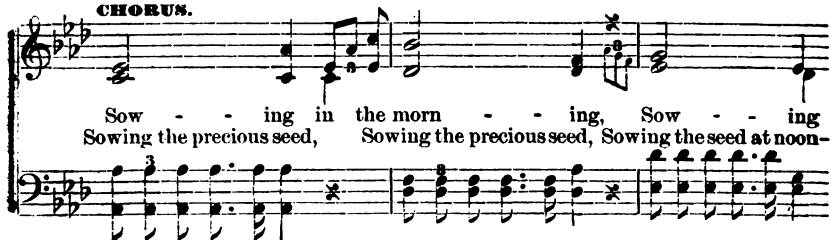


pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed
 pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed,
 pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

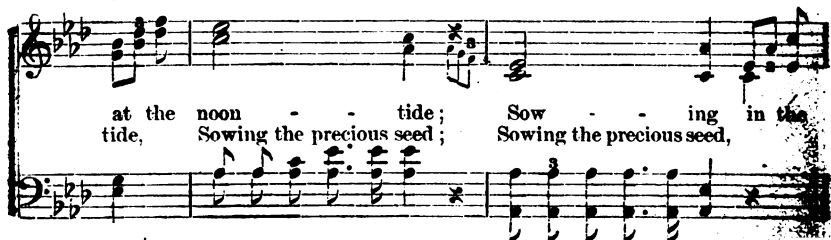


o'er the field, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way.
 trust - ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en - deav - or, Trust - ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon -



at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the
 tide, Sowing the precious seed; Sowing the precious seed,

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Scattering Precious Seed. Concluded.

eve - - - ning, Sow-ing the precious seed by the way.....
 Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

108 This Happy Children's Day.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM 66:1.

Mrs. ABRAM. HOPKINS.

A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

- Oh, how joy - ful we should be, While our hearts are full of glee,
- Wel-come friends whom here we meet, We are glad your smiles to greet,
- Fra-grant flow - ers we have brought. Which by God's own hands were wrought,
- Let us praise Him as we may, At our work or at our play,

And from care and sor - row free, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.
 Come and join our songs so sweet, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.
 Tok - ens of His love be sought, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.
 Walk-ing in the nar - row way, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, On this bright and joy - ful day,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. This is hap - py chil - dren's day.

"And Jesus went about * * preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness."—MATT. 4: 23.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth - le - hem,
 2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry, How He walk'd up - on the sea,
 3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sus Pray - ing in Geth-sem - a - ne,

Who was wor-shipp'd by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men?
 To His dear dis - ci - ples toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
 And the ev - er - thrill - ing sto - ry How He died up - on a tree,

How He taught the learn - ed doc - tors In the tem - ple far a - way?
 How the waves in an - gry mo - tion Quick - ly at His will o - bey?
 Cru - el thorns His fore - head pierc - ing As His Spir - it pass'd a - way?

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
 Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day.
 This He did for you, my broth - er, And He's just the same to-day.

CHORUS.

He is just..... the same to-day, He is just.....
 just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day, Just the same to -

From "Gathered Jewels. No. 2."

Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

the same to - day, Seek-ing those who've gone a-stray,
 - day; He is just the same to - day,

Sav-ing souls a - long the way, Thank God! He's just the same to - day!

110

A Little Band.

"Then were there brought unto Him little children."—MATT. 19: 13.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Lord, a lit-tle band, and low-ly, We are come to wor-ship Thee,
 2. Fill our hearts with tho'ts of Je-sus, And of heav'n, where He is gone;
 3. For we know the Lord of glo-ry Al-ways sees what chil-dren do;

Thou art great, and high, and ho-ly, O how hum-ble we should be;
 And let noth-ing ev-er please us, He would grieve to look up-on;
 E-ven now He knows the sto-ry Of our tho'ts and ac-tions too;

Bless us, Sav-iour, here to-day, Ere we go from hence a-way.

Old Home Friends.

"Honor thy father and thy mother." — EPH. 6: 2.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow with expression.

1. Don't for - get the old folks, Love them more and more, As they turn their
 2. Don't for - get poor fa - ther, With his fail - ing sight, With his locks once
 3. Don't for - get dear moth - er, With her furrowed brow, All the light of

longing eyes T'ward the golden shore ; Let your words be tender, Loving, soft and
 thick and brown, Scanty now and white ; Tho' he may be childish, Still do you be
 oth - er years, Time has faded now ; Mem-o - ry is wan - ing, Soon its light will

Cres. REFRAIN.

low, Let their last days be the best They have known below.
 kind, Think of him as years a - go With his master mind. Don't forget
 fail, Guide her gen - tly till she stands Safe within the vale.

Cres. - - Dim.

old folks, Life will soon be o'er ; Guide them till their weary feet Tread the golden shore.

Jesus is Calling To-day.

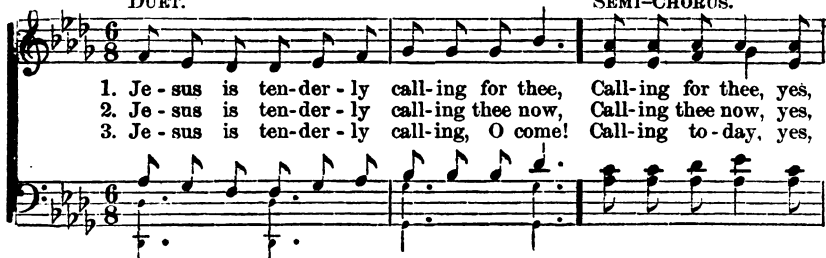
"Hm that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

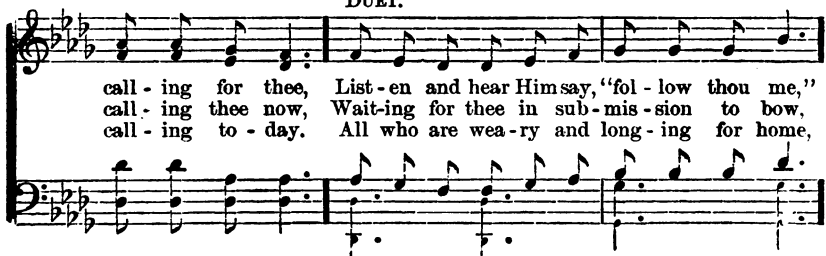
DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.



1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee, yes,
 2. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee now, Call - ing thee now, yes,
 3. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing, O come! Call - ing to - day, yes,

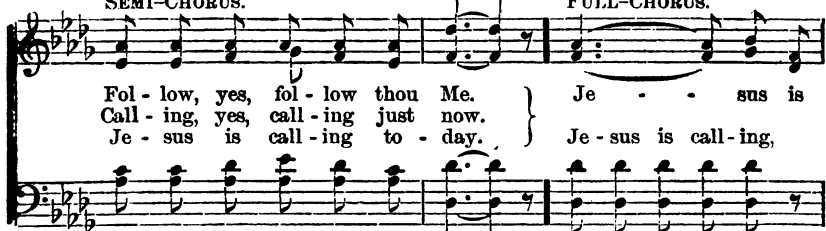
DUET.



call - ing for thee, List - en and hear Him say, "fol - low thou me,"
 call - ing thee now, Wait - ing for thee in sub - mis - sion to bow,
 call - ing to - day. All who are wea - ry and long - ing for home,

SEMI-CHORUS.

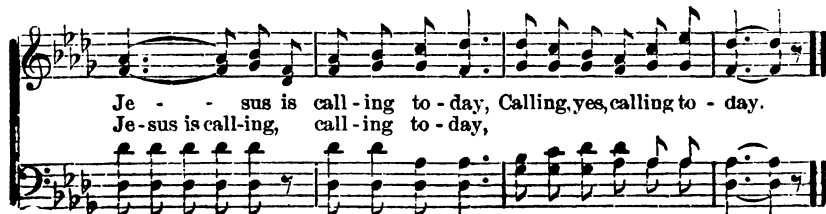
FULL-CHORUS.



Fol - low, yes, fol - low thou Me. } Je - - - sus is
 Call - ing, yes, call - ing just now. }
 Je - sus is call - ing to - day. } Je - sus is call - ing,



call - ing to - day, Je - - - sus is call - ing to - day;
 call - ing to - day, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing to - day;

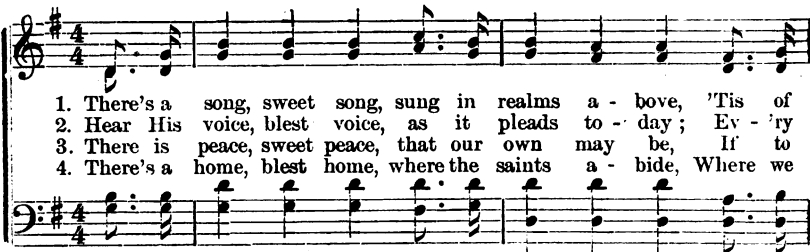


Je - - - sus is call - ing to - day, Calling, yes, calling to - day.
 Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing to - day,

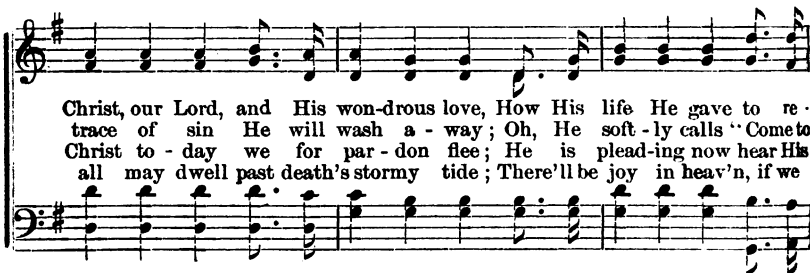
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LAURA E. NEWELL.

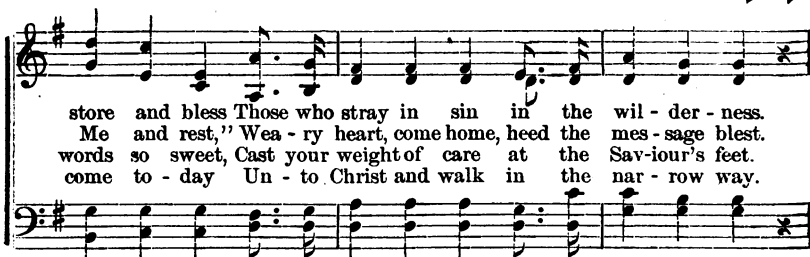
F. S. ROBINSON.



1. There's a song, sweet song, sung in realms a - bove, 'Tis of
 2. Hear His voice, blest voice, as it pleads to - day; Ev - 'ry
 3. There is peace, sweet peace, that our own may be, If to
 4. There's a home, blest home, where the saints a - bide, Where we



Christ, our Lord, and His won-drous love, How His life He gave to re -
 trace of sin He will wash a - way; Oh, He soft - ly calls "Come to
 Christ to - day we for par - don flee; He is plead-ing now hear His
 all may dwell past death's stormy tide; There'll be joy in heav'n, if we

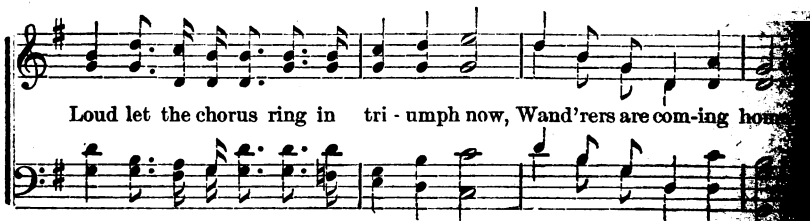


store and bless Those who stray in sin in the wil - der - ness.
 Me and rest," Wea - ry heart, come home, heed the mes - sage blest.
 words so sweet, Cast your weight of care at the Sav-iour's feet.
 come to - day Un - to Christ and walk in the nar - row way.

CHORUS.



Send back the Echoes of the an-gel's song, High thro' heaven's shining dome;



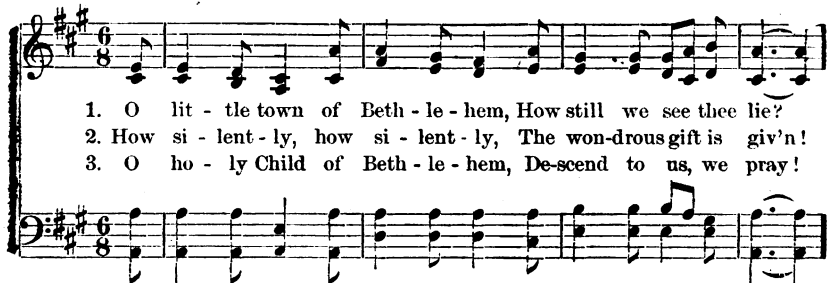
Loud let the chorus ring in tri - umph now, Wand'ers are com-ing home

114 Little Town of Bethlehem.

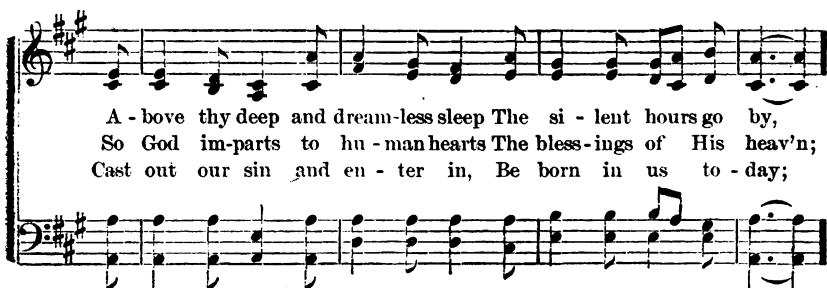
"And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said: Go and search diligently for the young child."—MAT

PHILLIP BROOKS.

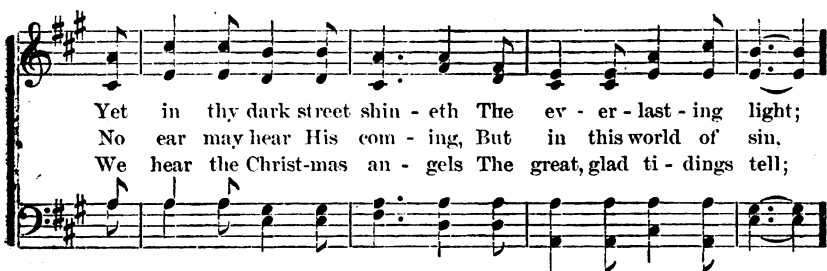
W. T. GIFT



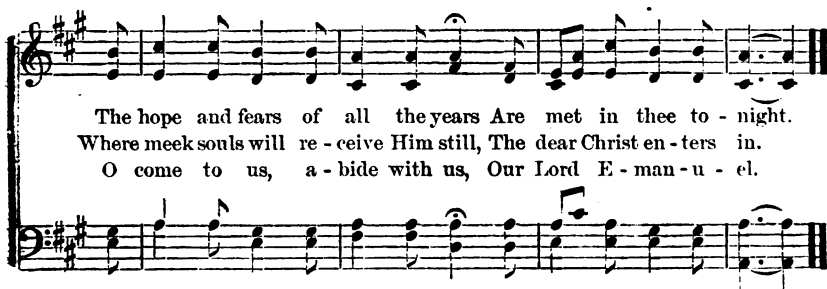
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie?
 2. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!
 3. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De-scend to us, we pray!



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent hours go by,
 So God im-parts to hu - man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n;
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day;



Yet in thy dark street shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great, glad ti - dings tell;



The hope and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el.

From "Crown of Gold." By per. Home Music Co.

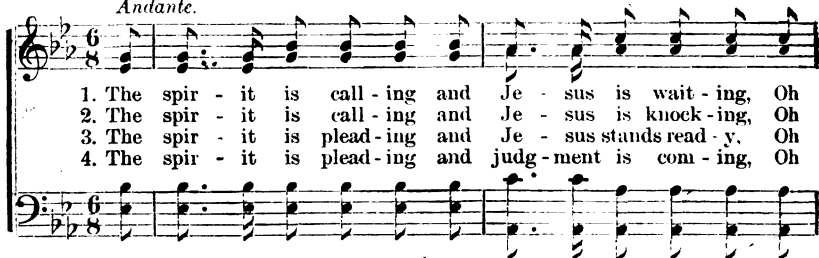
Decide To-Night.

"And the Lord said; My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3.

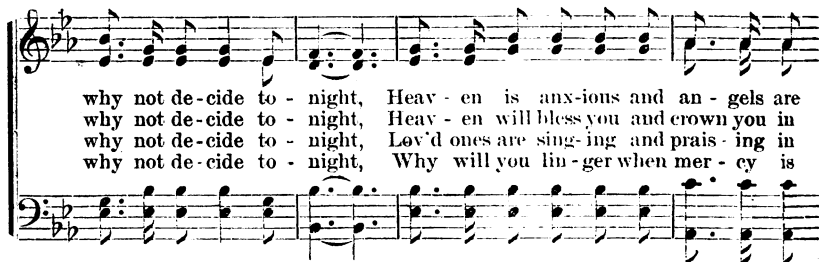
J. H. W.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

Andante.

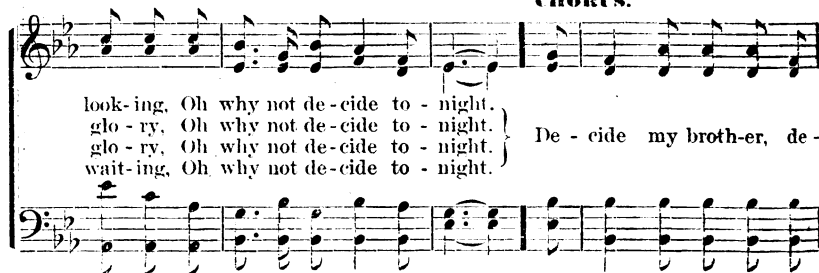


1. The spir - it is call - ing and Je - sus is wait - ing, Oh
 2. The spir - it is call - ing and Je - sus is knock - ing, Oh
 3. The spir - it is plead - ing and Je - sus stands read - y, Oh
 4. The spir - it is plead - ing and judg - ment is com - ing, Oh



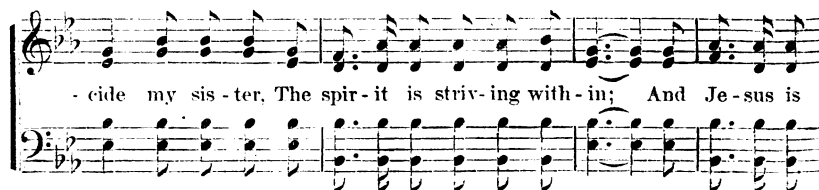
why not de - cide to - night, Heav - en is anx - ious and an - gels are
 why not de - cide to - night, Heav - en will bless you and crown you in
 why not de - cide to - night, Lov'd ones are sing - ing and prais - ing in
 why not de - cide to - night, Why will you lin - ger when mer - cy is

CHORUS.

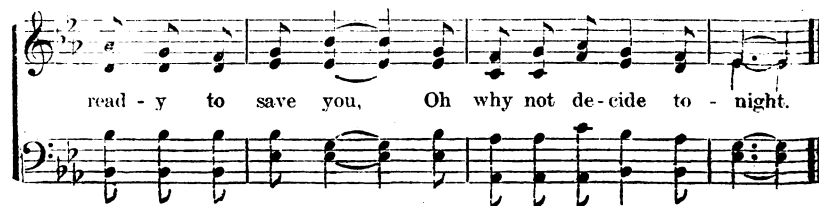


look - ing, Oh why not de - cide to - night.
 glo - ry, Oh why not de - cide to - night.
 glo - ry, Oh why not de - cide to - night.
 wait - ing, Oh why not de - cide to - night.

De - cide my broth - er, de -



- cide my sis - ter, The spir - it is striv - ing with - in; And Je - sus is



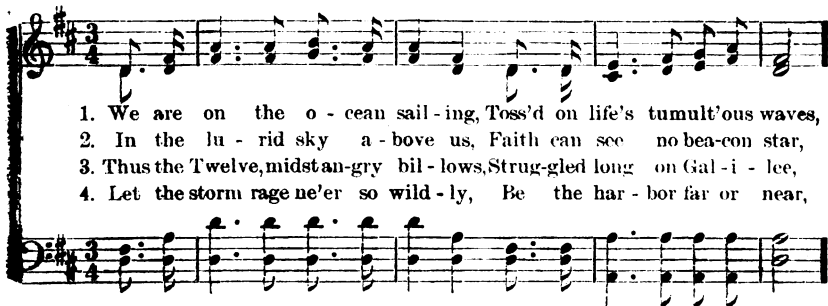
read - y to save you, Oh why not de - cide to - night.

The Port of Peace.

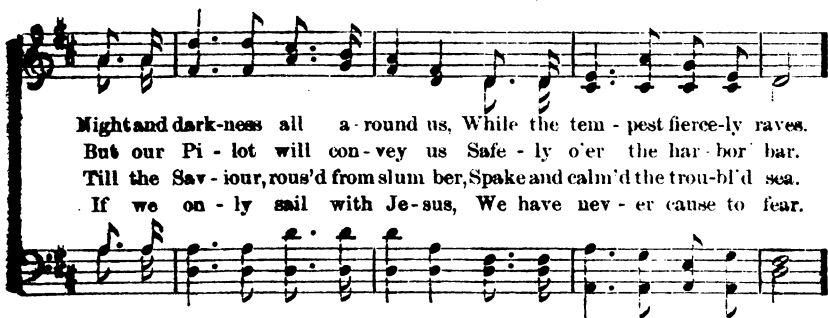
"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D

Miss EMMA E. MEYER.



1. We are on the o - cean sail - ing, Toss'd on life's tumult'ous waves,
 2. In the lu - rid sky a - bove us, Faith can see no bea-con star,
 3. Thus the Twelve, midst an - gry bil - lows, Strug - gled long on Gal - i - lee,
 4. Let the storm rage ne'er so wild - ly, Be the har - bor far or near,

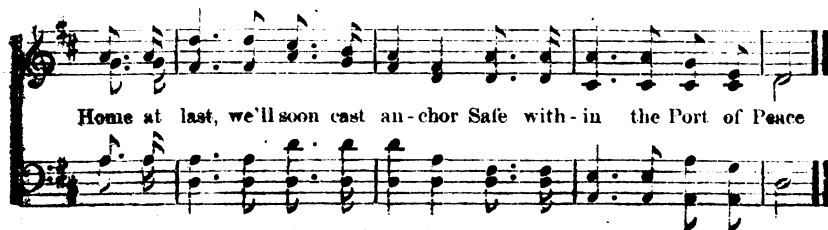


Night and dark-ness all a - round us, While the tem - pest fierce-ly raves.
 But our Pi - lot will con-vey us Safe - ly o'er the har - bor bar.
 Till the Sav - iour, rous'd from slum - ber, Spake and calm'd the trou-bl'd sea.
 If we on - ly sail with Je - sus, We have nev - er cause to fear.

CHORUS.



Soon the storms will all be o - ver, All our dark fore - bod - ings cease ;



Home at last, we'll soon cast an - chor Safe with - in the Port of Peace

"And Jesus departed from thence, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee."—MATT. 15: 29.

JAMES A. SELL

R. C. WARD.

1. My heart goes out to Gal - i - lee; A - long its
 2. E'en while the waves were run - ning high, To them He
 3. Blest Sav - iour, come, say "Peace be still;" And guide our

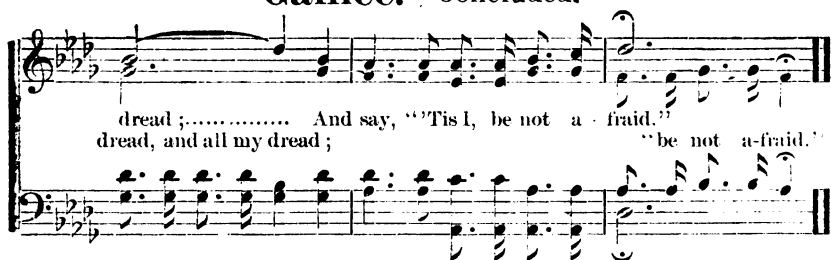
shores I fain would be, Up - on its breast the sore dis - tress'd, In
 spake, "Fear not, 'tis I!" So our frail bark is on the sea, Where
 bark to Zi - on's hill; Then in that land of peace and rest, We'll

CHORUS.
 mer - cy met the Sav-iour bless'd. Dear Sav - iour come while on the
 heav - y waves dash wild and free.
 praise Thy name with all the blest. Dear Sav-iour,

sea, while on the sea; And still And still the storm, speak peace to

me; Re - move my fear and all my
 speak peace to me; Re - move

Galilee. Concluded.



dread ;..... And say, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."
dread, and all my dread ; "be not a-fraid."

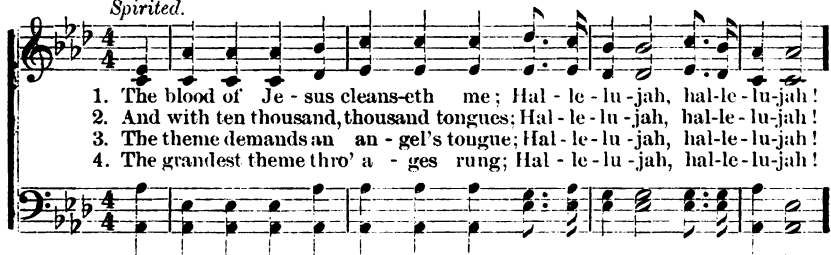
118 Hallelujah for the Blood!

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—I. JOHN 1: 7.

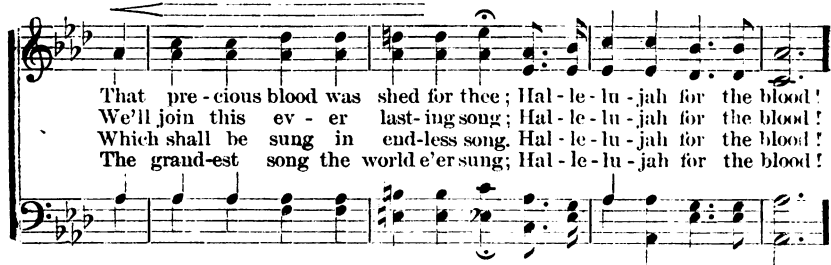
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.



1. The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me ; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah !
2. And with ten thousand, thousand tongues ; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah !
3. The theme demands an an - gel's tongue ; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah !
4. The grandest theme thro' a - ges rung ; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah !

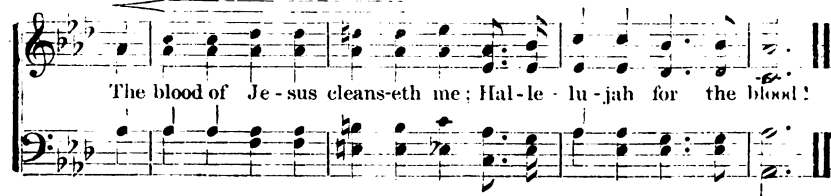


That pre - cious blood was shed for thee ; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood !
We'll join this ev - er last-ing song ; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood !
Which shall be sung in end-less song. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood !
The grand-est song the world e'er sung ; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood !

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood ;



The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me ; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood !

All the World for Jesus.

"As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God."—ROM. 14: 11.

Rev. JNO. R. COLGAN

Rev. F. S. ROBINSON.

1. All the world for Je - sus, Put it in - to song, Sing it with re -
 2. All the world for Je - sus, Is redemption's scheme; All the world for
 3. All the world for Je - sus, Is the gos-pel call; All the world for

joic - ing. Pass the word a - long; Noth - ing less the prom - ise, Noth - ing
 Je - sus. Is the an - gel's theme, Sound it from the hill - top, And the
 Je - sus., Hear, ye na - tions all, All the world for Je - sus, Means

less our aim; On - ward then to con - quest, In our Leader's name.
 val - ley low, That the blood of Je - sus Wash - es white as snow.
 Sav - iour me; Take my heart, dear Je - sus, I will fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

All..... the world for Je - sus, Be..... our dai - ly song,
 All the world, yes, all the world for Jesus, Be our daily song, yes, be our song, daily song,

Hear..... it, ev'ry na - tion! Speak it, ev - 'ry tongue!
 Hear it, ev'ry nation, yes, hear it ev'ry nation! ev'ry tongue!

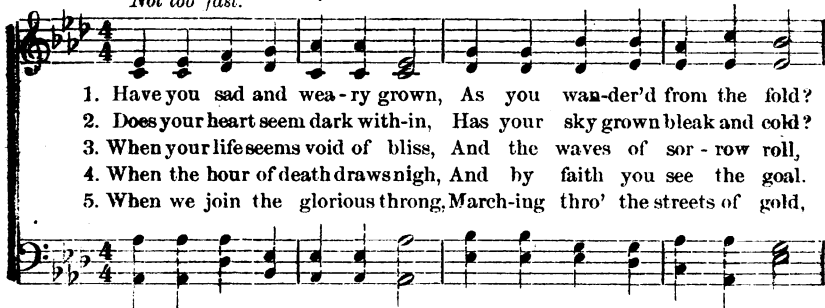
Sun-light in the Soul.

"God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all."—I. JOHN 1: 5.

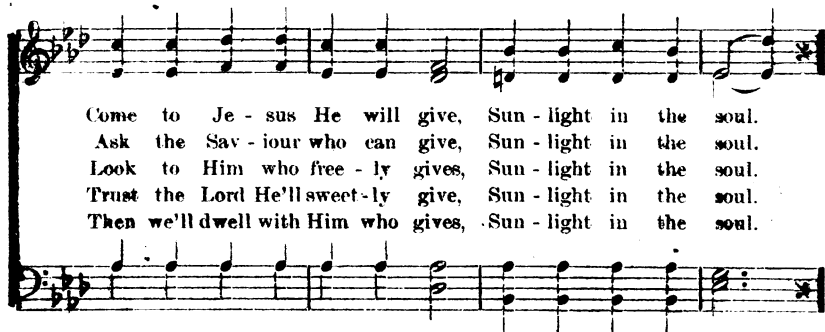
A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

A. F. MYERS.



1. Have you sad and wea-ry grown, As you wan-der'd from the fold?
 2. Does your heart seem dark with-in, Has your sky grown bleak and cold?
 3. When your life seems void of bliss, And the waves of sor-row roll,
 4. When the hour of death draws nigh, And by faith you see the goal.
 5. When we join the glorious throng, March-ing thro' the streets of gold,



Come to Je-sus He will give, Sun-light in the soul.
 Ask the Sav-iour who can give, Sun-light in the soul.
 Look to Him who free-ly gives, Sun-light in the soul.
 Trust the Lord He'll sweet-ly give, Sun-light in the soul.
 Then we'll dwell with Him who gives, Sun-light in the soul.

CHORUS.



Sun-light in the soul,..... Hal-le-lu-jah! Sun-light in the soul,.....
 soul, Hal-le-lu-jah!



f Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is the sun-light in the soul,.....
Rit. in the soul.

My Heavenly Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."—I. COR. 2: 9.

Respectfully inscribed to Hon. M. B. Templeton, of Waxahachie, Texas.

Rev. W. H. BERRY.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a land where 'tis morn - ing for - ev - er, And no
 2. There the riv - er of life, ev - er flow - ing, Keeps the
 3. O how sweet when our war - fare is o - ver, And we
 4. Sweet - er still it will be with our Sav - iour, In that

clouds ev - er dark - en the sky; Those who meet in that land naught can
 hills and the vales bright and fair; And the Sav - iour, his pres - ence be -
 pass from the scene of earth's strife, It will be in that land to dis -
 land of his glo - ry to meet, To re - joice in the light of His

sev - er, There true friend - ship and love nev - er die.
 stow - ing, Fills with bliss ev - 'ry heart that is there.
 cov - er Hearts we know to be true in this life.
 fa - vor, With the glo - ri - fied saints at His feet.

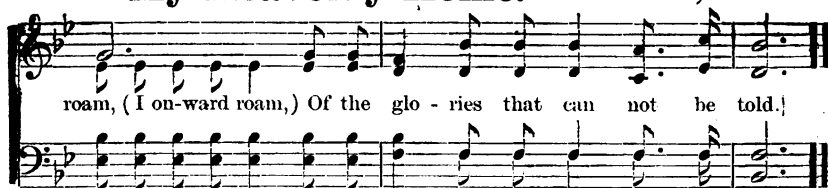
CHORUS.

O that land, (that beautiful land,) is my home, (my peaceful home!) Oft in

dreams I its beau - ties be - hold, And I think, (I ten - der - ly think,) as I

From "Spirit and life," controlled by D. E. Dortch. By per.

My Heavenly Home. Concluded,

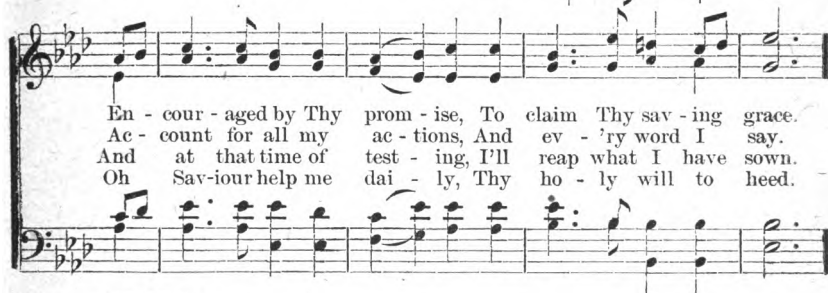
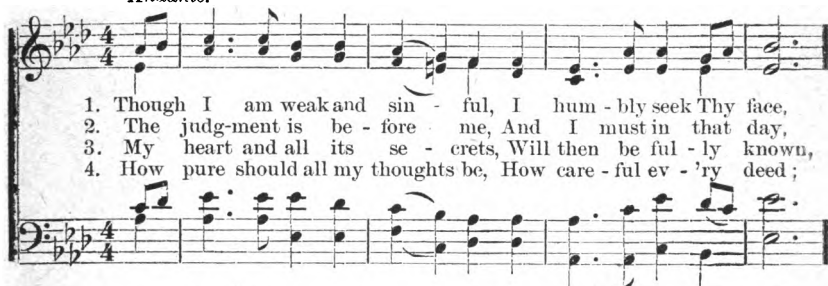


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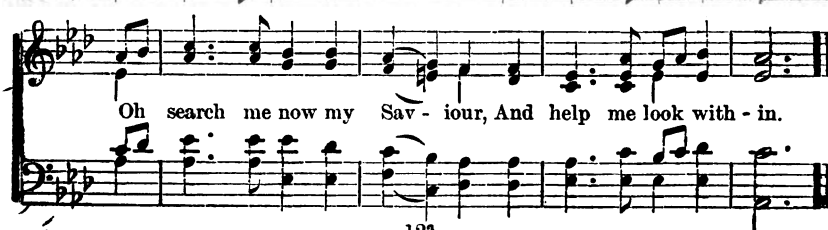
Look Within.

"Search me, oh God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts."—Ps. 139: 23.
A. F. MYERS. For this work, C. D. AMSTUTZ.

Andante.



CHORUS.




Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly.

C. E. LESLIE.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som
 2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me




fly, While the bil-lows near me roll,
 thee, Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone,
 find, Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint,

to thy bo-som fly, While the bil-lows near me roll,



While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sav-iour,
 Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on thee is
 Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is thy

While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me,



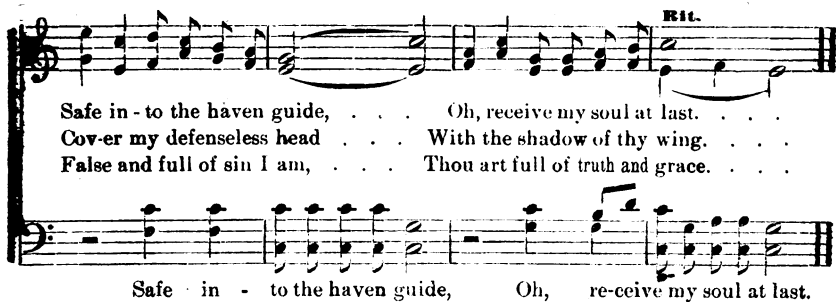
hide, Till the storm of life is past,
 stayed, All my help from thee I bring,
 name, I am all unright-eous-ness,

O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

Copyright, 1904, by Mrs. C. E. LESLIE, by per.

Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly. Concluded.

Rit.



Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last. . . .
 Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of thy wing. . . .
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace. . . .

Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

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On this Sabbath Day.

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."—1 COR. 16: 2.

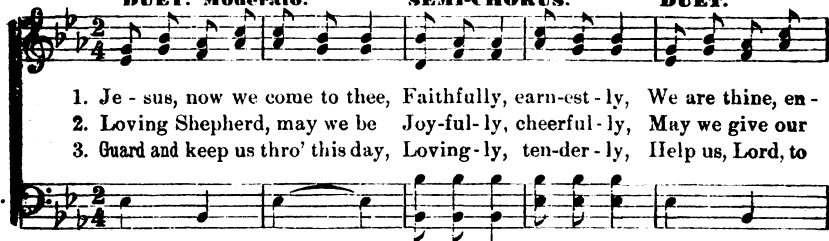
GRACE BETHERDS.

DUET. Moderato.

SEMI-CHORUS.

BESSIE L. MYERS.

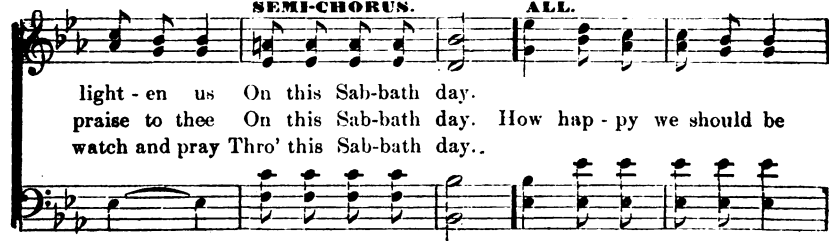
DUET.



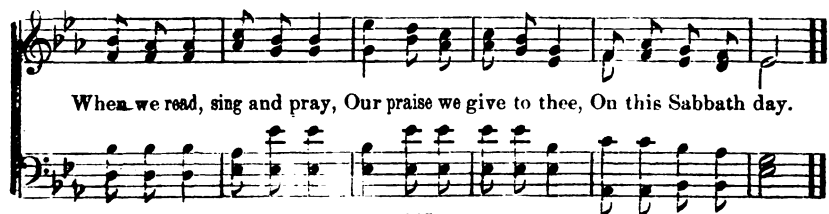
1. Je - sus, now we come to thee, Faithfully, earn-est - ly, We are thine, en -
 2. Loving Shepherd, may we be Joy-ful - ly, cheerful - ly, May we give our
 3. Guard and keep us thro' this day, Loving - ly, ten-der - ly, Help us, Lord, to

SEMI-CHORUS.

ALL.



light - en us On this Sab-bath day.
 praise to thee On this Sab-bath day. How hap - py we should be
 watch and pray Thro' this Sab-bath day..



When we read, sing and pray, Our praise we give to thee, On this Sabbath day.

"And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth."—I. KINGS 18: 42.

MARY IRENE McLEAN.

R. C. WARD.

Moderato.

1. Go with E - li - jah to Car - mel, brother, there is dearth in all
 2. Pray on the sum-mit of Car - mel, brother hid - ing from the world
 3. Watch from the sum-mit of Car - mel, brother, watch for clouds tho' the
 4. Hark! to a voice from the mountains, brother wait-ing in the dus -

the plain. Stay in the val-ley no long - er broth-er, for the
 a - way. Plead there with God for His peo - ple, broth-er, for the
 sky be clear. Watch while you pray for the com - ing show-ers, watch for
 ty plain. Run to the peo-ple with ti-dings, broth-er, there's a

CHORUS.

Lord has prom - ised rain.
 show - ers of bless - ing pray. } Pray on and nev - er grow wea - ry,
 God your pray'rs will hear.
 sound of a-bun - dant rain.

waiting, waiting for the promised rain, Pray on and nev - er grow

wea - ry, watch-ing, pray-ing, watch-ing, waiting for the gracious rain.

126 In Heaven the Children will Sing.

Words suggested by the picture of Lester Norris in the California Building at the World's Fair.

A. F. MYERS.

MRS. J. W. ANDERSON.

Not too fast.

1. As the lit-tle ones prais'd him of yore, Un-to Christ lov-ing homage we
 2. When the chil-dren to Je-sus were brought, He re-ceived them with kind-ness and
 3. By and by we will join the blest throng, And the bright walls of Heaven will

of yore,
 were brought,
 blest throng,

bring, Chil-dren wor-ship him all the world o'er And in
 love, And in ac-cents with ten-der-ness fraught, Said "of
 ring, With the ech-oes of vic-to-ry's song, Which the

we bring,
 and love,
 will ring,

CHORUS.

heav-en the chil-dren will sing.
 such is the king-dom a-bove.
 ar-my of chil-dren will sing.

Yes, in heav-en the chil-dren will

sing; With the an-gels the chil-dren will sing. There be-hold-ing God's face

children will sing.

And re-deemed by his grace, In his pres-ence the chil-dren will sing.
 chil-dren will sing.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

SOLO, DUETS, QUARTETS AND CHORUSES.

127 Oh, Do Not Bar the Saviour Out.

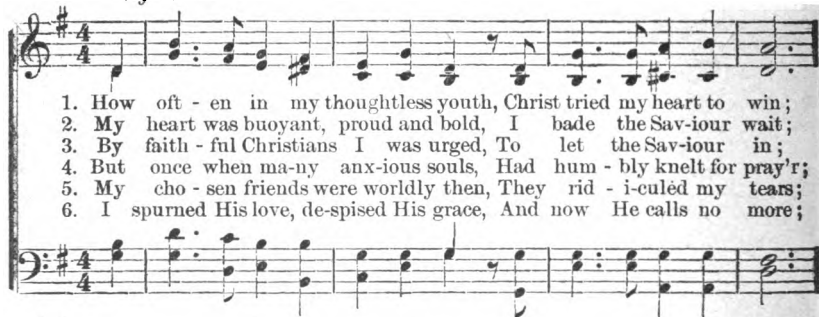
"For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."—LUKE 13: 24.

Suggested by, and dedicated to Rev. B. S. Hudson.

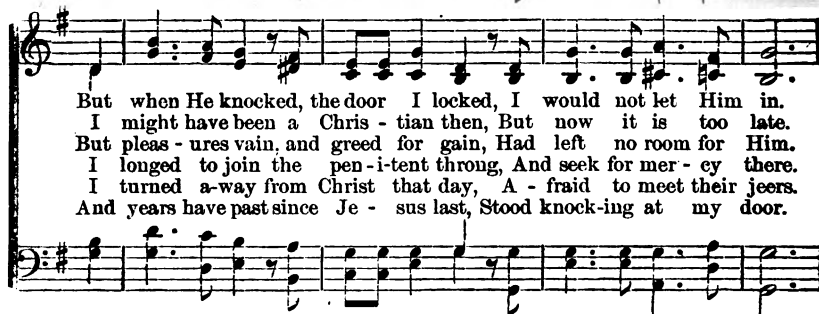
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Very slow. SOLO AND CHORUS.

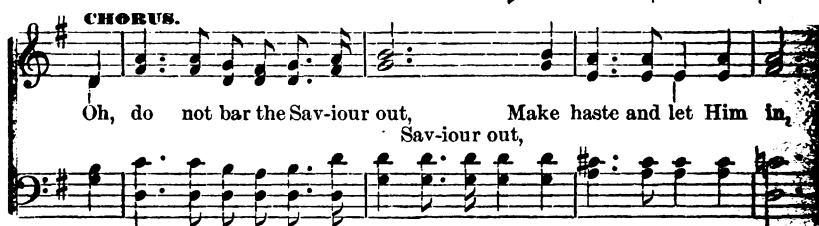


1. How oft - en in my thoughtless youth, Christ tried my heart to win;
2. My heart was buoyant, proud and bold, I bade the Sav-iour wait;
3. By faith - ful Christians I was urged, To let the Sav-iour in;
4. But once when ma-ny anx-ious souls, Had hum - bly knelt for pray'r;
5. My cho - sen friends were worldly then, They rid - i-culed my tears;
6. I spurned His love, de-spised His grace, And now He calls no more;

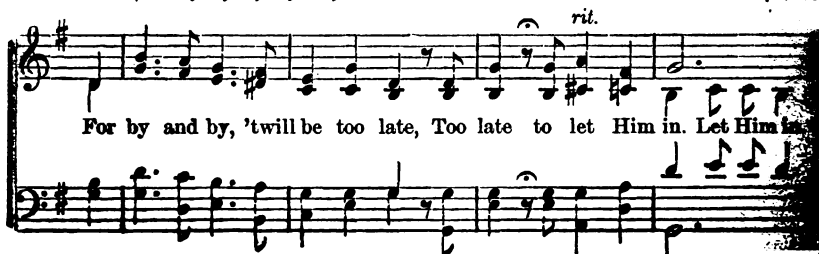


But when He knocked, the door I locked, I would not let Him in.
 I might have been a Chris - tian then, But now it is too late.
 But pleas - ures vain, and greed for gain, Had left no room for Him.
 I longed to join the pen-i-tent throng, And seek for mer - cy there.
 I turned a-way from Christ that day, A - fraid to meet their jeers.
 And years have past since Je - sus last, Stood knock-ing at my door.

CHORUS.



Oh, do not bar the Sav-iour out, Make haste and let Him in,
 Sav-iour out,



rit.
 For by and by, 'twill be too late, Too late to let Him in. Let Him in.

The Harvest is Passing.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—**JER. 8: 20.**"

F. M. D.

SOLO. *Slow with expression.*

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The har - vest is pass - ing, the sum - mer is end - ing, And
 2. The har - vest is pass - ing, the sum - mer is end - ing, And
 3. The har - vest is pass - ing, the sum - mer is end - ing, The

yet we've no sheaves to bring in,..... The spir - it has striv - en the
 yet we have gath - er'd no sheaves,..... O will it be sor - row when
 dawn of e - ter - ni - ty nigh,..... The Mas - ter is call - ing, the

warn - ing been giv - en, And we are not saved from our sin,.....
 com - eth the mor - row, And we can bring nothing but leaves,....
 shad - ows are fall - ing, For ref - uge oh, where can we fly,.....

REFRAIN.

O how can we meet the dear Saviour, Who pleadeth in vain for our souls,

Shall we from His sight e'er be banished, While onward e - ter - ni - ty rolls.

Copyright, 1884, by Frank M. Davis.

Beautiful City of Gold.

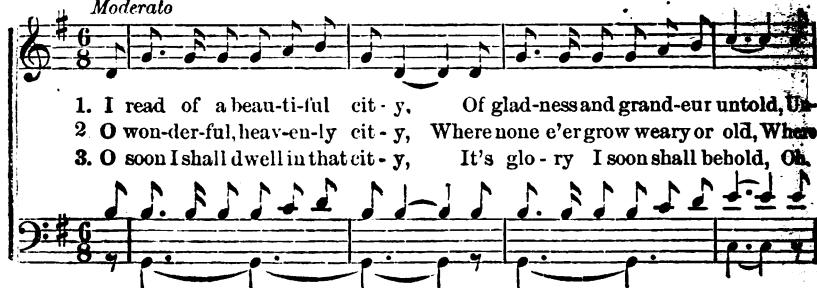
"And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—REV. 21: 18.

Dedicated to Mrs. Julia Chandler.

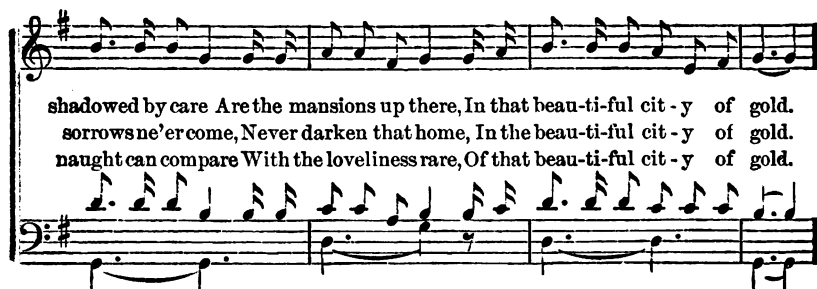
A. F. M.

Moderato

A. F. MYERS.



1. I read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y. Of glad-ness and grand-eur untold, Un-
 2. O won-der-ful, heav-en-ly cit-y, Where none e'er grow weary or old, Where
 3. O soon I shall dwell in that cit-y, It's glo-ry I soon shall behold, Oh,

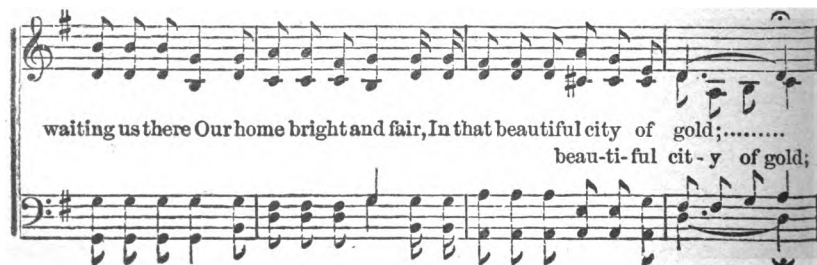


shadowed by care Are the mansions up there, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
 sorrows ne'er come, Never darken that home, In the beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
 naught can compare With the loveliness rare, Of that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.

CHORUS.



O beau - ti-ful cit - y, O beau - ti-ful home,.....
 Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful home, beautiful home.



waiting us there Our home bright and fair, In that beautiful city of gold;.....
 beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold;

Beautiful City of Gold. Concluded.

O beau - ti-ful home,..... O beau - ti-ful home;.....

Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful home, beautiful home;

The mausions up there, My Lord did prepare, In the beautiful cit-y of gold.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

130

As the Mountains.

CHORAL.

For opening, by chorus

W. A. OGDEN.

As the mountains are round a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem, So the

Lord is round a - bout His peo - ple, From hence forth, from

hence forth, from hence forth and for - ev - er - more.....

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/2. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line. There are 'cres.' markings above the staff in the second and third systems.

* Play six measures for Introduction.
From the Oratorio of Josiah.

REV. THERON BROWN.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante con moto.

1. Ye winds that once by Che - bar's flood With heav'n - ly
 2. Ye streams from Zi - on's moun - tain sides, These gifts that
 3. Ye birds of peace to men who meet, In strife or

breath re - viv'd the slain, Blow earth-ward from the trees of God
 from her gar-dens fall, Bear swift - ly on your shin - ing tides
 toss in tem-pest bring, The ol - ive sprays e - van - gels sweet

REFRAIN.

And strew their gold - en leaves a - gain. Those heal - ing leaves, those
 And love's free bless - ing yield for all.
 And tell the kind - ness of the king.

rallentando. *a tempo.*
 heal - ing leaves! Where sin pollutes, where sorrow grieves, Go spread them

rit.
 stain - less as they came From heav'n inscrib'd with Je - sus

By per. of W. J. Kirkpatrick, owner of Copyright.

"Are You Ready to Die?"

"Therefore: Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—**MATT. 24: 44.**

A. F. M. *Slow, with expression.*

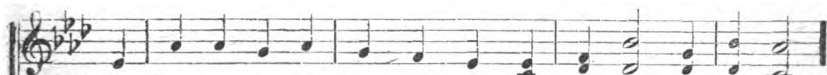
A. F. MYERS.

SOPRANO.



1. Friend af - ter friend must leave us here, How sol - emn the part-ing,
2. Our fa - ther kind has passed a - way, How sol - emn this part-ing,
3. Our moth - er sleeps, her last, long sleep, How sol - emn this part-ing,
4. Hus - band and wife must sep - a - rate, How sol - emn this part-ing,
5. Broth - ers and sis - ters say good - bye, How sol - emn this part-ing,
6. This an - gel-child has left our home, How sol - emn this part-ing,
7. We soon shall all be gathered home, Oh, won - der - ful meet-ing,

TENOR.

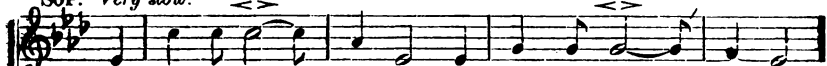


When falls the sym - pa - thiz - ing tear, How sol - emn the part-ing,
 From his frail ten - e - ment of clay, How sol - emn this part-ing,
 In lone - ly grief for her we weep, How sol - emn this part-ing,
 But join'd in heav'n they'll cel - e - brate This part-ing, this part-ing,
 To meet a - gain be - yond the sky, Where there is no part-ing,
 In ev - er ver-dant fields to roam, To nev - er know part-ing,
 Where tears and death are all un-known, How joy - ful that greet-ing,



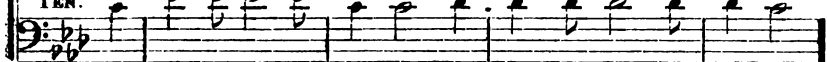
CHORUS.

SOP. *Very slow.*

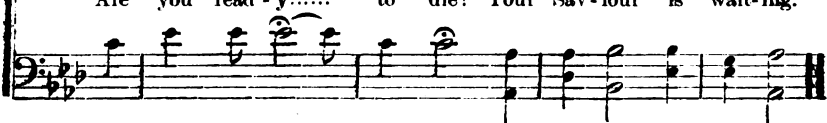


Are you read - y..... to die? Are you read - y..... to die?

TEN.



Are you read - y..... to die? Your Sav - iour is wait-ing.




133 Won't You Come To-night.

Rev. B. C. BLACK.

A. L. STOUGH.

mf *p* *rall.*




1. Haste, sinner, haste! for night is near, The sun-ny hours are almost gone;
 2. Make haste, make haste, for refuge fly, Danger and darkness gathers round;
 3. Come, trembling one, make no de-lay, The wa-ters rise, the bil-lows roar;
 4. The Saviour soft-ly whispers, "come!" Oh, let His love your heart contain;
 5. Oh, speed thee on, come while you may! Thy God will help thee, dare do right;




mf *pp* *rall.*

a tempo. *f* *dim.* *rit.*

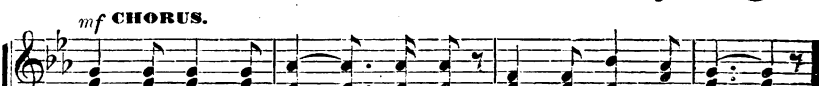


The storm-y clouds in an-ger roar, And thou art still from God and home.
 By faith to heav'n direct thine eye, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
 Oh, do not long-er stay a-way, Come, en-ter in, and fear no more.
 Accept the call while yet there's room, Let Him not die for thee in vain.
 Look not be-hind, make no de-lay, Thy Saviour's waiting, come to - night.




a tempo. *f* *dim.* *rit.*


mf **CHORUS.**



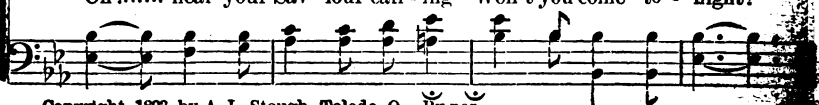
Won't you come to - night, sin-ner? Won't you come to - night?



pp *rit*



Oh!..... hear your Sav-iour call-ing—Won't you come to - night?



Copyright, 1893, by A. L. Stough, Toledo, O. By per.

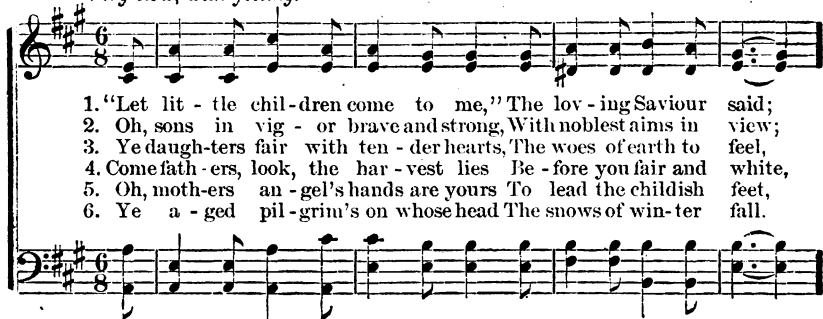
O Do Not Stay Away.

"All things are ready,"—MATT. 22 : 4.

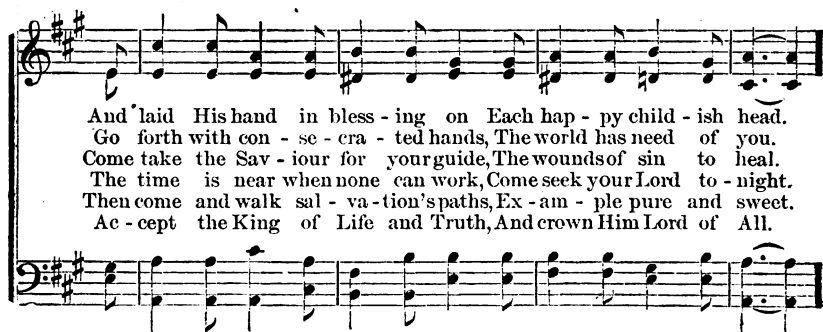
May be used as Solo and Chorus.

Mrs. I. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

A. F. MYERS.

Very slow, with feeling.


1. "Let lit - tle chil - dren come to me," The lov - ing Saviour said;
 2. Oh, sons in vig - or brave and strong, With noblest aims in view;
 3. Ye daugh - ters fair with ten - der hearts, The woes of earth to feel,
 4. Come fath - ers, look, the har - vest lies Be - fore you fair and white,
 5. Oh, moth - ers an - gel's hands are yours To lead the childish feet,
 6. Ye a - ged pil - grim's on whose head The snows of win - ter fall.



And laid His hand in bless - ing on Each hap - py child - ish head.
 Go forth with con - se - cra - ted hands, The world has need of you.
 Come take the Sav - iour for your guide, The wounds of sin to heal.
 The time is near when none can work, Come seek your Lord to - night.
 Then come and walk sal - va - tion's paths, Ex - am - ple pure and sweet.
 Ac - cept the King of Life and Truth, And crown Him Lord of All.

CHORUS.



Oh, do not stay a - way, a - way, Why lon - ger make de - lay, de - lay;



The wast - ed hours are fly - ing fast, Oh, do not stay a - way.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.



1. Low - ly en - tomb - ed He lay, My bless - ed Sav - iour;
 2. Vain - ly they watch Him, now, My bless - ed Sav - iour;
 3. Burst - ing the seal, He rose, My bless - ed Sav - iour;

Wait - ing the prom - ised day, My prec - ious Lord.
 Sure - ly He'll keep His vow, My prec - ious Lord.
 Seat - t'ring His arm - ed foes, My prec - ious Lord.

CHORUS. *faster.*



Up from the tomb He a - rose! And in triumph, vanquish'd all His
 He a - rose!

foes, He arose a victor o'er the realms of night; And He reigns forever with His
 all His foes,

saints in light, He a-rose, He a - rose, Victor o-ver all His foes.
 He a-rose, He a-rose,

By per. from, "Sunlight in Sacred Song."

136 There are no Grāves in Heaven.

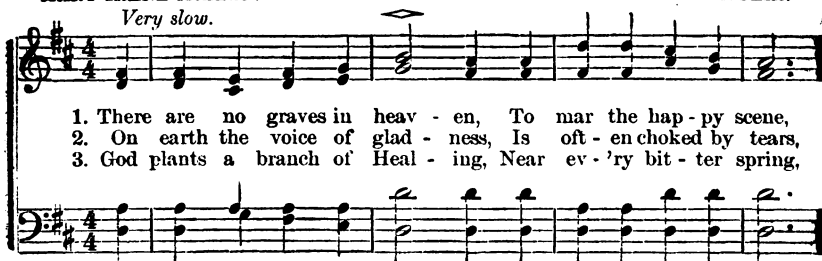
"To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."—1 PET. 1: 4.

Written in memory of Pearl McLean.

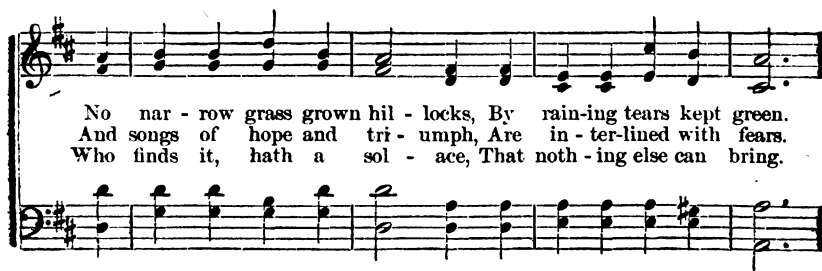
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

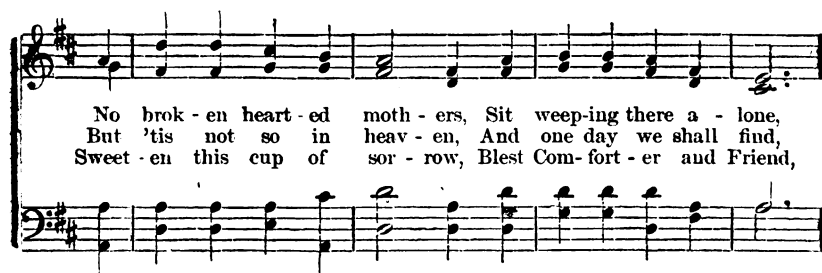
Very slow.



1. There are no graves in heav - en, To mar the hap - py scene,
2. On earth the voice of glad - ness, Is oft - en choked by tears,
3. God plants a branch of Heal - ing, Near ev - 'ry bit - ter spring,



No nar - row grass grown hil - locks, By rain - ing tears kept green.
And songs of hope and tri - umph, Are in - ter - lined with fears.
Who finds it, hath a sol - ace, That noth - ing else can bring.



No brok - en heart - ed moth - ers, Sit weep - ing there a - lone,
But 'tis not so in heav - en, And one day we shall find,
Sweet - en this cup of sor - row, Blest Com - fort - er and Friend,

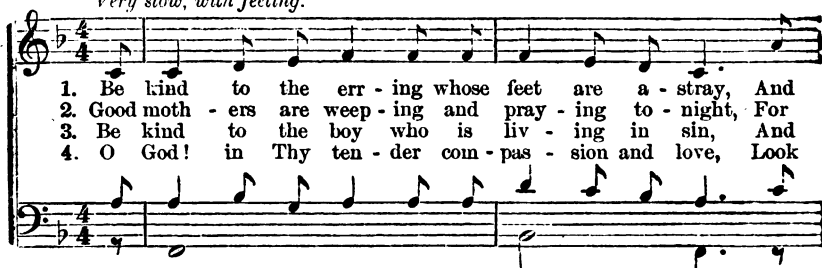


For in the souls sweet home - land, God giv - eth back His own.
The dark - est clouds of troub - le, Are all with glo - ry lined.
And thine af - flict - ed ser - vant, Sus - tain un - to the end.

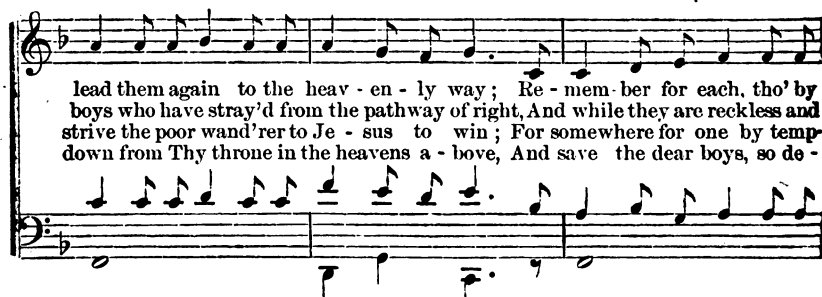
Some Mother's Child.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

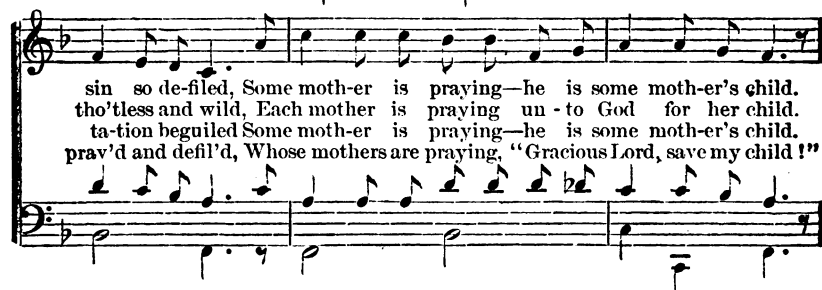
A. F. MYERS.

Very slow, with feeling.


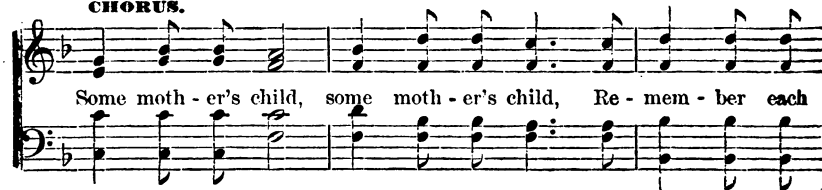
1. Be kind to the err - ing whose feet are a - stray, And
 2. Good moth - ers are weep - ing and pray - ing to - night, For
 3. Be kind to the boy who is liv - ing in sin, And
 4. O God! in Thy ten - der com - pas - sion and love, Look



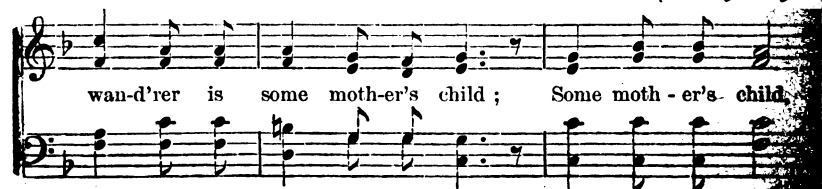
lead them again to the heav - en - ly way; Re - mem - ber for each, tho' by
 boys who have stray'd from the pathway of right, And while they are reckless and
 strive the poor wand'rer to Je - sus to win; For somewhere for one by temp -
 down from Thy throne in the heavens a - bove, And save the dear boys, so de -



sin so de - filed, Some moth - er is praying—he is some moth - er's child.
 tho'tless and wild, Each mother is praying un - to God for her child.
 ta - tion beguiled Some moth - er is praying—he is some moth - er's child.
 pray'd and defil'd, Whose mothers are praying, "Gracious Lord, save my child!"

CHORUS.


Some moth - er's child, some moth - er's child, Re - mem - ber each



wand'rer is some moth - er's child; Some moth - er's child,

Some Mother's Child. Concluded.

some mother's child, Re - mem - ber each wand'rer is some mother's child.

138

Why Not To-night?

To my Quartet, Madison, Fla.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. The Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Why not be sav'd to - night?
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Why not be sav'd to - night?
 Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will, Come and be sav'd to - night?
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Why not be sav'd to - night?

REFRAIN.

Earnestly.

Why not to - night? why not to - night? Thou would'st be sav'd, Why not to - night?

rit.
 Why not to - night? why not to - night? Why not be sav'd to - night?

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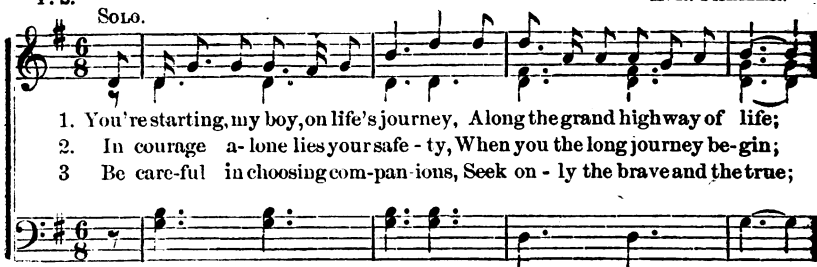
139 Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

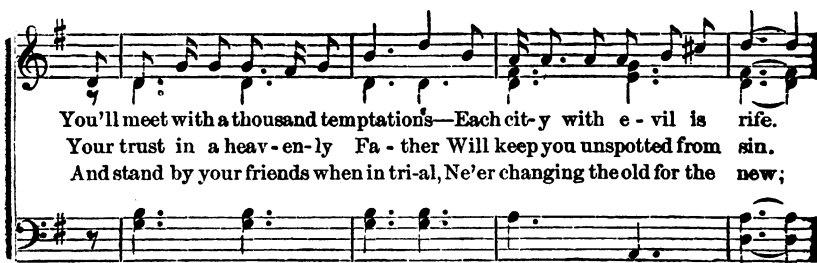
H. R. PALMER.

P. S.

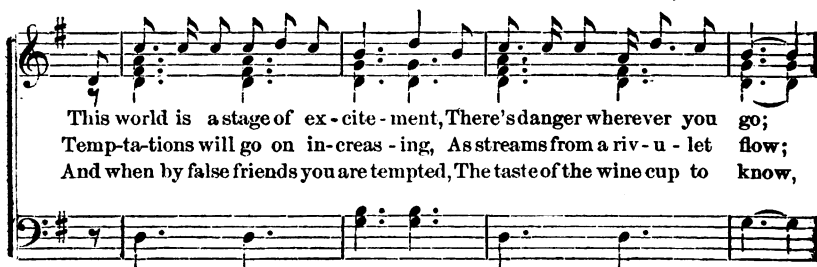
SOLO.



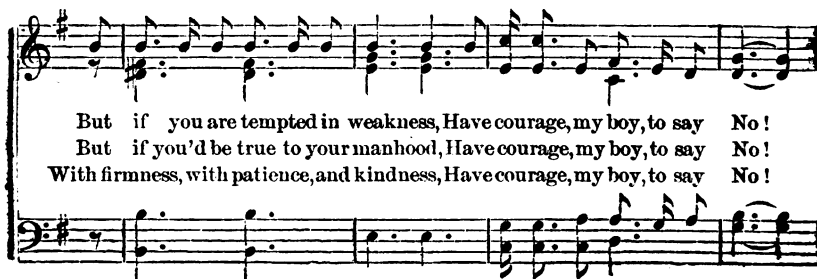
1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life;
2. In courage a-lone lies your safe-ty, When you the long journey be-gin;
3. Be care-ful in choosing com-pan-ions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true;



You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you unspotted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;



This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's danger wherever you go;
Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the wine cup to know,

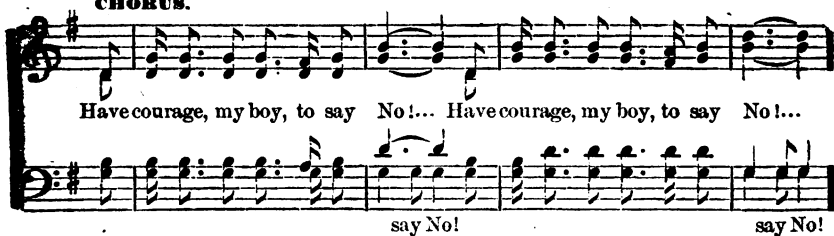


But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience, and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

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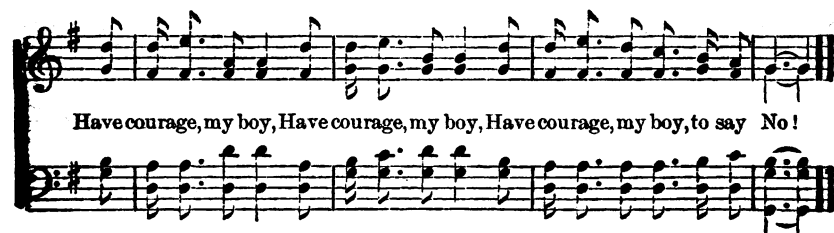
Have Courage, my Boy. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Have courage, my boy, to say No!... Have courage, my boy, to say No!...

say No! say No!



Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

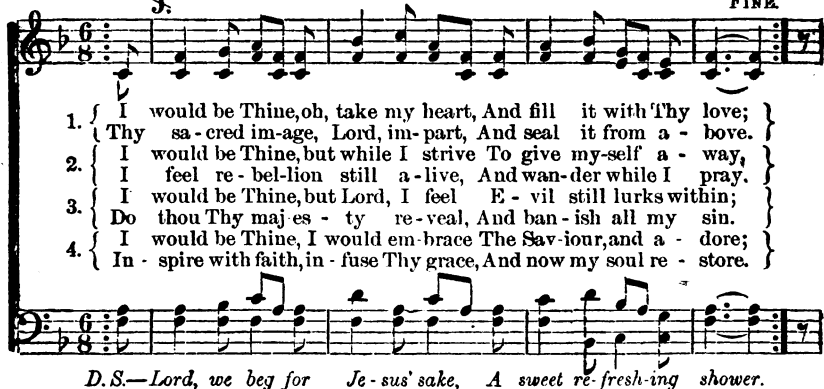
140 Oh, for Converting Grace.

ANDREW REED.

Arr. by Mrs. G. K. LITTLE.

S.

FIN.



1. { I would be Thine, oh, take my heart, And fill it with Thy love; }
 { Thy sa - cred im-age, Lord, im-part, And seal it from a - bove. }

2. { I would be Thine, but while I strive To give my-self a - way, }
 { I feel re - bel-lion still a - live, And wan-der while I pray. }

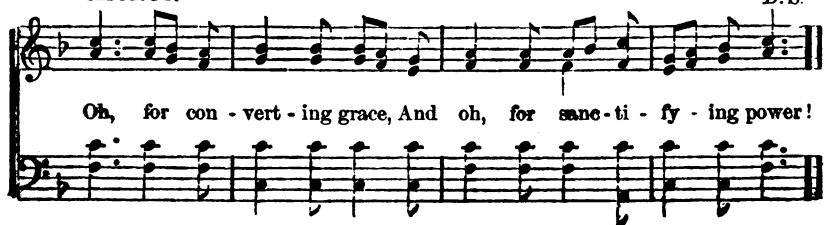
3. { I would be Thine, but Lord, I feel E - vil still lurks within; }
 { Do thou Thy majes - ty re-veal, And ban-ish all my sin. }

4. { I would be Thine, I would em-brace The Sav-iour, and a - dore; }
 { In - spire with faith, in - fuse Thy grace, And now my soul re - store. }

D.S.—Lord, we beg for Je - sus' sake, A sweet re-fresh-ing shower.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Oh, for con - vert - ing grace, And oh, for sanc - ti - fy - ing power!

Copyright, 1892, by G. K. Little. By per.

DUET.

1. They are drifting a-way on the sea of life, On its foaming billows tossed,
 2. Let the bea-con of hope thro' the darkness shine, For the wand'ers of the wave,
 3. They are drifting away from the light of home, They are losing manhood's pride,

They are weary and faint with the fruitless strife, In a moment, they'll be lost.
 There is mercy and love in the Fount divine, All the wrecked of earth to save.
 They are wrecking their hopes for the life to come, They are drifting with the tide.

CHORUS.

Drift - ing a - way,..... Drift - ing a - way,.....
 Drift-ing a - way, Drift-ing a - way,

They are drift-ing far-ther and far-ther a - way, Farther and farther a -
 They are drifting far - ther and far - ther a - way.....

Drift - ing farther, and farther, farther a-way.
 They are drifting far - ther and far - ther a - way, a-way.

They are drift-ing farther and farther a - way.....
 D. B. Towner, owner of copyright. By per.

Sisters, be to Jesus True.

"And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE 10: 42.

Mrs. IRENE McLEAN.

Slow, with expression.

Ladies' Trio.

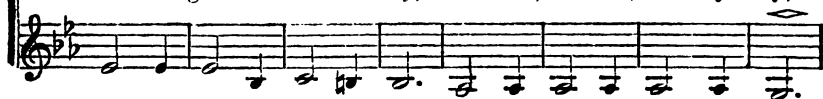
A. F. MYERS.



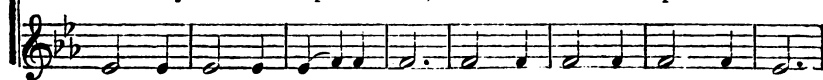
1. Sis - ters, be to Je - sus true, He has work for us to do,
2. There are lives for us to win, Un - to Christ from paths of sin,
3. There are stray-ing lambs to seek, On the moun-tain bare and bleak,



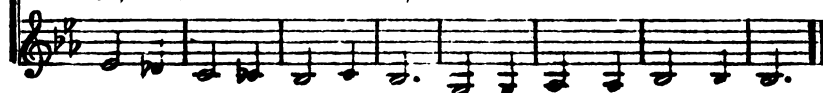
Souls for whom His blood was shed, Hun- ger for the Liv - ing Bread;
Souls in homes of want and pain, That our pa - tient love may gain;
Wan-d'ring from the fold a - way, far - ther, far-ther, ev - 'ry day;



We to thirs-ty ones may show, Where life giv - ing wa - ters flow.
Words of peace and hope to bear, To our sis - ters in des - pair.
Now they need the Shepherd's care, Shall we let them per - ish there?



Long they wait in ray - less night, We must give to them the light.
Wo-man's work is nev - er done, 'Till the harp and crown are won.
Oh, there is so much to do, Sis - ters be to Je - sus true.



"My Mother's Prayer."

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. 31: 28.

Dedicated to my mother.

A. F. M.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow with feeling.

1. When but a child I learned to pray, Be-side my moth-er's knee,
 2. When tempted from the nar-row path, Where peace and du-ty meet,
 3. Pray for and with your children dear, And let them hear your pray'rs,
 4. Oh, moth-ers in your hands may lie, your child-ren's fi-nal doom,

How lov-ing-ly at close of day, My moth-er prayed for me.
 God hears her pray'r, He sees her faith And grace re-strains my feet.
 The influ'nce may in af-ter years, Keep them from man-y snares.
 Pray on, pray on, God hears your cry, For help to lead them home.

CHORUS.

My mother's pray'rs, how full of faith, When she in tears and smiles,

With pleasing face up-turned to God, Sought Blessings on her child.

PRAYER. *p* *pp*
 Oh Fath-er bless my child,..... Bless Thou my dar-ling child.
 my child, my child.

My Mother's Prayer. Conciuded.

very slow. rit.

Help me to guide his steps a-right, And bless, oh, bless my child!

Alto use small notes above Soprano

144

Morning Prayer.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."—Ps. 5: 3.

S. S. M.

S. S. MYERS.

1. Oh! hear us, our Sav-iour, while humbly we pray, Watch o'er us and
2. Lord, help us to lift up our voic-es to Thee, In songs of thanks-

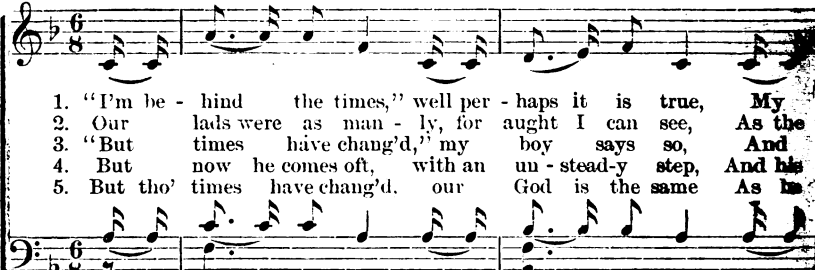
keep us from dan-ger this day, Though tri-als as-sail us, temp-
giv-ing, in glad ju-bi-lee, And may we all hon-or as-

ta-tion and sin, Oh! grant us Thy fa-vor and bless-ing to win.
cribe to Thy name, Thou bless-ed Re-deem-er, for-ev-er, A-men.

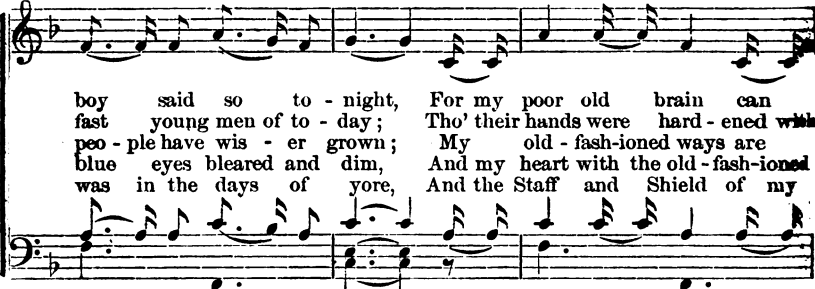
ANON.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.

R. C. WARD.



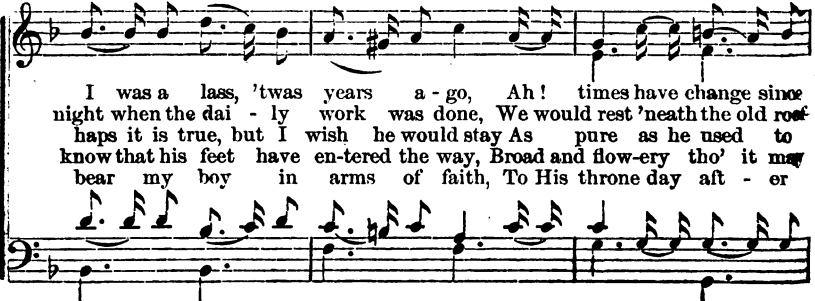
1. "I'm be - hind the times," well per - haps it is true, My
 2. Our lads were as man - ly, for aught I can see, As the
 3. "But times have chang'd," my boy says so, And
 4. But now he comes oft, with an un - stead-y step, And his
 5. But tho' times have chang'd, our God is the same As he



boy said so to - night, For my poor old brain can
 fast young men of to - day; Tho' their hands were hard - ened with
 peo - ple have wis - er grown; My old - fash-ioned ways are
 blue eyes bleared and dim, And my heart with the old - fash-ioned
 was in the days of yore, And the Staff and Shield of my

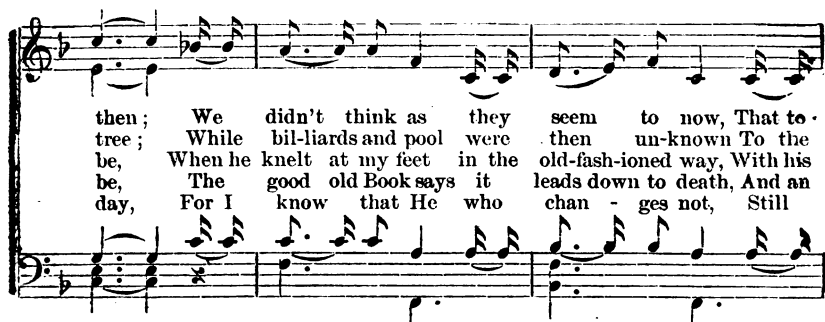


not see thro' These new - fan-gled no - tions of right. When
 hon - est things, And they didn't dress quite so gay. And at
 all out of date, Like the days when I was young. Well per -
 moth - er love, Grows sick with fear for him; For I
 wid - owed years Is strong for - ev - er - more. I



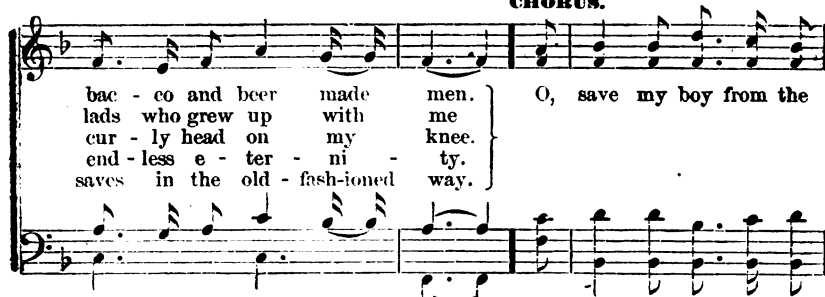
I was a lass, 'twas years a - go, Ah! times have change since
 night when the dai - ly work was done, We would rest 'neath the old roof
 haps it is true, but I wish he would stay As pure as he used to
 know that his feet have en - tered the way, Broad and flow - ery tho' it may
 bear my boy in arms of faith, To His throne day aft - er

The Old-Fashioned Way. Concluded.

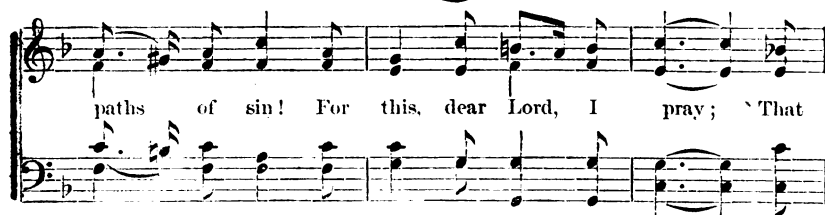


then; We didn't think as they seem to now, That to-
 tree; While bil-liards and pool were then un-known To the
 be, When he knelt at my feet in the old-fash-ioned way, With his
 be, The good old Book says it leads down to death, And an
 day, For I know that He who chan - ges not, Still

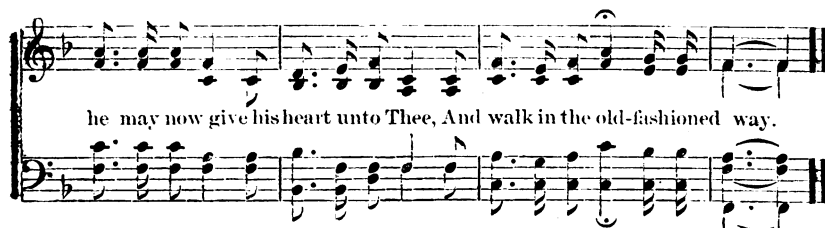
CHORUS.



bac - co and beer made men. } O, save my boy from the
 lads who grew up with me
 cur - ly head on my knee.
 end - less e - ter - ni - ty.
 saves in the old - fash-ioned way.



paths of sin! For this, dear Lord, I pray; That



he may now give his heart unto Thee, And walk in the old-fashioned way.

146

Dennis. Key F.

1. Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

The Birthday of our King

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a son is given."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

Mrs. HATTIE M. BENNETT.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Un - to God be high - est glo - ry, And on earth good-will to men,
 2. Now with hap - py hearts and voic - es, We to Christ our trib - ute bring,
 3. Let all na - tions join the cho - rus Of the ev - er - last - ing song.

Since the Prince of Peace is born; Tell a - far the won - drous sto - ry,
 On this bless - ed Christ - mas day, In His light the world re - joic - es,
 That the heav'n - ly min - strels sing; God's e - ter - nal love is o'er us,

Sing Re - demp - tion's song a - gain, On this fes - tal Christ - mas morn.
 While the bells of Heav - en ring, And the shad - ows roll a - way.
 Shout for joy, O earth - ly throng, 'Tis the Birth - day of our King.

CHORUS.

SOP. ALTO. SOP. ALTO.
 Mer - ry Christmas, mer - ry Christmas, Mer - ry Christmas, mer - ry Christmas,

TENOR. BASS. TENOR. BASS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, joy - ful prais - es now we bring, 'Tis the Birth - day

The Birthday of our King. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.

of our King, And with an-gels we will sing glo-ry to His name, A-men.

148 Lean upon the Saviour.

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved."—JOHN 13: 23.

A. F. M.

MALE VOICES.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow, with expression.

1. Hear the loving Saviour say - ing Lean my weary child on me,
 2. Lean up-on me in your weak-ness, All your needs my strength shall be,
 3. When the night of death o'er-takes you, Wear y child lean thou on me,

say-ing, on me;
 weakness, shall be,
 takes you, on me,

I will smoothe the rugged path-way, If you will but lean on me,
 I will not for-sake nor leave you, If you'll on-ly lean on me,
 I will give you grace to tri - umph, If you on-ly lean on me,

path-way, on me.
 leave you, on me.
 tri-umph, on me.

CHORUS.

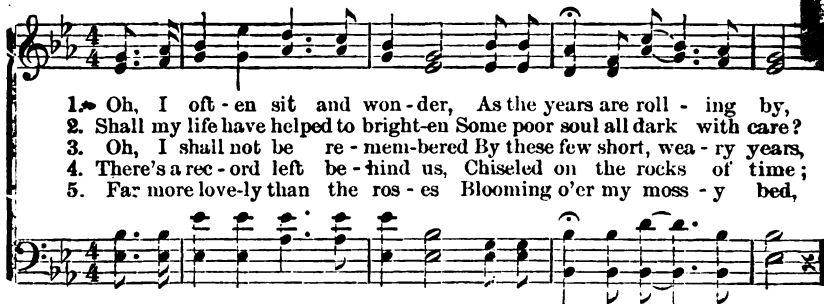
Lean up-on the Sav - iour, He your on-ly hope must be;...
 Lean up-on the lov-ing Sav-iour,
 He will be your strong De-liv - 'rer, Lo! He calls come lean on me, on me.

149 Will They Miss Me When I'm Gone

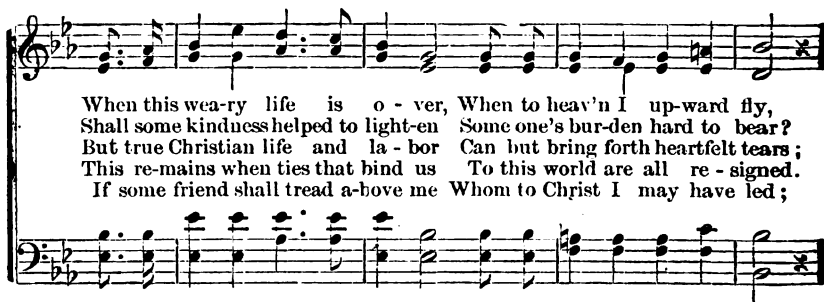
Rev. W. G. C.

May be sung as a Solo.

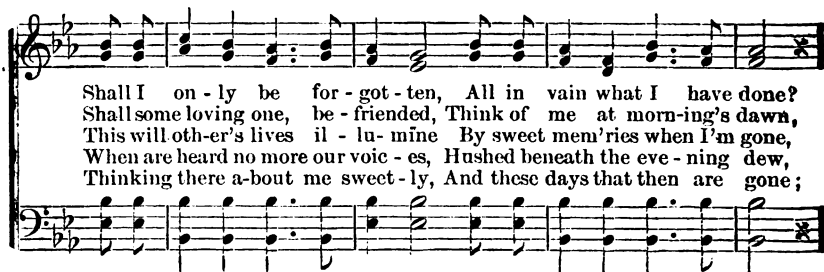
Rev. W. G. COOPER.



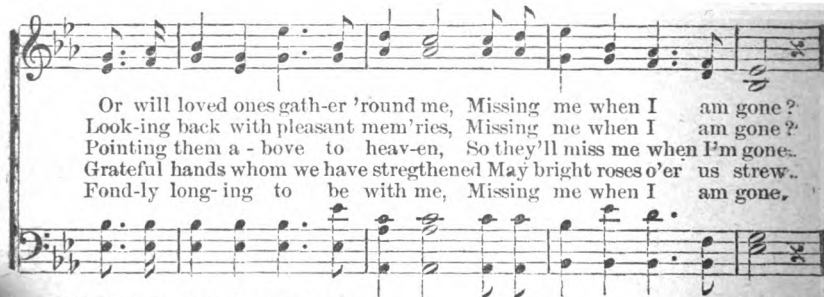
1. Oh, I oft - en sit and won - der, As the years are roll - ing by,
 2. Shall my life have helped to bright - en Some poor soul all dark with care?
 3. Oh, I shall not be re - mem - bered By these few short, wea - ry years,
 4. There's a rec - ord left be - hind us, Chiseled on the rocks of time;
 5. Far more love - ly than the ros - es Blooming o'er my moss - y bed,



When this wea - ry life is o - ver, When to heav'n I up - ward fly,
 Shall some kindness helped to light - en Some one's bur - den hard to bear?
 But true Christian life and la - bor Can but bring forth heartfelt tears;
 This re - mains when ties that bind us To this world are all re - signed;
 If some friend shall tread a - bove me Whom to Christ I may have led;



Shall I on - ly be for - got - ten, All in vain what I have done?
 Shall some loving one, be - friended, Think of me at morn - ing's dawn,
 This will oth - er's lives il - lu - mine By sweet mem'ries when I'm gone,
 When are heard no more our voic - es, Hushed beneath the eve - ning dew,
 Thinking there a - bout me sweet - ly, And these days that then are gone;



Or will loved ones gath - er 'round me, Missing me when I am gone?
 Look - ing back with pleasant mem'ries, Missing me when I am gone?
 Pointing them a - bove to heav - en, So they'll miss me when I'm gone.
 Grateful hands whom we have strenghtened May bright roses o'er us strew.
 Fond - ly long - ing to be with me, Missing me when I am gone,

Will They Miss Me? Concluded.

CHORUS.

When this weary life is o - ver, And my work shall all be done,..... all done,

Shall I be re-membered fond-ly, Will they miss me when I'm gone?

150

Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-cra-ted
 2. O Je-sus, mighty Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal-
 3. Oh, let the fire, de-scending, Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
 4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood; Now seal me by Thy

of-f'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be. claim. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
 of-f'ring, And cleanse and make me whole. Spir - it, A sac - ri-fice to God.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

ADALINE H. BERRY.

C. D. AMSTUTZ.

1. See, the morn is bright'ning, In the east - ern sky ; Up ! for work make
 2. Sow the seeds of kind - ness In your neighbor's heart ; You will soon with
 3. Sow a - long the high - way, Strangers may be there ; You may make them

read - y, Lie not i - dly by ; Has - ten to the grain - fields,
 glad - ness See the plant - lets start ; If the soil is ston - y,
 bet - ter By a gift of pray'r ; Sow be - neath the noon - tide

With your precious seed ; Ma - ny will - ing workmen, Yet the Lord will need .
 Nev - er fear to sow ; Some rift may be o - pen, Where the stalk may grow .
 While your strength is giv'n, Sow 'till life is end - ed, You will reap in heav'n.

CHORUS.

'Tis..... the time for sow - ing Seeds..... of
 'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'Tis the time for sow -

By permission.

Sowing Time. Concluded

pre - cious worth ;..... Scat - - ter them like
ing Seeds of precious worth, Scat-ter them like sun - shine,

sun - shine O - - ver all the earth.....
O-ver all the earth, Scatter them like sun - shine, O - ver all the earth.

'Tis..... the time for sow - ing Seeds..... of
'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'Tis the time for sow -

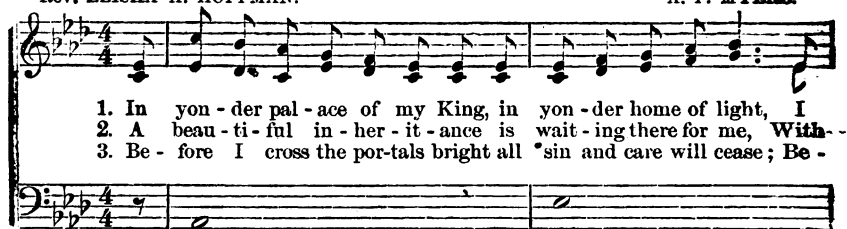
pre - cious worth,..... Scat - - ter them like
ing Seeds of precious worth ; Scat-ter them like sun - shine,

sun - shine, O - - ver all the earth.....
O - ver all the earth, Scatter them like sun - shine, O - ver all the earth.

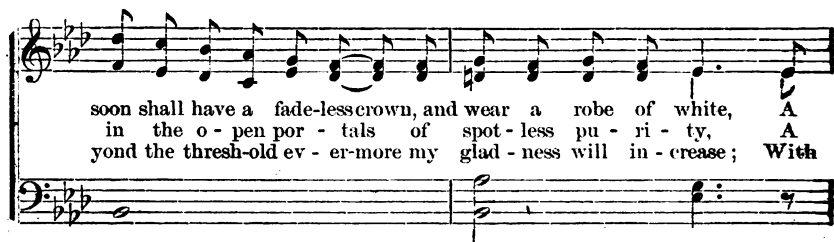
A Wonderful Inheritance.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

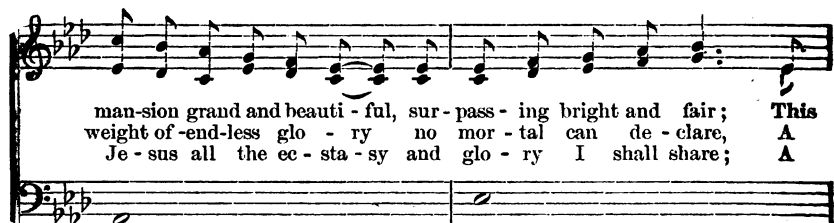
A. F. MYERS.



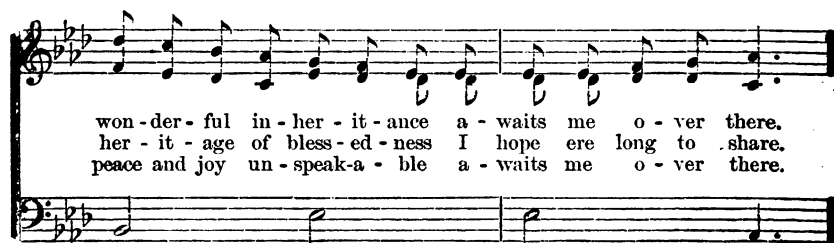
1. In yon - der pal - ace of my King, in yon - der home of light, I
 2. A beau - ti - ful in - her - it - ance is wait - ing there for me, With -
 3. Be - fore I cross the por - tals bright all *sin and care will cease; Be -



soon shall have a fade-less crown, and wear a robe of white, A
 in the o - pen por - tals of spot-less pu - ri - ty, A
 yond the thresh-old ev - er-more my glad-ness will in - crease; With

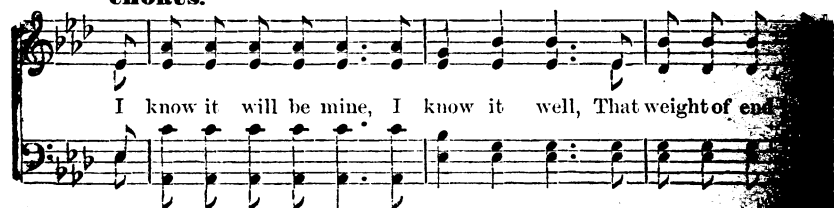


man-sion grand and beauti - ful, sur - pass - ing bright and fair; This
 weight of - end-less glo - ry no mor - tal can de - clare, A
 Je - sus all the ec - sta - sy and glo - ry I shall share; A



won - der - ful in - her - it - ance a - waits me o - ver there.
 her - it - age of bless - ed - ness I hope ere long to share.
 peace and joy un - speak-a - ble a - waits me o - ver there.

CHORUS.



I know it will be mine, I know it well, That weight of end

A Wonderful Inheritance. Concluded.

glo - ry no mor - tal tongue can tell, The glo - ry rare my soul shall
share, A won - der - ful in - her - it - ance, a - waits me o - ver there.

153 Jesus Paid the Ransom.

Mrs. S. M. HARRINGTON.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When on Calvary's mountain, God's beloved Son, Opened up life's fountain,
2. He was pure and ho - ly, Vile and sinful we, Yet the blessed Saviour,
3. On the cross He pleadeth, By His mighty love, And He in - ter - ced - eth,
4. Come, and now believe Him, Who for thee hath died; Come, and now receive Him,

CHORUS.

Lo! the work was done.
Died to make us free. } Je - sus paid the ran - som Laid on you and
Now for us a - bove.
Christ the cru - ci - fied

me, When He bled and died For us on Cal - va - ry.

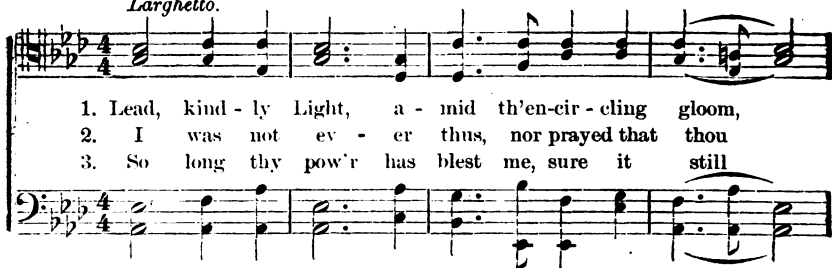
Copyright, 1904, by W. A. Ogden.

Lead, Kindly Light.

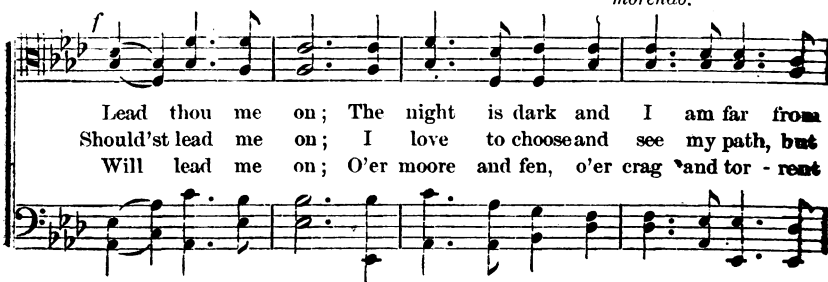
To Dr. J. Lee Richmond.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. Male voices, melody for first Bass.

A. L. STOUGH.

Larghetto.


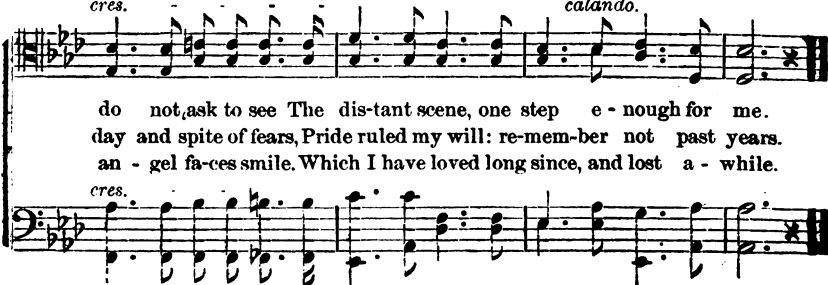
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom,
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou
 3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still

morendo.


Lead thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from
 Should'st lead me on; I love to choose and see my path, but
 Will lead me on; O'er moore and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent

tempo.


home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet,
 now Lead thou me on; I love the gar -
 till The night is gone, And with the morn

*cres.**calando.*


do not ask to see The dis-tant scene, one step e - nough for me.
 day and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
 an - gel fa-cies smile. Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

155 Down in the Licensed Saloon.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward."—Is. 5: 22-23.

W. A. W.

An answer to, "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

W. A. WILLIAMS.

p *rit.*

Where is my wand'-ring boy to-night? Down in the li-censed sa - loon.

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, Tempt-ed to all that's
3. Lit - tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
4. Broth-er, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy

mp

ma - ny a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light,
sin - ful and wrong, List - en - ing to the har - lot's foul song,
poor heart will break, Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck,
down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite,

CHORUS. *m*

Down in the li-censed sa - loon.
Down in the li-censed sa - loon.
Down in the li-censed sa - loon.
Down in the li-censed sa - loon. } There is my wand'ring boy to-night,

cres.

There is my wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed [saloon!]

By per. from Silver tones, by Silver Lake Quartette and W. A. Williams, Warnock, O. 35 ca.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come weal, come woe wher-e'er we go, God is not far a - way;
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
 3. Thro' chang-ing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And molds the gold-en day.
 And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;
 And safe the soul from doubt and fears That in His bo-som hides.

The dark-est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade
 But sweet-ly whis-pers while His hands Up-on His owa are laid,—
 On nois-y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deep-est shade,

He speaks in tones of ten-der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa-ther stands, My child, be not a - fraid."
 That voice is heard with ac-cents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

CHORUS.

Be not a - fraid,..... Be not a - fraid,.....
 Child, be not, be not a - fraid, Child, be not, be not a - fraid,

Be Not Afraid. Concluded.

cres.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,

ff *pp*

Be not a - afraid,..... Be not a - afraid,.....
 Child, be not, be not a - afraid, Child, be not, be not a - afraid,

cres.

He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - afraid."

157

The Lord's Prayer.

S. S. MYERS.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . . us from evil.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.
 For Thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Ps. 37: 2.

GRACE GLENN.

A. F. MYERS.



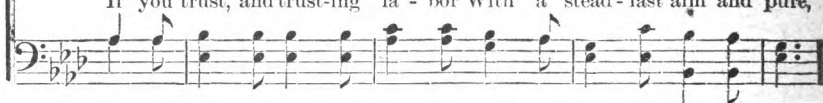
1. Are you liv-ing close to Je - sus, Are you dai - ly do-ing good?
2. Are you trust-ing as you la - bor, Lay - ing earth - ly cares a - side?
3. Are you trust-ing in the shad - ow Just the same as in the light,



Are you do - ing all you prom-ised Him Who sav'd you that you would?
 Troub-led not with o - ver serv - ing As you at His feet a - bide?
 Tak - ing as you jour - ney for - ward, Steps by faith and not by sight?



Are you speak-ing to the lost ones, Are you show - ing them the way?
 Are you lift - ing up the wea - ry? Are you strength-en-ing the weak?
 If you trust, and trust-ing la - bor With a stead - fast aim and pure,



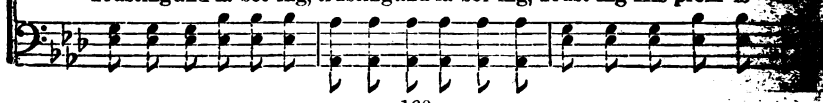
Oh, my broth-er and my sis - ter, Are you work-ing ev - 'ry day?
 Giv-ing cour-age, hope, and com-fort, By the kind - ly words you speak?
 Yours will be the pre-cious promise, For the word of God is sure.



CHORUS.



Work - ing, Work - ing, Toil - ing,
 Trusting and la-bor-ing, trusting and la-bor-ing, Trust-ing His prom-is -



Trusting and Toiling. Concluded.

toil - ing, Work - ing,
trust-ing His prom-is - es, Working for Je-sus to - day, Working, working,
Work - ing,

toil - ing, We will work to - day; We will trust and
work to - day, Work to - - day.
toil - ing,

work for Je - sus, we will work to - day, Work - ing,
Trust-ing His prom-is - es,

toil - ing, Hop - ing, pray - ing,
trusting His promis-es, La - bor-ing faith-ful-ly, la - bor-ing faith-ful-ly,

trust - ing ev - er.
Praying and trusting Him, praying and trusting Him, Working for Him to-day.

159 Message of the Heart's-ease.

Written for and Dedicated to the Toledo, Y. W. C. A.

BERTHA M SCHWEIZER.

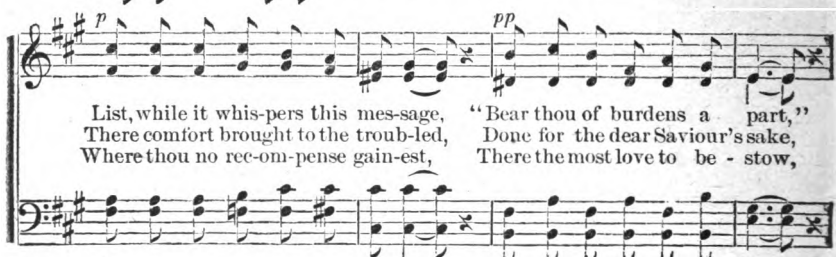
[May be used as a Solo.]

A. L. STOUGH.

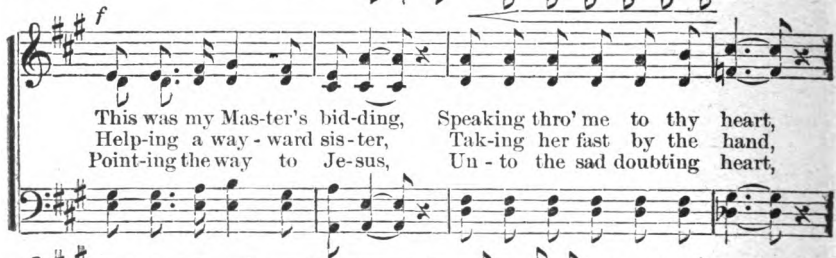
Moderato.



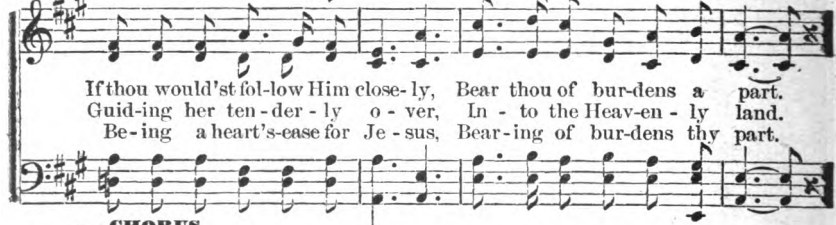
1. Roy-al the robe of the heart's-ease, Jew-el'd with sunshine its heart,
 2. Here 'tis a word kindly spo-ken, Cheering some heart that would break,
 3. Giv-ing the poor and the need-y, Seek-ing out sor-row and woe,



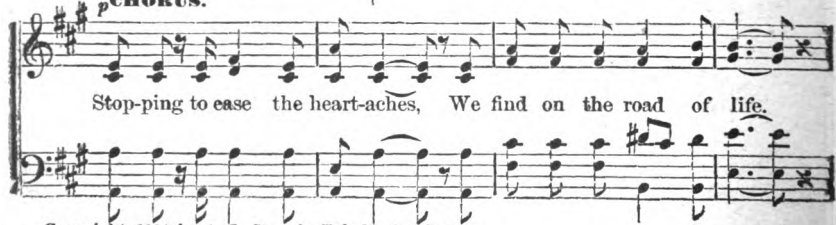
p List, while it whis-pers this mes-sage, "Bear thou of burdens a part,"
 There comfort brought to the troub-led, Done for the dear Saviour's sake,
 Where thou no rec-om-pense gain-est, There the most love to be - stow,



f This was my Mas-ter's bid-ding, Speaking thro' me to thy heart,
 Help-ing a way - ward sis-ter, Tak-ing her fast by the hand,
 Point-ing the way to Je-sus, Un - to the sad doubt-ing heart,



If thou would'st fol-low Him close-ly, Bear thou of bur-dens a part.
 Guid-ing her ten-der-ly o-ver, In - to the Heav-en-ly land.
 Be-ing a heart's-ease for Je-sus, Bear-ing of bur-dens thy part.



p **CHORUS.**
 Stop-ping to ease the heart-aches, We find on the road of life.

Copyright, 1894, by A. L. Stough, Toledo, O. By per.

Heart's-ease. Concluded.

Scat't'ring a - broad the sun-shine, In a-mong sorrow and strife.

160 Doing all the Good We Can.

"In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works."—TITUS 2: 7.

EMMA B. SNOW.

A. F. MYERS.

Andante.

1. Let us work each day of our earth - ly stay, And with ser - vice
2. Joy - ous songs we sing of our Sav - iour King, As for Him we
3. Pre - cious Sav - iour hear: be Thou ver - y near, And with love our

fill life's span, Richly blest shall we be, In Christ's love so full and free.
toil and plan, Seeking sad souls a-stray, Showing wea - ry ones the way,
la - bor scan. Praising Thee all the way, We would journey day by day,

D.S.—Thce all the way, We would jour - ney day by day,

FINE. CHORUS.

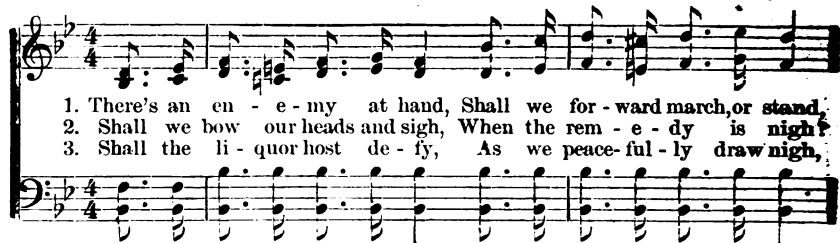
Do - ing all the good we can. Do - ing all, Do - ing
the good we can,
Do - ing all the good we can.

D. S.

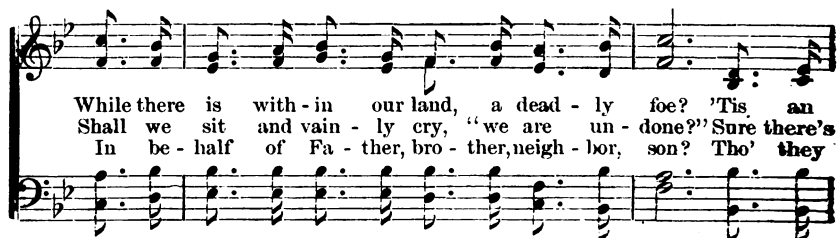
all, Do - ing all the good we can, Praising
the good we can, all we can,

EMMA E. ORENDORF.

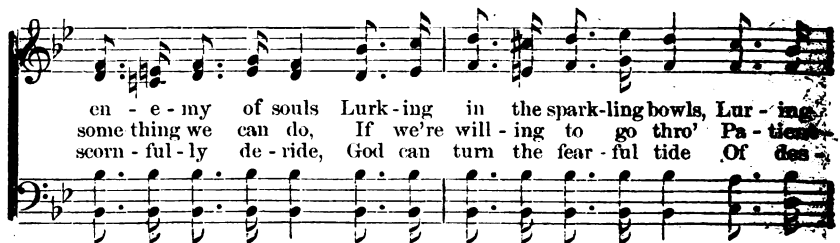
R. C. WARD. By per.



1. There's an en - e - my at hand, Shall we for - ward march, or stand,
 2. Shall we bow our heads and sigh, When the rem - e - dy is nigh?
 3. Shall the li - quor host de - fy, As we peace - ful - ly draw nigh,

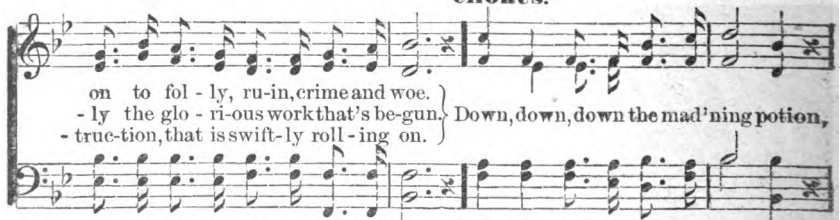


While there is with - in our land, a dead - ly foe? 'Tis an
 Shall we sit and vain - ly cry, "we are un - done?" Sure there's
 In be - half of Fa - ther, bro - ther, neigh - bor, son? Tho' they

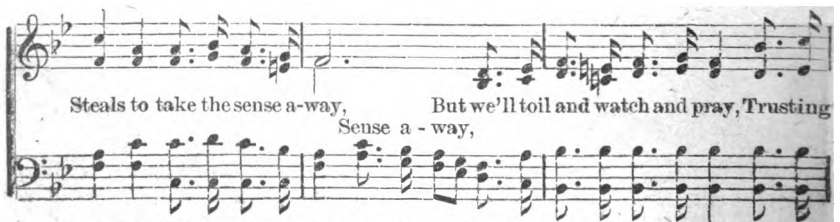


en - e - my of souls Lurk - ing in the spark - ling bowls, Lur - ing
 some thing we can do, If we're will - ing to go thro' Pa - tience
 scorn - ful - ly de - ride, God can turn the fear - ful tide Of des -

CHORUS.



on to fol - ly, ru - in, crime and woe.
 - ly the glo - ri - ous work that's be - gun. } Down, down, down the mad'ning potion,
 - truction, that is swift - ly roll - ing on.



Steals to take the sense a - way, But we'll toil and watch and pray, Trusting
 Sense a - way,

Words from "Women in Sacred Song." By per. Eva Munson Smith.

A Foe in the Land. Concluded.

God each weary day, 'Till the temp'rance cause vic-tor-i-ous shall sway.

162 Good Old Sante Claus.

A. F. M.
Moderato.

To Ruth.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Who is it trav-els, East and West, Old San-te Claus, Old San-te
2. Who drives the swift-est rein-deers round, Old San-te Claus, Old San-te
3. Who is it comes on Christ-mas Eve, Old San-te Claus, Old San-te
4. Who does the stock-ings fill with toys, Old San-te Claus, Old San-te

Claus, Who's ev-ry-where an hon-er'd guest, 'Tis good Old San-te Claus.
 Claus, Who makes the gay-est sleigh-bellsound, 'Tis good Old San-te Claus.
 Claus, Who can-dy sleds and skates will leave, 'Tis good Old San-te Claus.
 Claus, The friend of all good girls and boys, 'Tis good Old San-te Claus.

CHORUS.

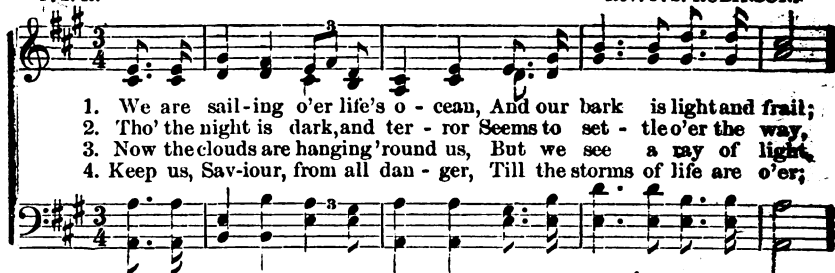
Old San-te Claus, Old San-te Claus, North, South, and East and West,

Wher-ev-er lit-tle child-ren are, He is a wel-come guest.

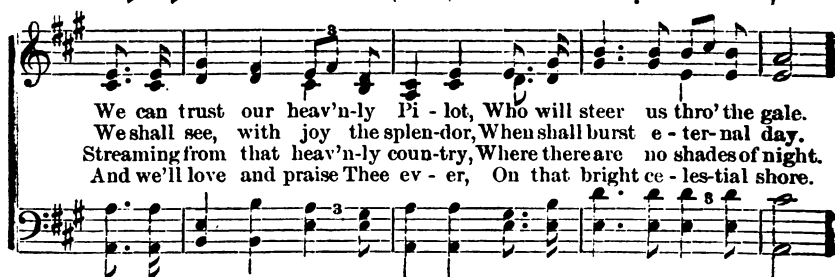
Sailing o'er Life's Ocean.

F. S. R.

Rev. F. S. ROBINSON.

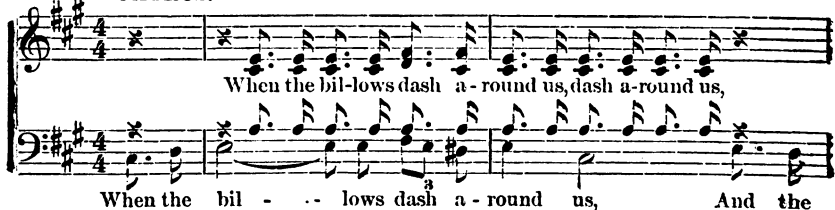


1. We are sail-ing o'er life's o - cean, And our bark is light and frail;
 2. Tho' the night is dark, and ter - ror Seems to set - tle o'er the way,
 3. Now the clouds are hanging 'round us, But we see a ray of light,
 4. Keep us, Sav-iour, from all dan - ger, Till the storms of life are o'er;



We can trust our heav'n-ly Pi - lot, Who will steer us thro' the gale.
 We shall see, with joy the splen-dor, When shall burst e - ter-nal day.
 Streaming from that heav'n-ly coun-try, Where there are no shades of night.
 And we'll love and praise Thee ev - er, On that bright ce - les-tial shore.

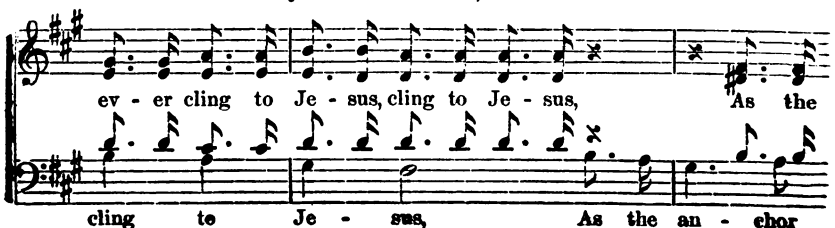
CHORUS.



When the bil-lows dash a - round us, dash a-round us,
 When the bil - - lows dash a - round us, And the



And the storm - y break - ers roll, breakers roll; We should
 storm - - y break-ers roll; We should ev - er



ev - er cling to Je - sus, cling to Je - sus, As the
 cling to Je - sus, As the an - chor

Sailing o'er Life's Ocean. Concluded.

an - chor of the soul, of the soul. When the bil - lows
When the bil - lows
of the soul.

dash a - round us, And the storm - y
dash a - round us, dash a - round us, And the storm - y

break - ers roll, We should ev - er
break - ers roll, break - ers roll, We should

cling to Je - sus, As the
ev - er cling to Je - sus, cling to Je - sus,

an - chor of the soul, of the soul.
As the an - chor of the

How Beautiful!

FOR MALE VOICES.

T. C. O'KANE.

How beau-ti-ful up-on the mount-ains, Are the feet of him that bringeth
How beau-ti-ful, how

ti-dings, That bring-eth ti-dings, good ti-dings of good,
beautiful, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beautiful,

How beau-ti-ful, How
How beau-ti-ful up-on the mount-ains, Are the feet of Him that bringeth

beautiful, Is He that bringeth good tidings of good; That publisheth sal-
ti-dings, That bring-eth ti-dings, good ti-dings of good,

-va-tion; that saith un-to Zi-on, thy God reign-eth, thy God reign-eth.

How Beautiful. Concluded.

Break forth in - to joy,..... Break forth in - to joy,....
Break forth in - to joy, Break

..... Sing.....to - geth - er, sing..... to - geth - er,
forth in - to joy.

All ye waste places, all ye waste places of Je - ru - sa - lem, All ye waste

Allegro con spirito.
pla - ces, all ye waste pla - ces of Je - ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah,

rit.
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - - men.

By per. of T. C. O'Kane. owner of copyright.

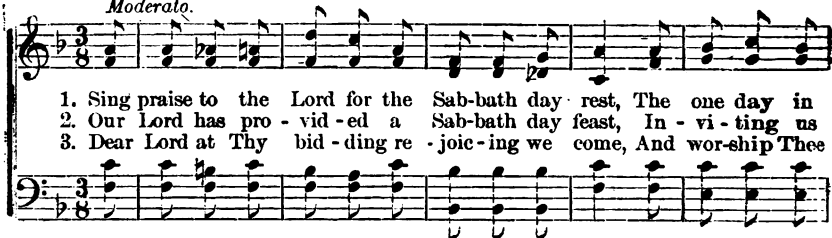
Sabbath Day Rest.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it Holy."—Ex. 20 : 8.

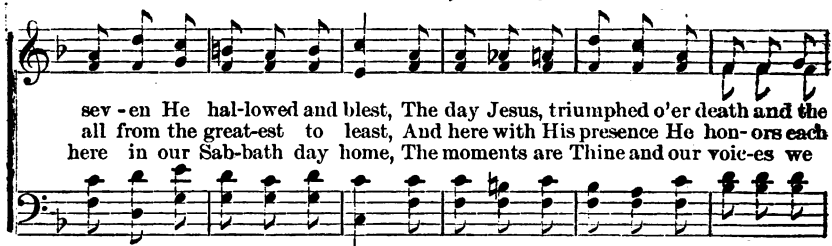
MARY IRENE McLEAN.

W. W. PERRY.

Moderato.

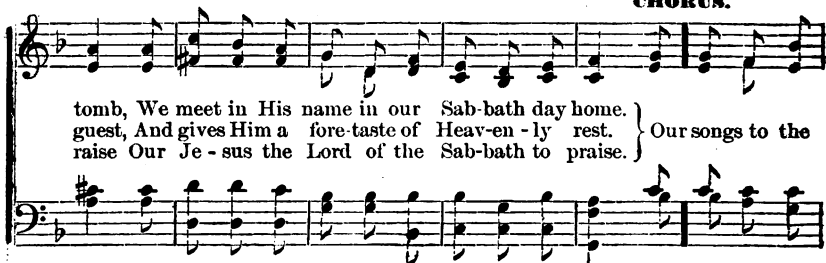


1. Sing praise to the Lord for the Sab-bath day - rest, The one day in
 2. Our Lord has pro - vid - ed a Sab-bath day feast, In - vi - ting us
 3. Dear Lord at Thy bid - ding re - joic - ing we come, And wor-ship Thee

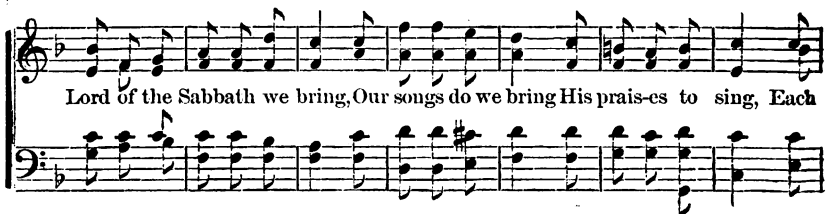


sev - en He hal - lowed and blest, The day Jesus, triumphed o'er death and the
 all from the great - est to least, And here with His presence He hon - ors each
 here in our Sab - bath day home, The moments are Thine and our voic - es we

CHORUS.



tomb, We meet in His name in our Sab - bath day home. } Our songs to the
 guest, And gives Him a fore - taste of Heav - en - ly rest. }
 raise Our Je - sus the Lord of the Sab - bath to praise. }



Lord of the Sabbath we bring, Our songs do we bring His prais - es to sing, Each



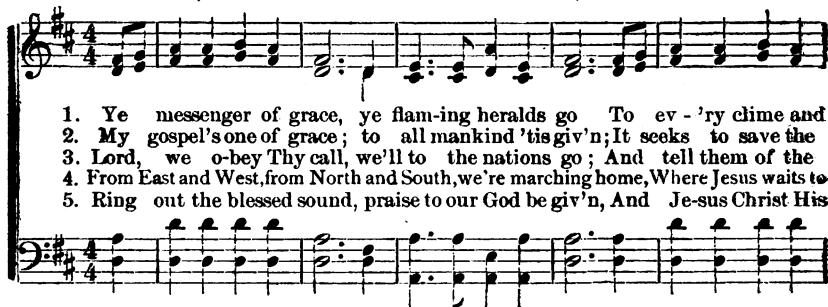
rit.
 Sabbath we'll bring our prais - es to Him, The Lord of our Sabbath day Home.

Go Ye Into All the World.

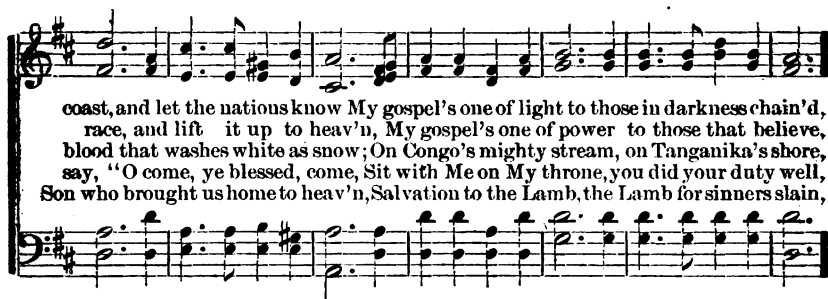
Dedicated to Chaplain McCabe.

W. M. DARWOOD, D. D.

Rev. R. L. SELLE.

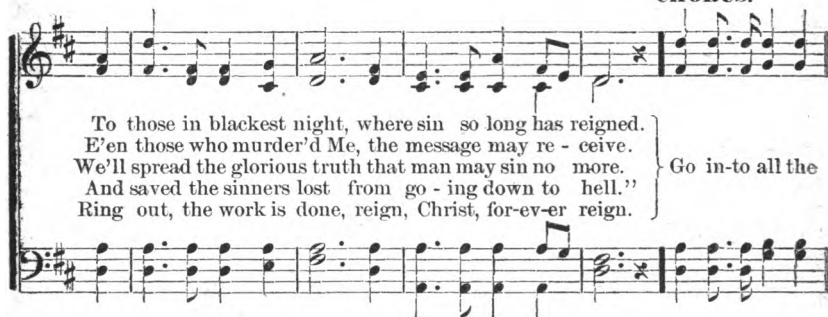


1. Ye messenger of grace, ye flam-ing heralds go To ev - 'ry clime and
 2. My gospel's one of grace; to all mankind 'tis giv'n; It seeks to save the
 3. Lord, we o-bey Thy call, we'll to the nations go; And tell them of the
 4. From East and West, from North and South, we're marching home, Where Jesus waits to
 5. Ring out the blessed sound, praise to our God be giv'n, And Je-sus Christ His

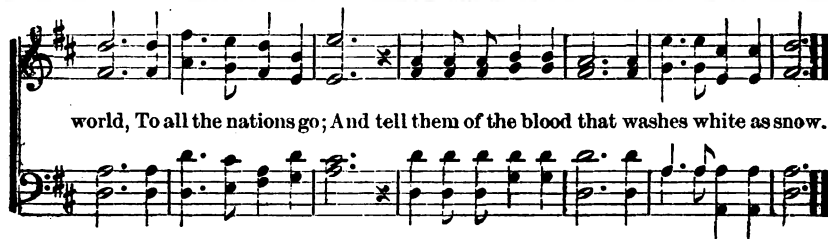


coast, and let the nations know My gospel's one of light to those in darkness chain'd,
 race, and lift it up to heav'n, My gospel's one of power to those that believe,
 blood that washes white as snow; On Congo's mighty stream, on Tanganika's shore,
 say, "O come, ye blessed, come, Sit with Me on My throne, you did your duty well,
 Son who brought us home to heav'n, Salvation to the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain,

CHORUS.



To those in blackest night, where sin so long has reigned.
 E'en those who murder'd Me, the message may re - ceive.
 We'll spread the glorious truth that man may sin no more.
 And saved the sinners lost from go - ing down to hell." } Go in-to all the
 Ring out, the work is done, reign, Christ, for-ev-er reign.



world, To all the nations go; And tell them of the blood that washes white as snow.

From "Choicest Gems," by per. R. L. Selle, Ft. Worth, Tex.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Sing and re-joyce all ye peo - ple, Christ is ris - en!

Christ is ris - en! Sing and re-joyce all ye peo - ple!

For death is van-quished now; death is van - quished now.

SEMI-CHORUS.*Male voices. 1st time loud, Female voices, 2d time soft.*

He has ris'n..... triumphant o'er His foes! Hal-le - lu - jah!

Christ the Lord to life a - rose; He has ris'n..... tri-ump

By per. from "Sunlight in Sacred Song.

Rejoice! Concluded.

o'er His foes; Yea He rose, our dear Saviour, a - rose, rose.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and first/second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the staff.

FULL CHORUS.

Sing and re-joice all ye peo - ple! Sing and re-joice all ye peo - ple!

This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment remains in the bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Sing and re-joice all ye peo - ple! For death is van-quished now;

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the chorus. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment remains in the bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Sing and re-joice all ye peo - ple! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of the chorus. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment remains in the bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Sing and re-joice all ye peo - ple! To Christ the Vic-tor bow.

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of the chorus. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment remains in the bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

168 Marching to the Land Above.

Processional.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Sopranos and Altos in Unison.

1. We are marching to a land a-bove, Beautiful land above, beautiful land above,
 2. We are marching t'ward the city fair, Beautiful city fair, beautiful cit-y fair;
 3. We are marching to the home of God, Beautiful home of God beautiful home of God;

To a land where dwells e-ter-nal love, The beau-ti-ful land a - b-ove.
 Where the an-gel an-thems fill the air, The beau-ti-ful cit - y fair.
 And our guide-book is His ho - ly word, The beau-ti-ful word of God.

Basses and Tenors in Unison.

And we sing a glad triumphant song, Marching along, marching along, marching along;

Copyright, 1908, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

Marching to the Land Above. Concluded.

rit.

While our glorious Captain leads us on, Marching along, marching along, marching along.

CHORUS. *All voices in Unison.*

We are marching to a land a-bove, Beautiful land above, beautiful land a-bove ;
 We are marching t'ward the city fair, Beautiful cit-y fair, beau-ti-ful cit- y fair ;
 We are marching to the home of God, Beautiful home of God, beautiful home of God ;

To a land where dwells eternal love, Beautiful land above, land a - bove.
 Where the angel anthems fill the air, Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair, cit y fair.
 And our guide-book is His ho-ly word, Beau-ti-ful word of God, word of God.

See.

Guide Me.

Anthem.—Solo, Duet and Chorus.

"He will guide you into all truth."—JOHN 16: 13.

A. F. MYERS.

*Slow. Basses and Tenors in Unison.**Soprano and Altos, Unison.*

Accom.

1. Guide me, oh thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' a bar - ren land ;
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow ;

Accom.

*Basses and Tenors, Unison.**Sopranos and Altos, Unison.*

I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand ;
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through ;

cres. All Voices in Unison.

Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De-liv'-rer, strong De - liv'- rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

Full Organ.

Duet. Soprano and Alto.

Guide me oh Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through a bar - ren land.
 O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the Healing streams do flow.

Accom.

cres. Duet, Tenor and Bass.

I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney through,

Bass.

Guide Me. Concluded.

cres. Full Chorus. *ff* *dim.*

Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv'-rer, strong De-liv'-rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

Expressive. *ff*

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv'-rer, strong De-liv'-rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

170 The Lord Watch between me and thee.

Andante. GEN. 31: 49. A. F. MYERS.

The Lord watch between me and thee, The Lord watch between
me and thee,

me and thee, The Lord watch between me and thee,
me and thee,

Unison. *rit.* *rit.*

When we are ab-sent one from an-oth-er A-men.

(Opening.)

MARION LAWRENCE.

Supt.—The Lord is in His holy temple.*All.*—Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

(INVOCATION.)

Supt.—How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.*Asst. Supt.*—(Rising.) My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh cryeth out for the living God.*Teachers.*—(Rising.) For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.*Scholars*—(Rising.) O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.*School sing.*—No. 172. "Opening Invocation."*Pastor.*—I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and will bless Thy name forever and ever.*1st Floor.*—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.*Gallery.*—The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.*1st Floor.*—The Lord preserveth all them that love Him, but all the wicked He will destroy.*Gallery.*—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all them that call upon Him in truth.*All.*—O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD, FOR HE IS GOOD, FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

No. 190. "Gloria Patri."

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
| and | to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the
beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, |
World | with out end. Amen.

172

Opening Invocation.

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

Devotional.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Ho - ly Fath - er, we im - plore, In our midst that Thou ap - pear;
2. Sav - iour, bless this so - cial hour, Ev - 'ry heart with zeal in - spire.
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, right - ly guide Thro' the ser - vice of this hour,

Meet - ing in Thy sa - cred courts, We would feel Thee ver - y near;
Each Thy pres - ence now im - plore, We would feel Thee ver - y near;
With Thy prom - ised aid pro - vide; Plen - teous grace up - on us show

Work.

R. C. WARD.

LEADER.—*Son, go work to-day in My vineyard.*

CONGREGATION.—*He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.*

LEADER.—*Glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good.*

CONGREGATION.—*Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.*

Sing—Verse 1, "Must Jesus bear," etc. No. 174.

LEADER.—*Wherefore, my beloved, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.*

CONGREGATION.—*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

LEADER.—*Then said they unto Him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?*

CONGREGATION.—*Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.*

LEADER.—*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.*

Sing—Verses 2, and 3, No. 174.

174

Maitland.

G. N. A.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor - r'wing here!
 3. This con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,

No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

Love.

L. B. LAKE.

1. LEADER.—Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

2. RESPONSE.—Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour.

3. LEADER.—If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto Him and make our abode with Him.

4. ALL SING.—1st verse, "More Love to Thee, O Christ!"

5. LEADER.—For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

6. RESPONSE.—Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

7. LEADER.—Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

8. ALL SING.—2nd verse, "Once earthly Joy I Craved."

9. LEADER.—God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

10. RESPONSE.—Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.

11. LEADER.—And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

12. ALL SING.—Last verse, "Then shall my latest breath."

More Love to Thee.

S. S. MYERS.

p Earnestly. FINE.

D.C. 1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make
 2. Once earth-ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek,
 3. Then shall my la-test breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the part-ing cry

ff D.C.

On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ to Thee
 Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ to Thee
 My heart shall raise; This still my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ to Thee

SUPT.—Stand up and bless the Lord your God. Sing forth the honor of His name.
(all arise.)

No. 178. "Come, Thou Almighty King,"
1st verse.

PASTOR.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

TEACHERS.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners.

SCHOOL.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

PASTOR.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

SCHOOL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

PASTOR.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

SCHOOL.—That bringeth forth fruit in his season.

PASTOR.—His leaf also shall not wither;

SCHOOL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PASTOR.—The ungodly are not so;

SCHOOL.—But are like chaff which the wind driveth away;

PASTOR.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SCHOOL.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PASTOR.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity.
(Softly.)

No. 146. "Blest be the Tie that Binds."
Key of F.

ASST. SUPT.—Blessed be the people that know the joyful sound.

SCHOOL.—They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of Thy countenance.

ASST. SUPT.—In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day.

SCHOOL.—And in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

SUPT.—For the Lord is our defense, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord for evermore! Amen, and Amen.

No. 185. "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," 1st verse. Key of G.

PASTOR.—Let us worship and bow down. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving.

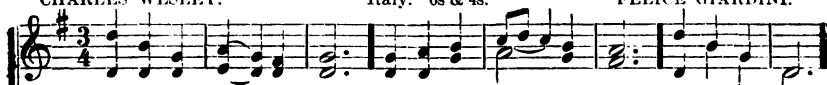
INVOCATION.

178 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Italy. 6s & 4s.

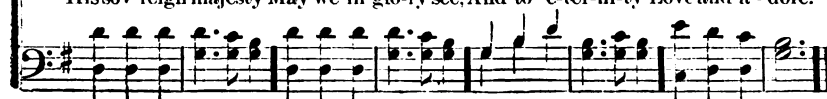
FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King! Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, Thou incar-nate Word! Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r attend;
3. Come, Holy Com - for - ter! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour;
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, ev - er - more!



Father, all glo-ri-ous! O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days!
Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend:
Thou who almighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart. And ne'er from us depart. Spirit of pow'r!
His sov'reign majesty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a - dore.



STANDARD HYMNS.

179

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir. J. BOWRING.

Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy,

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

180

Rejoice and be Glad.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

English Melody.

CHORUS.

1. Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle,
His cross and His tomb.
- CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the story,
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness
He liveth again.
2. Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last!
- The clouds have departed,
The shadows are past.—CHO.
3. Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished,
The price hath been paid.—CHO.
4. Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!
The just for the unjust
Hath died on the tree.—CHO.

Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



CHORUS.



1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2. I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;

It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4. Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

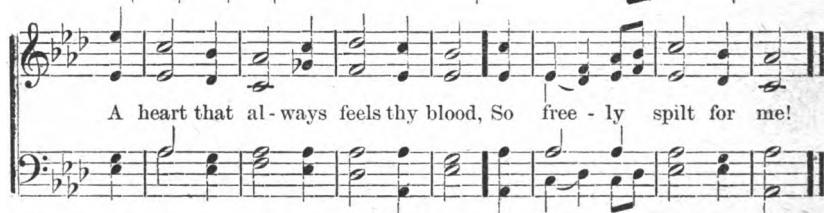
C. WESLEY.

O for a Heart.

Tune, AVON. C. M.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!



A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!

2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er, of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly; }
 { While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust in Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
 All and all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 3. Just as I am—Thy love un - known, Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

REF.—Just as I am, I come, I come, Yea, to be Thine, I come, I come;

D. C. Refrain.

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight - ing with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>3. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>4. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
|--|--|



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.</p> <p>2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;</p> | <p>As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!</p> <p>3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.</p> |
|---|--|

America.

National Hymn.

L. F. SMITH.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fath - ers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of Thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongue a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

cres.
 Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side, Let free-dom ring.
 temp - led hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us with Thy might, Great God, our King.

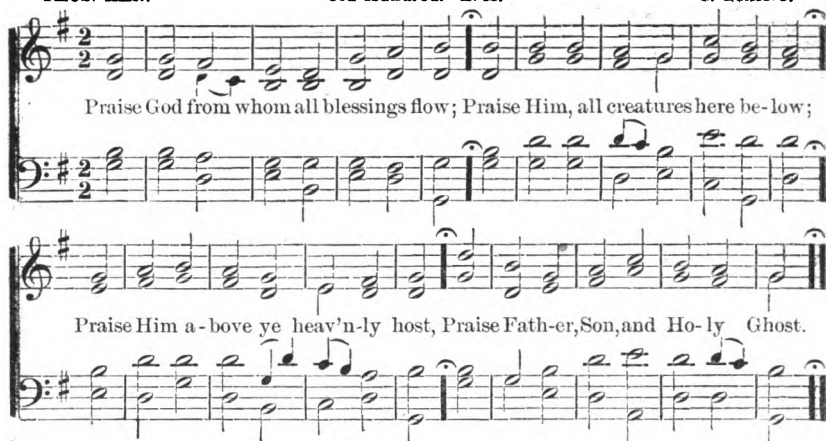
Come to Jesus.

ENGLISH.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now, Just now, come to

Je - sus, come to Je - sus, just now.

2. He will save you.	10. He'll forgive you.
3. Oh, believe Him.	11. Flee to Jesus.
4. He is able.	12. He will cleanse you.
5. He is willing.	13. He will clothe you.
6. He'll receive you.	14. Jesus loves you.
7. Call upon Him.	15. Don't reject Him.
8. He will hear you.	16. Only trust Him.
9. Look unto Him.	17. Hallelujah, Amen.

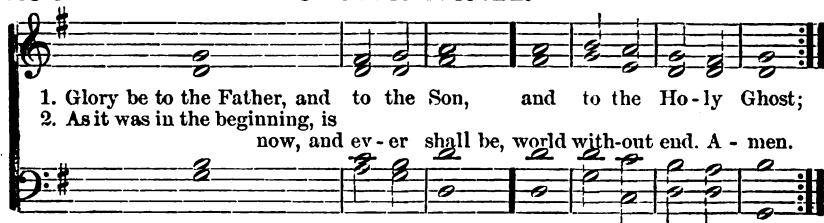


Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fath-er, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

190

Gloria Patri.



1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

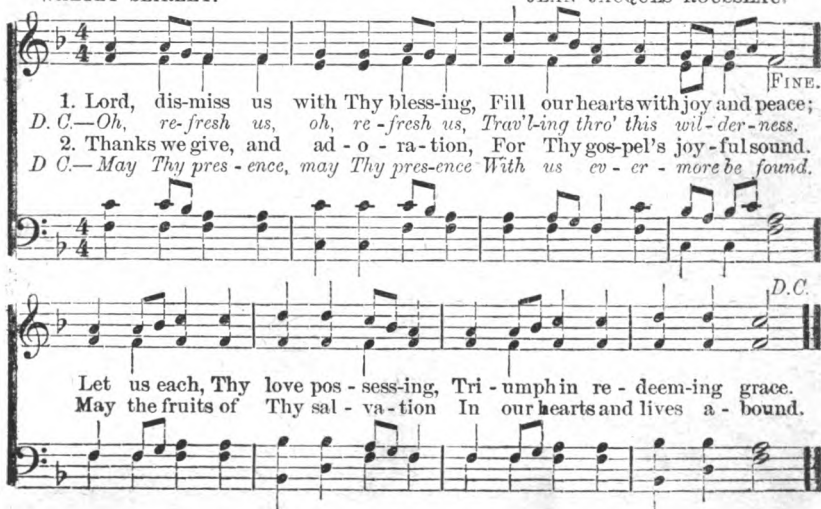
2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

191

Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WALTLY SEIRLEY.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

D. C.—Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound.

D C.—May Thy pres-ence, may Thy pres-ence With us ev-er-more be found.

Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umphin re-deem-ing grace.

May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.

Tune: "Tramp, tramp."

1. O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

CHORUS.

We'll all shout hallelujah!
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing our Saviour's love
With the shining host above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine,
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3. 'Tis a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4. Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song,
Oh! that all His salvation might see!
He hath cleansed me, I cried;
And I'm now sanctified,
Oh, exalt and adore Him with me.

193

Key A \flat .

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour
died, [cried,
Down where for cleansing from sin I
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHORUS.

Glory to His name, glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHO.—Jesus gave me rest, Jesus gave me
rest, [save,
Just when I trusted His power to
Jesus gave me rest.

2. I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
Here at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.

3. O precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
Here Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever, [home,
Our King says, come, and there's our
Forever, oh, forever!

195

Key G.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours
'When Jesus no longer I see! [flowers,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence dispenses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I would were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

196

LILY OF THE VALLEY. Key F.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me, [soul,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
The Lily of the valley.

In Him alone I see

All I need to cleanse

And make me fully whole.

In sorrow He's my comfort,

In trouble He's my stay,

He tells me every care on Him to rely;

||: He's the Lily of the Valley,

The bright and morning star, [soul,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my

2. He all my griefs has taken,
And all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong
And mighty tower;

I've all for Him forsaken,

I've all my idols torn

From my heart, and now

He keeps me by His power;

||: Though all the world forsake me,

And Satan tempts me sore, [goal,

Through Jesus I shall safely reach the

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
May I thy consolation share, [prayer,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

198

C. M.

1. O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
3. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

199 *Tune: I Need thee, etc.* Key A₂

1. I love Thee every hour,
Thou loving One,
Because Thou first loved me,
Thou suffering Son.

CHORUS.

- I love Thee, oh! I love Thee,
Live to love and serve Thee;
All I have, my Saviour,
I give to Thee.
2. I love Thee every hour,
And Thee alone;
My Love, my Life, my Lord,
My All in One.
3. I love Thee every hour,
And never fear;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art here.

1. Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing,
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
2. We are traveling home to God,
In the way our father's trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
4. Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

201

Key B₂

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory,
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

202

Bethany. 6s. & 4s. Key G.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my songs shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
2. Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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[THE LORD SEARCH

SHALL NOT GOD SEARCH THIS OUT? FOR HE KNOWETH THE SE-
THAT THOU INQUIREST AFTER MINE INIQUITY AND SEA-
O LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME, AND KNOW
SEARCH ME, O LORD, AND KNOW MY HEART; TRY ME, AND KNOW
HE SETTETH AN END TO DARKNESS, AND SEARCHETH OUT
FOR THE SPIRIT SEARCHETH ALL THINGS, YEA, THE DEEP
I AM HE WHICH SEARCHETH THE REINS AND

SEARCH

THAT SEARCH MAY BE MADE IN
THE BOOK OF THE RECORDS
OF THY FATHERS, EZRA 4:15.



WISDOM. SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COM-
IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT
BUT THE LORD SHALL BE UNTO THEE AN EVERLASTING
FOR THE COMMANDMENT IS A LAMP, AND THE LIGHT
HE DISCOVERETH DEEP THINGS OUT OF DARKNESS, AND BRINGETH OUT TO
WHILE YE HAVE LIGHT, BELIEVE IN THE LIGHT, THAT YE MAY BE
TAKE HEED, AS UNTO A LIGHT THAT SHINETH IN A DARK PLACE

WHO BOTH

LIGHT